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MYCENÆ AND TIRYNS.

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I have set apart a chapter for Mycenæ and Tiryns, because the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann there have raised so many new problems, and have so largely increased public curiosity about them, that a book of travels in Greece cannot venture to avoid the subject; even long before Dr. Schliemann's day, the learned and deliberate travellers who visited the Morea, and wrote their great books, found ample scope for description, and large room for erudite discussion. It is a curious thing to add, but strictly true, that all the new facts brought out by the late excavations have, as yet, contributed but little to our knowledge about the actual history of the country, and that almost every word of what was summed up from all existing sources twenty years ago, by Ernst Curtius, can still be read with far more profit than the rash speculations which appear almost weekly in the periodical press.

It is impossible to approach Mycenæ from any side without being struck with the picturesqueness of the site. If you come down over the mountains from Corinth, as soon as you reach the head of the valley of the Inachus, which is the plain of Argos, you turn aside to the left, or east, into a secluded corner—"a recess of the horse-feeding Argos," as Homer calls it, and then you find on the edge of the valley, and where the hills begin to rise one behind the other, the village of Charváti. When you ascend from this place, you find that the lofty Mount Elias is separated from the plain by two nearly parallel waves of land, which are indeed joined at the northern end by a curving saddle, but elsewhere are divided by deep gorges. The loftier and shorter wave forms the rocky citadel of Mycenæ—the Argion, as it was once called. The lower and longer was part of the outer city, which occupied both this hill and the gorge under the Argion. As you walk along the lower hill, you find the Treasure-house of Atreus, as it is called, built into the side which faces the Acropolis. But there are other ruined treasuries on the outer slope, and the newly-opened one is just at the joining saddle, where the way winds round to lead you up the greater hill to the giant gate with the Lion portal. If we represent the high levels under the image of a fishing-hook, with the shank placed downward (south), and the point lying to the right (east), then the Great Treasury is at that spot in the shank which is exactly opposite the point, and faces it. The point and barb are the Acropolis. The New Treasury is just at the turn of the hook, facing inward (to the south). This will give a rough idea of the site. It is not necessary to enter into details, when so many maps and plans are now in circulation. But I would especially refer

to the admirable illustrations in Schliemann's _Mycenæ_, where all these matters are made perfectly plain and easy.

When we first visited the place it was in the afternoon of a splendid summer's day; the fields were yellow and white with stubbles or with dust, and the deep gray shadow of a passing cloud was the only variety in the color of the upper plain. For here there are now no trees, the corn had been reaped, and the land asserted its character as _very thirsty_ Argos. But as we ascended to higher ground, the groves and plantations of the lower plain came in sight, the splendid blue of the bay began to frame the picture, and the setting sun cast deeper shadow and richer color over all the view. Down at the river-bed great oleanders were spreading their sheets of bloom, like the rhododendrons in our climate, but they were too distant to form a feature in the prospect.

I saw the valley of Argos again in spring, in our "roaring moon of daffodil and crocus;" it was the time of growing corn, of scarlet anemone and purple cistus, but there too of high winds and glancing shadows. Then all the plain was either brilliant green with growing wheat, or ruddy brown with recent tillage; there were clouds about the mountains, and changing colors in the sky, and a feeling of freshness and life very different from the golden haze and dreamy calmness of a southern June.

[Illustration: The Argive Plain]

I can hardly say which of these seasons was the more beautiful, but I shall always associate the summer scene with the charm of a first visit to this famous spot, and still more with the venerable and undisturbed aspect of the ruins before they had been profaned by modern research. It is, I suppose, ungrateful to complain of these things, and we must admit that great discoveries outbalance the æsthetic damage done to an ancient ruin by digging unsightly holes and piling mounds of earth about it; but who can contemplate without sorrow the covering of the finest piece of the Cyclopean wall at Mycenæ with the rubbish taken away from over the tombs? Who will not regret the fig-tree which spread its shade over the portal of the House of Atreus? This fig-tree is still to be seen in the older photographs, and is in the woodcut of the entrance given in Dr. Schliemann's book, but the visitor of to-day will look for it in vain. On the other hand, the opening at the top, which had been there since the beginning of this century, but which was closed when I first visited the chamber, had been again uncovered, and so it was much easier to examine the inner arrangement of the building.

I am not sure that this wonderful structure was visited or described by any traveller from the days of Pausanias till after the year 1800. At least I can find no description from any former traveller quoted in the many accurate accounts which the present century has produced. Chandler, in 1776, intended to visit Mycenæ, but accidentally missed the spot on his way from Argos to Corinth—a thing more likely to happen then, when there

was a good deal of wooding in the upper part of the plain. But Clarke, Dodwell, and Gell all visited and described the place between 1800 and 1806, and the latter two published accurate drawings of both the portal and the inner view, which was possible owing to the aperture made at the summit.

About the same time Lord Elgin had turned his attention to the Treasury, and had made excavations about the place, finding several fragments of very old engraved basalt and limestone, which had been employed to ornament the entrance. Some of these fragments are now in the British Museum. But, though both Clarke and Leake allude to "Lord Elgin's excavators," they do not specify what was performed, or in what condition the place had been before their researches. There is no published account of this interesting point, which is probably to be solved by the still unpublished journals said to be in the possession of the present Earl.(174) This much is, however, certain, that the chamber was not first entered at this time; for Dr. Clarke speaks of its appearance as that of a place open for centuries. We know that systematic rifling of ancient tombs took place at the close of the classical epoch;(175) we can imagine it repeated in every age of disorder or barbarism; and the accounts we hear of the Genoese plundering the great mounds of the Crimea show that even these civilized and artistic Italians thought it no desecration to obtain gold and jewels from unnamed, long-forgotten sepulchres. It seems, therefore, impossible to say at what epoch—probably even before Pausanias—this chamber was opened. The story in Dr. Schliemann's book,(176) which he quotes from a Greek newspaper, and which attributes the plundering of it to Veli Pasha, in 1810, is positively groundless, and in direct contradiction to the irrefragable evidence I have above adduced. The Pasha may have probed the now ruined chambers on the outer side of the hill; but the account of what he found is so mythical that the whole story may be rejected as undeserving of credit.

I need not attempt a fresh description of the Great Treasury, in the face of such ample and accurate reports as those I have indicated. It is in no sense a rude building, or one of a helpless and barbarous age, but, on the contrary, the product of enormous appliances, and of a perfect knowledge of all the mechanical requirements for any building, if we except the application of the arch. The stones are hewn square, or curved to form the circular dome within with admirable exactness. Above the enormous lintel-stone, nearly twenty-seven feet long, and which is doubly grooved, by way of ornament, all along its edge over the doorway, there is now a triangular window or aperture, which was certainly filled with some artistic carving like the analogous space over the lintel in the gate of the Acropolis. Shortly after Lord Elgin had cleared the entrance, Gell and Dodwell found various pieces of green and red marble carved with geometrical patterns, some of which are reproduced in Dodwell's book. Gell also found some fragments in a neighboring chapel, and others are said to be built into a wall at Nauplia. There are supposed to have been short columns standing on each side in front of the gate, with some ornament

surmounting them; but this seems to me to rest on doubtful evidence, and on theoretical reconstruction. Dr. Schliemann, however, asserts them to have been found at the entrance of the second treasury which Mrs. Schliemann excavated, though his account is somewhat vague (_Mycenæ_, p. 140). There is the strongest architectural reason for the triangular aperture over the door, as it diminishes the enormous weight to be borne by the lintel; and here, no doubt, some ornament very like the lions on the citadel gate may have been applied.

The extreme darkness of the chamber during our first visit prevented me from discovering, even with the aid of torches, the nail-marks which all the earlier travellers found there, and which are now again easily to be seen. So also the outer lintel-stone is not by any means the largest, but is far exceeded by the inner, which lies next to it, and which reaches on each side of the entrance a long way round the chamber, its inner surface being curved to suit the form of the wall. Along this curve it is twenty-nine feet long; it is, moreover, seventeen feet broad, and nearly four feet thick, weighing about one hundred and twenty-four tons!

When we first entered by the light of torches, we found ourselves in the great cone-shaped chamber, which, strange to say, reminded me of the Pantheon at Rome more than any other building I know, and is, nevertheless, built on a very different principle. The stones are not, indeed, pushed forward one above the other, as in ruder stone roofs through Ireland; but each of them, which is on the other surfaces cut perfectly square, has its inner face curved so that the upper end comes out several inches above the lower. So each stone carries on the conical plan, having its lower line fitting closely to the upper line of the one beneath, and the whole dome ends with a great flat stone laid on the top.(177)

Dodwell still found copper nails of some inches in length, which he supposed to have been used to fasten on thin plates of shining metal; but I was at first unable to see even the holes in the roof, which other travellers had believed to be the places where the nails were inserted. However, without being provided with magnesium wire, it was then impossible to light the chamber sufficiently for a positive decision on this point. A comparatively small side chamber is hollowed out in the rock and earth, without any stone casing or ornament whatever, but with a similar triangular aperture over its doorway. Schliemann tells us he dug two trenches in this chamber, and that, besides finding some hewn pieces of limestone, he found in the middle a circular depression (apparently of stone), twenty-one inches deep, and about one yard in diameter, which he compares to a large wash-bowl. Any one who has visited New Grange will be struck with the likeness of this description to the large stone saucers which are still to be seen there, and of which I shall speak presently.

There has been much controversy about the use to which this building was applied, and we cannot now attempt to change the name, even if we could

prove its absurdity. Pausanias, who saw Mycenæ in the second century A. D., found it in much the same state as we do, and was no better informed than we, though he tells us the popular belief that this and its fellows were treasure-houses like that of the Minyæ at Orchomenus, which was very much greater, and was, in his opinion, one of the most wonderful things in all Greece. But it does not seem to me that his opinion, which, indeed, is not very clear, need in the least shackle our judgments.

The majority of scholars incline to the theory that it is a tomb. In the first place, there are three other similar buildings quite close to it, which Pausanias mentions as the treasure-houses of the sons of Atreus, but their number makes it most unlikely that any of them could be for treasure. Surely such a house could only be owned by the reigning king, and there is no reason why his successor should make himself a new vault for this purpose. In the next place, these buildings were all underground and dark, and exactly such as would be selected for tombs. Thirdly, they are not situated within the enclosure of the citadel of Mycenæ, but are outside it, and probably outside the original town altogether—a thing quite inconceivable if they were meant for treasure, but most reasonable, and according to analogy, if they were used as tombs. This, too, would of course explain the plurality of them—different kings having built them, just like the pyramids of Chufu, Safra, and Menkerah, and many others, along the plain of Memphis in Egypt. It is even quite easy and natural to explain on this hypothesis how they came to be thought treasure-houses. It is known that the sepulchral tumuli of similar construction in other places, and possibly built by kindred people, contained much treasure, left there by way of honor to the deceased. Herodotus describes this in Scythian tombs, some of which have been opened of late, and have verified his assertions.(178) The lavish expense at Patroclus's funeral, in the Iliad, shows the prevalence of similar notions among early Greeks, who held, down to Æschylus's day, that the importance of a man among the dead was in proportion to the circumstance with which his tomb was treated by the living. It may, therefore, be assumed as certain that these strongholds of the dead, if they were such, were filled with many precious things in gold and other metals, intended as parting gifts in honor of the king who was laid to rest. Long after the devastation of Mycenæ, I suppose that these tombs were opened in search of treasure, and not in vain; and so nothing was said about the skeleton tenant, while rumors went abroad of the rich treasure-trove within the giant portal. Thus, then, the tradition would spring up and grow, that the building was the treasure-house of some old legendary king.

These antiquarian considerations have led us away from the actual survey of the old vault, for ruin it cannot be called. The simplicity and massiveness of its structure have defied age and violence, and, except for the shattered ornaments and a few pieces over the inner side of the window, not a stone appears ever to have been moved from its place. Standing at the entrance, you look out upon the scattered masonry of the walls of Mycenæ, on the hillock over against you. Close beyond this is a

dark and solemn chain of mountains. The view is narrow and confined, and faces the north, so that, for most of the day, the gate is dark and in shadow. We can conceive no fitter place for the burial of a king, within sight of his citadel, in the heart of a deep natural hillock, with a great solemn portal symbolizing the resistless strength of the barrier which he had passed into an unknown land. But one more remark seems necessary. This treasure-house is by no means a Hellenic building in its features. It has the same perfection of construction which can be seen at Eleutheræ, or any other Greek fort, but still the really analogous buildings are to be found in far distant lands—in the raths of Ireland and the barrows of the Crimea.

I have had the opportunity of comparing the structure and effect of the great sepulchral monuments in the county of Meath, in Ireland. Two of these, Dowth and New Grange, are opened, and can be entered almost as easily as the treasury of Atreus. They lie close to the rich valley of the Boyne, in that part of the country which was pointed out by nature as the earliest seat of wealth and culture. Dowth is the ruder and less ornamented, and therefore not improbably the older, but is less suited for the present comparison than the greater and more ornate New Grange.

This splendid tomb is not a whit less remarkable, or less colossal in its construction, than those at Mycenæ, but differs in many details. It was not hollowed out in a hillside, but was built of great upright stones, with flat slabs laid over them, and then covered with a mound of earth. An enormous circle of giant boulders stands round the foot of the mound. Instead of passing through a short entrance into a great vaulted chamber, there is a long narrow corridor, which leads to a much smaller, but still very lofty room, nearly twenty feet high. Three recesses in the walls of this latter each contain a large round saucer, so to speak, made of single stone, in which the remains of the dead seem to have been laid. This saucer is very shallow, and not more than four feet in diameter. The great stones with which the chamber and passage are constructed are not hewn or shaped, and so far the building is rather comparable with that of Tiryns than that of Mycenæ. But all over the faces of the stones are endless spiral and zigzag ornaments, even covering built-in surfaces, and thus invisible, so that this decoration must have been applied to the slabs prior to the building. On the outside stones, both under and above the entry, there is a well-executed carving of more finished geometrical designs.

Putting aside minor details, it may be said that while both monuments show an equal display of human strength, and an equal contempt for human toil, which were lavished upon them without stint, the Greek building shows far greater finish of design and neatness of execution, together with greater simplicity. The stones are all carefully hewn and fitted, but not carved or decorated. The triangular carved block over the lintel, and the supposed metal plates on the interior, were both foreign to the original structure. On the contrary, while the Irish tomb is a far greater feature

in the landscape—a landmark in the district—the great stones within are not fitted together, or hewn into shape, and yet they are covered with patterns and designs strangely similar to the carvings found by Dodwell and Dr. Schliemann at the Argive tombs. Thus the Irish builders, with far greater rudeness, show a greater taste for ornament. They care less for design and symmetry—more for beauty of detail. The Greek essay naturally culminates in the severe symmetry of the Doric Temple—the Irish in the glorious intricacy of the illuminations of the _Book of Kells_.

The second treasury lately excavated by Mrs. Schliemann has been disappointing in its results. Though it seems not to have been disturbed for ages, it had evidently been once rifled, for nothing save a few fragments of pottery were found within. Its entrance is much loftier than that of the house of Atreus, but the general building is inferior, the stones are far smaller and by no means so well fitted, and it produces altogether the impression of being either a much earlier and ruder attempt, or a poor and feeble imitation. Though Dr. Schliemann asserts the former, I am disposed to suspect the latter to be the case.

A great deal of what was said about the tomb of Agamemnon, as the common people, with truer instinct, call the supposed treasure-house, may be repeated about the fortifications of Mycenæ. It is the work of builders who know perfectly how to deal with their materials—who can hew and fit great blocks of stone with perfect ease; nay, who prefer, for the sake of massive effect, to make their doorway with such enormous blocks as even modern science would find it difficult to handle. The sculpture over the gate fortunately remains almost entire. The two lions, standing up at a small pillar, were looking out fiercely at the stranger. The heads are gone, having probably, as Dr. Schliemann first observed, been made of bronze, and riveted to the stone. The rest of the sculpture is intact, and is of a strangely heraldic character. It is a piece of bluish limestone,(179) which must have been brought from a long distance, quite different from the rough breccia of the rest of the gate. The lintel-stone is not nearly so vast as that of the treasure-house: it is only fifteen feet long, but is somewhat thicker, and also much deeper, going back the full depth of the gateway. Still it must weigh a good many tons; and it puzzles us to think how it can have been put into its place with the appliances then in vogue. The joint use of square and polygonal masonry is very curious. Standing within the gate, one side is of square-hewn stones, the other of irregular, though well-fitted, blocks. On the left side, looking into the gate, there is a gap of one block in the wall, which looks very like a window,(180) as it is not probable that a single stone was taken, or fell out of its place afterward, without disturbing the rest. What makes it, perhaps, more possible that this window is intentional, is the position of the gate, which is not in the middle of the walled causeway, as you enter, but to the right side.

When you go in, and climb up the hill of the Acropolis, you find various other portions of Cyclopean walls which belonged to the old palace, in

plan very similar to that of Tiryns. But the outer wall goes all round the hill where it is steepest, sometimes right along a precipice, and everywhere offering an almost insurmountable obstacle to an ancient assailant. On the east side, facing the steep mountain, which is separated from it by a deep gorge, is a postern gate, consisting merely of three stones, but these so massive, and so beautifully hewn and fitted, as to be a structure hardly less striking than the lion gate. At about half the depth of these huge blocks there is a regular groove cut down both sides and along the top, in order to hold the door.

The whole summit of the great rock is now stony and bare, but not so bare that I could not gather scarlet anemones, which found scanty sustenance here and there in tiny patches of grass, and gladdened the gray color of the native rock and the primeval walls. The view from the summit, when first I saw it, was one of singular solitude and peace; not a stone seemed to have been disturbed for ages; not a human creature, or even a browsing goat, was visible, and the traveller might sketch or scrutinize any part of the fortress without fear of intrusion, far less of molestation. When I again reached the site, in the spring of 1877, a great change had taken place. Dr. Schliemann had attacked the ruins, and had made his world-renowned excavations inside and about the lion gate. To the gate itself this was a very great gain. All the encumbering earth and stones have been removed, so that we can now admire the full proportions of the mighty portal. He discovered a tiny porter's lodge inside it. He denied the existence of the wheel-tracks which we and others fancied we had seen there on our former visit.

[Illustration: Lion Gate, Mycenae]

But proceeding from the gate to the lower side, where the hill slopes down rapidly, and where the great irregular Cyclopean wall trends away to the right, Dr. Schliemann found a deep accumulation of soil. This was, of course, the chief place on an otherwise bare rock where excavations promised large results. And the result was beyond the wildest anticipations. The whole account of what he has done is long before the public in his very splendid book, of which the illustrations are quite an epoch in the history of ornament, and in spite of their great antiquity will suggest to our modern jewellers many an exquisite pattern. The sum of what he found is this:—

He first found in this area a double circuit of thin upright slabs, joined together closely, and joined across the top with flat slabs mortised into them, the whole circuit being like a covered way, about three feet high. Into the enclosed circle a way leads from the lion gate; and what I noted particularly was this, that the whole circle, which was over thirty yards in diameter, was separated from the higher ground by a very miserable bounding wall, which, though quite concealed before the excavations, and therefore certainly very old, looked for all the world like some Turkish piece of masonry.

As soon as this stone circle was discovered, it was suggested that old Greek _agoras_ were round, that they were often in the citadel at the king's gate, and that people were sometimes buried in them. Dr. Schliemann at once baptized the place as the agora of Mycenæ. It was a circle with only one free access, and that from the gate; it had tombstones standing in the midst of it, and there were the charred remains of sacrifices about them. The number of bodies already exhumed beneath preclude their being all founders or heroes of the city. These and other indications were enough to disprove clearly that the circle was an agora, but that it was rather a place of sepulture, enclosed, as such places always were, with a fence, which seems made in imitation of a palisade of wood.

Inside this circuit of stone slabs were found—apparently at the same depth, but on this Dr. Schliemann is not explicit—very curious and very archaic carved slabs, with rude hunting scenes of warriors in very uncomfortable chariots, and varied spiral ornaments filling up the vacant spaces. These sculptures are unlike any Hellenic work, properly so called, and point back to a very remote period, and probably to the introduction of a foreign art among the rude inhabitants of early Greece. Deeper down were found more tombstones, all manner of archaic pottery, arrow-heads, and buttons of bone; there was also found some rude construction of hewn stones, which may have served as an altar or a tomb.

Yet further down, twenty-one feet deep, and close to the rock, were lying together a number of skeletons, which seemed to have been hastily or carelessly buried; but in the rock itself, in rudely hewn chambers, were found fifteen bodies buried with a splendor seldom equalled in the history of the world. These people were not buried like Greeks. They were not laid in rock chambers, like the Scythian kings. They were sunk in graves under the earth, which were large enough to receive them, had they not been filled up round the bottom with rudely-built walls, or pieces of stone, so as to reduce the area, but to create perhaps some ventilation for the fire which had partly burnt the bodies where they were found. Thus the splendidly-attired and jewelled corpses, some of them with masks and breastplates of gold, were, so to speak, jammed down by the earth and stones above them into a very narrow space; but there appears to have been some arrangement for protecting them and their treasure from complete confusion with the soil which settled down over them. This, if the account of the excavation be accurate, seems the most peculiar feature in the burial of these great personages, but finds a parallel in the curious tombs of Hallstadt, which afford many analogies to Mycenæ.(181)

Dr. Schliemann boldly announced in the _Times_, and the public believed him, that he had found Agamemnon, and his companions, who were murdered when they returned from the siege of Troy. The burial is indeed quite different from any such ceremony described in the Homeric poems. The number of fifteen is not to be accounted for by any of the legends. There is no reason to think all the tombs have been discovered; one, or at least

part of the treasure belonging to it, was since found outside the circle. Another was afterward found by M. Stamatakes. Æschylus, our oldest and best authority, places the tomb of Agamemnon, not at Mycenæ, but at Argos. They all agree that he was buried with contempt and dishonor. The result was, that when the public came to hear the Agamemnon theory disproved, it was disposed to take another leap in the dark, and to look upon the whole discovery as suspicious, and as possibly something mediæval.

Such an inference would be as absurd as to accept the hypothesis of Dr. Schliemann. The tombs are undoubtedly very ancient, certainly far more ancient than the supposed date of Homer, or even of Agamemnon. The treasures which have been carried to Athens, and which I saw and handled at the National Bank, are not only really valuable masses of gold, but have a good deal of beauty of workmanship, both in design and decoration. Though the masks are very ugly and barbarous, and though there is in general no power shown of moulding any animal figure, there are very beautiful cups and jugs, there are most elegant geometrical ornaments—zigzags, spirals, and the like—and there are even imitations of animals of much artistic merit. The celebrated silver bull's head, with golden horns, is a piece of work which would not disgrace a goldsmith of our day; and this may be said of many of the ornaments. Any one who knows the Irish gold ornaments in the Academy Museum in Dublin perceives a wonderful family likeness in the old Irish spirals and decorations, yet not more than might occur among two separate nations working with the same materials under similar conditions. But I feel convinced that the best things in the tombs at Mycenæ were not made by native artists, but imported, probably from Syria and Egypt. This seems proved even by the various materials which have been employed—ivory, alabaster, amber; in one case even an ostrich egg. So we shall, perhaps, in the end come back upon the despised legends of Cadmus and Danaus, and find that they told us truly of an old cultured race coming from the South and the East to humanize the barbarous progenitors of the Greeks.

I can now add important corroborations of these general conclusions from the researches made since the appearance of my earlier editions. I then said that the discoveries were too fresh and dazzling to admit of safe theories concerning their origin. By way of illustration I need only allude to those _savants_ (they will hereafter be obliged to me for omitting their names) who imagined that all the Mycenæan tombs were not archaic at all, but the work of northern barbarians who occupied Greece during the disasters of the later Roman Empire! Serious researches, however, have at last brought us considerable light. In the first place Helbig, in an important work comparing the treasures of Mycenæ with the allusions to art, arms, and manufactures in the Homeric poems, came to the negative conclusion that these two civilizations were distinct—that the Homeric poets cannot have had before them the palace of Mycenæ which owned the Schliemann treasures. As there is no room in Greek history for such a civilization posterior to the Homeric poems, it follows that the latter must describe a civilization considerably later than that we have found at

Mycenæ. Placing the Homeric poems in the eighth century B. C. we shall be led to about 1000 B. C. as the latest possible date for the splendors of Mycenæ. But this negative conclusion has been well-nigh demonstrated by the positive results of the various recent researches in Egypt. Not only has the Egypt Exploration Society examined carefully the sites of Naucratis and Daphne, thus disclosing to us what Greek art and manufacture could produce in the sixth and seventh centuries B. C. (665–565 B. C.), but Mr. Flinders Petrie has enriched our knowledge by his wonderful discoveries of Egyptian art on several sites, and of many epochs, fairly determinable by the reigning dynasties. He has recently (1890) examined the Mycenæan and other pre-historic treasures collected at Athens, by the light of his rich Egyptian experience, and has given a summary of the results in two short articles in the _Journal of Hellenic Studies_.

He finds that the materials and their treatment, such as blue glass, even in its decomposition, alabaster, rock-crystal, hollowed and painted within, dome-head rivets attaching handles of gold cups, ostrich eggs with handles attached, ties made for ornament in porcelain, are all to be found in Egyptian tombs varying from 1400 to 1100 in date. His analysis leads him to give the dates for the tombs I.-IV. at Mycenæ as 1200–1100 B. C. That an earlier date is improbable is shown by the negative evidence that none of the purely geometrical false-necked vases occur, such as are the general product of 1400–1200 in Egyptian deposits. But as several isolated articles are of older types, as in particular the lions over the gate are quite similar to a gilt wooden lion he found of about 1450 B. C. in date, the Mycenæan civilization probably extended over a considerable period. He even finds proof of decadence in grave IV. as compared with the rest, and so comes to the conclusion, which I am disposed to question, that the tombs within the circle at Mycenæ (shaft-tombs) are later and worse interments made by the same people who had already built the more majestic and costly bee-hive tombs. Instead therefore of upholding a Phrygian origin, Mr. Petrie asserts an Egyptian origin for both Mycenæan and parallel Phrygian designs. The spiral pattern in its various forms, the rosettes, the keyfret, the palmetto, are all used in very early Egyptian decoration. The inlaid daggers of Mycenæ have long been recognized as inspired by Egypt; but we must note that it is native work and not merely an imported article. The attitude of the figures and of the lions, and the form of the cat, are such as no Egyptian would have executed. To make such things in Greece implies a far higher culture than merely to import them. The same remark applies to the glazed pottery; the style of some is not Egyptian, so that here the Mycenæans were capable of elaborate technical work, and imitated, rather than imported from Egypt.... The familiarity with Egypt is further proved by the lotus pattern on the dagger-blade, by the cat on the dagger, and the cats on the gold foil ornaments, since the cat was then unknown in Greece. That the general range of the civilization was that of Africa, is indicated by the frequent use of the palm (not then known in Greece) as a decoration, and by the very scanty clothing of the male figures, indicating that dress was not a necessity of climate. On the other hand this culture reached out to the north of Europe. The

silver-headed reindeer or elk, found in grave IV., can only be the result of northern intercourse. The amber so commonly used comes from the Baltic. And we see in Celtic ornament the obvious reproduction of the decorations of Mycenæ, as Mr. Arthur Evans has shown. Not only is the spiral decoration indistinguishable,(182) but also the taste for elaborately embossed diadems and breastplates of gold is peculiar to the Mycenæan and Celtic cultures. The great period of Mycenæ seems therefore to date 1300–1100 B. C., with occasional traditional links with Egypt as far back as 1500 or 1600 B. C.

Such is an abstract of Mr. Petrie's estimate.(183)

I will only here point out, in addition, the remarkable unity of style between the ornaments found at a depth of twenty-five feet in the tombs, the sculptured tombstones twelve or fourteen feet over them, and the lions on the gate of the citadel. It is, indeed, only a general uniformity, but it corroborates Mr. Petrie's inference that there was more than mere importing; there was home manufacture. But still among the small gold ornaments in the tombs were found several pairs of animals placed opposite each other in this strictly _heraldic_ fashion, and even on the engraved gems this symmetry is curiously frequent. It seems, then, that the art of Mycenæ had not changed when its early history came to a close, and its inhabitants were forced to abandon the fortress and submit to the now Doric Argos.

We are, indeed, told expressly by Pausanias and Diodorus that this event did not take place till after the Persian wars, when old Hellenic art was already well defined, and was beginning to make rapid progress. But this express statement, which I saw reason to question since my former remarks on the subject in this book, I am now determined to reject, in the face of the inconsistencies of these historians, the silence of all the contemporaries of the alleged conquest, and the exclusively archaic remains which Dr. Schliemann has unearthed. Mycenæ, along with Tiryns, Midea, and the other towns of the plain, was incorporated into Argos at a far earlier date, and not posterior to the brilliant rule of Pheidon. So it comes that historical Greece is silent about the ancient capital of the Pelopids, and the poets transfer all its glories to Argos. Once, indeed, the name did appear on the national records. The offerings to the gods at Olympia, and at Delphi, after the victory over the Persians, recorded that a few patriots—460 in all—from Mycenæ and from Tiryns had joined the Greeks at Platæa, while the remainder of the Argives preserved a base and cowardly neutrality. The Mycenæans were very few in number; sixty are mentioned in connection with Thermopylæ by Herodotus. They were probably exiles through Greece, who had preserved their traditions and their descent, and gloried in exposing and insulting Argive Medism. The Tirynthian 400 may even have been the remnant of the slave population, which Herodotus tells us seized the citadel of Tiryns, when driven out from Argos twenty years before, and who lived there for some years. In the crisis of Platæa the Greeks were not dainty or critical, and they may have

readily conceded the title of Tirynthian to these doubtful citizens, out of hatred and disgust at the neutrality of Argos. However these things may be, the mention of Mycenæans and Tirynthians on this solitary occasion afforded an obvious warrant to Diodorus for his date of the destruction of Mycenæ. But I am convinced that his authority, and that of Pausanias, who follows him, must be deliberately rejected.

On the other hand, the origin of Mycenæ, and its greatness as a royal residence, must be thrown back into a far deeper antiquity than any one had yet imagined. If Agamemnon and his house represent Hellenic princes, of the type of Homer's knowledge and acquaintance, they must have arisen after some older, and apparently different dynasties had ruled and had buried their dead at Mycenæ.(184) But it is also possible that the Homeric bards, describing professedly the acts of a past age, imposed their new manners, and their own culture, upon the Pelopids, whom they only knew by vague tradition, and that thus their drawing is false; while the chiefs they glorify were the ancient pre-Hellenic rulers of the country. This latter supposition is so shocking a heresy against "Homer" that I will not venture to expand it, and will leave the reader to add any conjectures he chooses to those which I have already hazarded in too great number.

When the splendid findings of Dr. Schliemann are taken out of their bandboxes in the Bank of Athens, and arranged in the National Museum;(185) when the diligence of Greek archæologists investigates thoroughly the remainder of the site at Mycenæ, which is not nearly exhausted; when new accidents (such as the discoveries at Sparta and Vaphio) and new researches enlarge these treasures perhaps a thousand-fold, there will be formed at Athens a museum of pre-historic art which will not have its equal in the world (except at Cairo), and which will introduce us to an epoch of culture which we hardly yet suspected, when writing and coinage were unknown, when the Greeks had not reached unto their name, or possibly their language, but when, nevertheless, considerable commerce existed, when wonderful skill had already been attained in arts and manufactures, and when men had even accumulated considerable wealth and splendor in well-established centres of power.

The further investigation of the remains of Mycenæ, with the additional evidence derived from the ruins of Tiryns, presently to be described, have led Dr. Adler to explain Mycenæ as the record of a double foundation, first by a race who built rubble masonry, and buried their dead in narrow rock-tombs or graves, piling on the bodies their arms and ornaments; secondly, after some considerable interval, by a race who built splendid ashlar masonry, with well-cut blocks, and who constructed great beehive tombs, where the dead could lie with ample room in royal state. The second race enlarged, rebuilt, and refaced the old fortifications, added the present lion gate, and built the so-called treasure-houses. For convenience' sake he calls them, according to the old legends, Perseids and Pelopids respectively. Hence the tombs which Dr. Schliemann found were really far older than any one had at first supposed, and if the record of

Homer points distinctly to the Pelopids, then the gold and jewels of a far earlier people were hidden deep underground in the foundation of Agamemnon's fortress, merely marked by a sacred circle of stones and some archaic gravestones.

To which of these stages of building do the ruins of Tiryns belong? Apparently to the earlier, though here, again, the size of the stones used is far greater than those in the first Mycenæ, and it is now certain that the beginnings of artificial shaping are discernible in them. Since the second edition of this book the walls have been uncovered and examined by Dr. Schliemann, with the valuable advice and assistance of Dr. Dörpfeld, so that I may conclude this chapter with a brief summary of the results they have attained.

The upper part of the rock of Tiryns, which consisted of two plateaus or levels, was known to contain remains of building by the shafts which Dr. Schliemann had already sunk there in former years. But now a very different method of excavating was adopted—that of uncovering the surface in layers, so that successive strata of debris might be clearly distinguished. This exceedingly slow and laborious process, which I saw going on for days at Tiryns with very little result, brought out in the end the whole plan of a palace, with its gates, floors, parting walls, and pillar bases, so that in the admirable drawing to be seen in the book called _Tiryns_, Dr. Dörpfeld has given us the first clear view of an old Greek, or perhaps even pre-Hellenic, palace. The partial agreement with the plan of the palaces of Troy, and of Mycenæ, since discovered, and the adoption in Hellenic temples of the plan of entrance, here several times repeated—two pillars between antæ—show that the palace at Tiryns was not exceptional, but typical.

All the gates leading up into this palace are still distinctly marked by the threshold or door-sill, a great stone, lying in its place, with grooves inserted for the pivots of the doors, which were of wood, but had their pivots shod with bronze, as was proved by the actual remains. These doors divided a double porch, entered either way between two pillars of wood, standing upon stone bases still in their place, and flanked by antæ, which were below of stone and above of wood dowelled into the stone piers. All the upper structure of the gates, and, indeed, of all the palace, seems to have been of wood. There are clear signs of a great conflagration, in which the palace perished. This implies the existence of ample fuel, and while the ashes, mud-bricks, etc., remain, no trace of architrave, or pillar, or roof has been found. There are gates of similar design leading into the courts and principal chamber of the palace, the floors of which are covered with a careful lime concrete marked with line patterns, and so sloped as to afford easy drainage into a vent leading to pipes of terra cotta, which carried off water. The same careful arrangements are observed in the bath-room, with a floor of one great stone, twelve feet by nine, which is likewise pierced to carry off water. The remains of a terra cotta tub were found there, and the walls of the

room were panelled with wood, set into the raised edge of the floor-stone by dowels sunk in the stone. No recent discovery is more interesting than this.

Of the walls little remains but the foundations, and here and there a couple of feet of mud-bricks, with signs of beams let into them, which added to the conflagration. But enough remains to show that the walls of the better rooms were richly covered with ornament. There is a fresco of a bull still preserved, and reproduced in Dr. Schliemann's book; and there was also found a very remarkable frieze ornament in rosettes and brooch patterns, made of blue glass paste (supposed to be Homer's _κύανος_) and alabaster. This valuable relic shows remarkable analogies in design to other prehistoric ornaments found in Greece.

The size of the main hall, or men's apartment, is very large, the floor covering about 120 square yards, and the parallel room in the palace at Troy was consequently taken to be the cella of a temple. But there seems no doubt that the great room at Tiryns, with a hearth in the middle and four pillar bases near it, supporting, perhaps, a higher roof, with a clerestory, was the main reception room of the palace; a smaller room of similar construction, not connected with the former, save by a circuitous route through passages, seems to have been the ladies' drawing-room.

If I were to attempt any full description of this wonderful place I should be obliged to copy out a great part of the fifth chapter in Dr. Schliemann's book, in which Dr. Dörpfeld has set down very modestly, but very completely, the results of his own acuteness and research. Many things which are now plain enough were perfect riddles till he found the true solution, and the acuteness with which he has utilized the smallest hints, as well as the caution of his conclusions, make this work of his a very model of scientific induction.

He says, rightly enough, that a minute description is necessary, because a very few years will cover up much of the evidence which he had plainly before him. The concrete floors, the remains of mud-brick walls, the plan of the various rooms, will be choked up with grass and weeds, unless they are kept covered and cleared. The rain, which has long since washed all traces of mortar out of the walls, will wash away far more now that the site is opened, and so the future archæologist will find that the book _Tiryns_ will tell him much that the actual Tiryns cannot show him.

The lower platform on the rock is not yet touched, and here perhaps digging will discover to us the remains of a temple, from which one very archaic Doric capital and an antefix have found their way to the higher rock. There are traces, too, of the great fort being the second building on the site, over an older and not yet clearly determined palace.

Two things are plain from these discoveries, and I dwell on them with satisfaction, because they corroborate old opinions of mine, put forth

long before the principal evidence was forthcoming. First, the general use of wood for pillars and architraves, so showing how naturally the stone temple imitated the older wooden buildings. Secondly, the archaic or ante-Hellenic character of all that was found at Tiryns, with the solitary exception of the architectural fragments, which certainly have no building to correspond to them where they were found. Thus my hypothesis, which holds that Tiryns, as well as Mycenæ, was destroyed at least as early as Pheidon's time (660 B. C.), and not after the Persian wars, receives corroboration which will amount to positive proof in any mind open to evidence on the point.

MARS

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, in astronomy, the fourth planet in the order of distance from the sun, and the next outside the earth. To the naked eye it appears as a bright star of a decidedly reddish or lurid tint, which contrasts strongly with the whiteness of Venus and Jupiter. At opposition it is brighter than a first magnitude star, sometimes outshining even Sirius. It is by virtue of its position the most favourably situated of all the planets for observation from the earth. The eccentricity of its orbit, 0.0933, is greater than that of any other major planet except Mercury. The result is that at an opposition near perihelion Mars is markedly nearer to the earth than at an opposition near aphelion, the one distance being about 35 million miles; the other 63 million. These numbers express only the minimum distances at or near opposition, and not the distance at other times. The time of revolution of Mars is 686.98 days. The mean interval between oppositions is 2 years 49½ days, but, owing to the eccentricity of the orbit, the actual excess over two years ranges from 36 days to more than 2½ months. Its period of rotation is 24 h. 37 m. 22.66 s. (H. G. Bakhuyzen).

[Illustration: FIG. 1.--Orbits of Mars and the Earth, showing aspects of the planet relative to the earth and sun.]

Motions.--The accompanying diagram will convey a notion of the varied aspects presented by the planet, of the cycles of change through which they go, and of the order in which the oppositions follow each other. The outer circle represents the orbit of Mars, the inner one that of the earth. AE is the line of the equinoxes from which longitudes are counted. The perihelion of Mars is in longitude 335° at the point [pi]. The ascending node [Omega] is in longitude 47°. The line of nodes makes an angle of 74° with the major axis, so that Mars is south of the ecliptic near perihelion, but north of it near aphelion. Around the

inner circle, representing the earth's orbit, are marked the months during which the earth passes through the different parts of the orbit. It will be seen that the distance of Mars at the time of any opposition depends upon the month in which opposition occurs. The least possible distance would occur in an opposition about the end of August, a little before Mars reached the perihelion, because the eccentricity of the earth's orbit throws our planet a little farther from the sun and nearer the orbit of Mars in July than it does in August. The opposition of 1909 occurred on the 24th of September, at a point marked by the year near the equinox, and the month and years of the oppositions following, up to 1941, are also shown in the same way. Tracing them around, it will be seen that the points of opposition travel around the orbit in about 16 years, so that oppositions near perihelion, when Mars is therefore nearest the earth, occur at intervals of 15 or 17 years.

The axis of rotation of the planet is inclined between 23° and 24° to the orbit, and the equator of the planet has the same inclination to the plane of the orbit. The north pole is directed toward a point in longitude 355°, in consequence of which the projection of the planet's axis upon the plane of the ecliptic is nearly parallel to the line of our equinoxes. This projection is shown by the dotted line SP-NP, which corresponds closely to the line of the Martian solstices. It will be seen that at a September opposition the north pole of the planet is turned away from the sun, so that only the southern hemisphere is presented to us, and only the south pole can be seen from the earth. The Martian vernal equinox is near Q and the northern solstice near A. Here at the point S.P. the northern hemisphere is turned toward the sun. It will be seen that the aspect of the planet at opposition, especially the hemisphere which is visible, varies with the month of opposition, the general rule being that the northern hemisphere of the planet is entirely seen only near aphelion oppositions, and therefore when farthest from us, while the southern hemisphere is best seen near perihelion oppositions. The distances of the planet from the sun at aphelion and at perihelion are nearly in the ratio 6:5. The intensity of the sun's radiation on the planet is as the inverse square of this ratio. It is therefore more than 40% greater near perihelion than near aphelion. It follows from all this that the southern hemisphere is subjected to a more intense solar heat than the northern, and must therefore have a warmer summer season. But the length of the seasons is the inverse of this, the summer of the northern hemisphere being longer and the heat of the southern hemisphere shorter in proportion.

Surface Features.--The surface features of the planet will be better understood by first considering what is known of its atmosphere and of the temperature which probably prevails on its surface. One method of detecting an atmosphere is through its absorption of the different rays in the spectrum of the sunlight reflected from the planet. Several observers have thought that they saw fairly distinct evidence of such absorption when the planet was examined with the spectroscope. But the

observations were not conclusive; and with the view of setting the question at rest if possible, W. W. Campbell at the Lick Observatory instituted a very careful series of spectroscopic observations.[1] To reduce the chances of error to a minimum the spectrum of Mars was compared with that of the moon when the two bodies were near each other. Not the slightest difference could be seen between any of the lines in the two spectra. It being certain that the spectrum of the moon is not affected by absorption, it followed that any absorption produced by the atmosphere of Mars is below the limit of perception. It was considered by Campbell that if the atmosphere of Mars were ¼ that of the earth in density, the absorption would have been visible. Consequently the atmosphere of Mars would be of a density less than ¼ that of the earth.[2]

Closely related to the question of an atmosphere is that of possible clouds above the surface of the planet, the existence of which, if real, would necessarily imply an atmosphere of a density approaching the limit set by Campbell's observations. The most favourable opportunity for seeing clouds would be when they are formed above a region of the planet upon which the sun is about to rise, or from which it has just been setting. The cloud will then be illuminated by the sun's rays while the surface below it is in darkness, and will appear to an observer on the earth as a spot of light outside the terminator, or visible edge of the illuminated part of the disk. It is noticeable that phenomena more or less of this character, though by no means common, have been noted by observers on several occasions. Among these have been the Mt Hamilton and Lowell observers, and W. H. Pickering at Arequipa. Campbell has shown that many of them may be accounted for by supposing the presence of mountains not more than two miles in height, which may well exist on the planet. While this hypothesis will serve to explain several of these appearances, this can scarcely be said of a detached spot observed on the evening of the 26th of May 1903, at the Lowell Observatory.[3] Dr Slipher, who first saw it, was so struck by the appearance of the projection from the terminator upon the dark side of the disk that he called the other observers to witness it. Micrometric measures showed that it was some 300 miles in length, and that its highest point stood some 17 miles above the surface of the planet. That a cloud should be formed at such a height in so rare an atmosphere seems difficult to account for except on the principle that the rate of diminution of the density of an atmosphere with its height is proportional to the intensity of gravity, which is smaller on Mars than on the earth. The colour was not white, but tawny, of the tint exhibited by a cloud of dust. Percival Lowell therefore suggests that this and other appearances of the same kind seen from time to time are probably dust clouds, travelling over the desert, as they sometimes do on the earth, and settling slowly again to the ground.

Temperature.--Up to a recent time all that could be said of the probable temperature of Mars was that, being more distant from the sun

than the earth, and having a rarer atmosphere, it had a general mean temperature probably below that of the earth. Greater precision can now be given to this theoretical conclusion by recent determination of the law of radiation of heat by bodies at different temperatures. Regarding it as fairly well established that at ordinary temperatures the radiation varies directly as the fourth power of the absolute temperature, it is possible when the "solar constant" is known to compute the temperature of a non-coloured body at the distance of Mars which presents every part of its surface in rapid succession to the sun's rays in the absence of atmosphere only. This has been elaborately done for the major planets by J. H. Poynting,[4] who computes that the mean temperature of Mars is far below the freezing point of water. On the other hand an investigation made by Lowell in 1907,[5] taking into account the effect of the rare atmosphere on the heat lost by reflection, and of several other factors in the problem hitherto overlooked, led him to the conclusion that the mean temperature is about 48° Fahr.[6] But the temperature may rise much above the mean on those regions of the surface exposed to a nearly vertical noon-day sun. The diurnal changes of temperature, being diminished by an atmosphere, must be greater on Mars than on the earth, so that the vicissitudes of temperature are there very great, but cannot be exactly determined, because they must depend upon the conductivity and thermal capacity of the matter composing the surface of the planet. What we can say with confidence is that, during the Martian winter of between eight and twelve of our months, the regions around either pole must fall to a temperature nearer the absolute zero than any known on this planet. In fact the climatic conditions in all but the equatorial regions are probably of the same nature as those which prevail on the tops of our highest mountains, except that the cold is more intense.[7]

Having these preliminary considerations in mind, we may now study the features presented to our view by the surface of the planet. These have a permanence and invariability which markedly differentiate them from the ever varying surfaces of Jupiter and Saturn, and show that what we see is a solid surface, like that of our earth. They were observed and delineated by the leading astronomers of the 16th century, especially Huygens, Cassini and Hooke. These observers could only distinguish the different regions upon the planet as bright or dark. Reasoning as they did in the case of the moon, it was naturally supposed that the brighter regions were land and the darker ones seas. The observers of our time find that the darker regions have a slightly blue-green aspect, which might suggest the idea of water, but are variegated in a way to show that they must be composed of a solid crust, like the brighter regions. The latter have a decidedly warm red or ochre tint, which gives the characteristic colour to the planet as seen by the naked eye. The regions in equatorial and middle latitudes, which are those best seen from our planet, show a surface of which the general aspect is not dissimilar to that which would be presented by the deserts of our earth when seen from the moon. With each improvement in the telescope the

numerous drawings of the planet show more definiteness and certainty in details. About 1830 a fairly good map was made by W. Beer and J. H. Mädler, a work which has been repeated by a number of observers since that time. The volume of literature on the subject, illustrated by drawings and maps, has become so great that it is impossible here to present even an abstract of it; and it would not be practicable, even were it instructive, to enter upon any detailed description of Martian topography. A few great and well-marked features were depicted by the earliest observers, who saw them so plainly that they may be recognized by their drawings at the present time. There is also a general agreement among nearly all observers with good instruments as to the general features of the planet, but even in the latest drawings there is a marked divergence as to the minuter details. This is especially true of the boundaries of the more ill-defined regions, and of the faint and difficult markings of various kinds which are very numerous on every part of the planet. There is not even a close agreement between the drawings by the same observer at different oppositions; but this may be largely due to seasonal and other changes.

The most striking feature, and one which shows the greatest resemblance to a familiar terrestrial process, is that when either polar region comes into view after being turned nearly a year away from the sun, it is found to be covered with a white cap. This gradually contracts in extent as the sun shines upon it during the remaining half of the Martian year, sometimes nearly disappearing. That this change is due to the precipitation of watery vapour in the form of ice, snow or frost during the winter, and its melting or evaporation when exposed to the sun's rays, is so obvious a conclusion that it has never been seriously questioned. It has indeed been suggested that the deposit may be frozen carbonic acid. While we cannot pronounce this out of the question, the probabilities seem in favour of the deposit being due to the precipitation of aqueous vapour in a frozen form. At a temperature of -50° C., which is far above what we can suppose to prevail in the polar regions during the winter, the tension of aqueous vapour is 0.034 mm. On the other hand Faraday found the tension of carbonic acid to be still an entire atmosphere at as low a temperature as -80° C. Numerically exact statements are impossible owing to our want of knowledge of the actual temperature, which must depend partly upon air currents between the equator and the poles of Mars. It can, however, be said, in a general way, that a proportion of aqueous vapour in the rare atmosphere of Mars, far smaller than that which prevails on the earth, would suffice to explain the observed formation and disappearances of the polar caps. Since every improvement in the telescope and in the conditions of observation must enable modern observers to see all that their predecessors did and yet more, we shall confine our statements to the latest results. These may be derived from the work of Professor Lowell of Boston, who in 1894 founded an observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, 7250 ft. above sea-level, and supplied it with a 24´´ telescope, of which the main purpose was the study of Mars. This work has been

continued with such care and assiduity that its results must take precedence of all others in everything that relates to our present subject.[8]

Among the more probable conclusions to be drawn from Lowell's observations, the following are of most interest. The darker areas are all seamed by lines and dots darker than themselves, which are permanent in position, so that there can be no bodies of water on the planet. On the other hand, their colour, blue-green, is that of vegetation. This fades out as vegetation would at certain seasons to faint blue-green, but in some places to a tawny brown. Each hemisphere undergoes these changes in its turn, the changes being opposite in opposite hemispheres. The changes in the dark areas follow some time after the melting of the polar caps. The aspect of these areas suggests old sea bottoms, and when on the terminator appear as depressions, though this may be only apparent and due to the dark colour. The smoothness and soft outline of the terminator shows that there are no mountains on Mars comparable with ours, but that the surface is surprisingly flat. White spots are occasionally visible in the tropical and temperate regions, which are perhaps due to the condensation of frost or snow, or to saline exudation such as seasonally occurs in India (Lowell). Moreover in winter the temperate zones are more or less covered by a whitish veil, which may be either hoar frost or cloud. A spring haze seems to surround the north polar cap during its most extensive melting; otherwise the Martian sky is quite clear, like that of a dry desert land. When either polar cap is melting it is bordered by a bluish area, which Lowell attributes to the water produced by the melting. But the obliquity at which the sun's rays strike the surface as the cap is melting away is so great that it would seem to preclude the possibility of a temperature high enough to melt the snow into water. Under the low barometric pressure prevailing on the planet, snow would evaporate under the influence of the sun's rays without changing into water. It is also contended that what looks like such a bluish border may be formed around a bright area by the secondary aberration of a refracting telescope.[9]

The modern studies of Mars which have aroused so much public interest began with the work of Schiaparelli in 1877. Accepting the term "ocean," used by the older observers, to designate the widely extended darker regions on the planet, and holding that they were really bodies of water, he found that they were connected by comparatively narrow streaks. (Schiaparelli considered them really water until after the Lowell observations.) In accordance with the adopted system of nomenclature, he termed these streaks _canale_, a word of which the proper rendering into English would be _channels_. But the word was actually translated into both English and French as canal, thus connoting artificiality in the supposed waterways, which were attributed to the inhabitants of the planet. The fact that they were many miles in breadth, and that it was therefore absurd to call them canals, did not prevent this term from being so extensively used that it is now scarcely

possible to do away with it. A second series of observations was made by Schiaparelli at the opposition of 1879, when the planet was farther away, but was better situated as to altitude above the horizon. He now found a number of additional channels, which were much finer than those he had previously drawn. The great interest attaching to their seemingly artificial character gave an impetus to telescopic study of the planet which has continued to the present time. New canals were added, especially at the Lowell Observatory, until the entire number listed in 1908 amounted to more than 585. The general character of this complex system of lines is described by Lowell as a network covering the whole face of the planet, light and dark regions alike, and connecting at either end with the respective polar caps there. At their junctions are small dark pinheads of spots. The lines vary in size between themselves, but each maintains its own width throughout. But the more difficult of these objects are only seen occasionally and are variable in definiteness. Of two canals equally well situated for seeing, only one may be visible at one time and only the other at other times. If this variability of aspect among different canals is true as they are seen from the Lowell Observatory, we find it true to a much greater extent when we compare descriptions by different observers. At Flagstaff, the most favourably situated of all the points of observation, they are seen as fine sharp lines, sometimes as well marked as if drawn with a pencil. But other observers see them with varying degrees of breadth and diffuseness.

One remarkable feature of these objects is their occasional "gemination," some of the canals appearing as if doubled. This was first noticed by Schiaparelli, and has been confirmed, so far as observations can confirm it, by other observers. Different explanations of this phenomenon have been suggested, but the descriptions of it are not sufficiently definite to render any explanation worthy of entire confidence possible. Indeed the more cautious astronomers, who have not specially devoted themselves to the particular phenomena, reserve a doubt as to how far the apparent phenomena of the finer canals are real, and what the markings which give rise to their appearance might prove to be if a better and nearer view of the planet than is now possible could be obtained. Of the reality of the better marked ones there can be no doubt, as they have been seen repeatedly by many observers, including those at the Lick Observatory, and have actually been photographed at the Lowell Observatory. The doubt is therefore confined to the vast network of lines so fine that they never certainly have been seen elsewhere than at Flagstaff. The difficulty of pronouncing upon their reality arises from the fact that we have to do mainly with objects not plainly visible (or, as Lowell contends, not plainly visible elsewhere). The question therefore becomes one of psychological optics rather than of astronomy. When the question is considered from this point of view it is found that combinations of light and shaded areas very different from continuous lines, will, under certain conditions, be interpreted by the eye as such lines; and when such is the case, long practice by an

observer, however carefully conducted, may confirm him in this interpretation. To give a single example of the principles involved; it is found by experiment that if, through a long line so fine as to approach the limit of visibility, segments not too near each other, or so short that they would not be visible by themselves, be taken out, their absence from the line will not be noticed, and the latter will still seem continuous.[10] In other words we do not change the aspect of the line by taking away from it a part which by itself would be invisible. This act of the eye, in interpreting a discontinuous series of very faint patches as a continuous line, is not, properly speaking, an optical illusion, but rather a habit. The arguments for the reality of all the phenomena associated with the canals, while cogent, have not sufficed to bring about a general consensus of opinion among critics beyond the limit already mentioned.

Accepting the view that the dark lines on Mars are objectively real and continuous, and are features as definite in reality as they appear in the telescope, Professor Lowell has put forth an explanation of sufficient interest to be mentioned here. His first proposition is that lines frequently thousands of miles long, each following closely a great circle, must be the product of design rather than of natural causes. His explanation is that they indicate the existence of irrigating canals which carry the water produced annually by the melting of the polar snows to every part of the planet. The actual canals are too minute to be visible to us. What we really see as dark lines are broad strips of vegetation, produced by artificial cultivation extending along each border of the irrigating streams. On the other hand, in the view of his critics, the quantity of ice or snow which the sun's rays could melt around the poles of Mars, the rate of flow and evaporation as the water is carried toward the equator, and several other of the conditions involved, require investigation before the theory can be established.[11]

The accompanying illustrations of Mars and its canals are those of Lowell, and represent the planet as seen by the Flagstaff observers.

[Illustration: FIG. 2.]

Satellites and Pole of Mars.--At the opposition of Mars which occurred in August 1877 the planet was unusually near the earth. Asaph Hall, then in charge of the 26´´ telescope at the Naval Observatory in Washington, took advantage of this favourable circumstance to make a careful search for a visible satellite of the planet. On the night of the 11th of August he found a faint object near the planet. Cloudy weather intervened, and the object was not again seen until the 16th, when it was found to be moving with the planet, leaving no doubt as to its being a satellite. On the night following an inner satellite much nearer the planet was observed. This discovery, apart from its intrinsic interest, is also noteworthy as the first of a series of discoveries of satellites

of the outer planets. The satellites of Mars are difficult to observe, on account not merely of their faintness, but of their proximity to the planet, the light of which is so bright as to nearly blot out that of the satellite. Intrinsically the inner satellite is brighter than the outer one, but for the reason just mentioned it is more difficult to observe. The names given them by Hall were Deimos for the outer satellite and Phobos for the inner one, derived from the mythological horses that drew the chariot of the god Mars. A remarkable feature of the orbit of Phobos is that it is so near the planet as to perform a revolution in less than one-third that of the diurnal rotation of Mars. The result is that to an inhabitant of Mars this satellite would rise in the west and set in the east, making two apparent diurnal revolutions every day. The period of Deimos is only six days greater than that of a Martian day; consequently its apparent motion around the planet would be so slow that more than two days elapse between rising and setting, and again between setting and rising.

[Illustration: FIG. 3.]

Owing to the minuteness of these bodies it is impossible to make any measures of their diameters. These can be inferred only from their brightness. Assuming them to be of the same colour as Mars, Lowell estimates them to be about ten miles for Deimos and somewhat more for Phobos. But these estimates are uncertain, not only from the somewhat hypothetical character of the data on which they rest, but from the difficulty of accurately estimating the brightness of such an object in the glare of the planet.

A long and careful series of observations was made upon these bodies by other observers. Later, especially at the very favourable oppositions of 1892 and 1894, observations were made by Hermann Struve at Poulkova, who subjected all the observations up to 1898 to a very careful discussion. He showed that the inclination of the planes of the orbits to the equator of the planet is quite small, thus making it certain that these two planes can never wander far from each other. In the following statement of the numerical elements of the entire system, Struve's results are given for the satellites, while those of Lowell are adopted for the position of the plane of the equator.

The relations of the several planes can be best conceived by considering the points at which lines perpendicular to them, or their poles, meet the celestial sphere. By theory, the pole of the orbital plane of each satellite revolves round the pole of a certain fixed plane, differing less from the plane of the equator of Mars the nearer the satellite is to Mars. Lowell from a combination of his own observations with those of Schiaparelli, Lohse and Cerulli, found for the pole of the axis of rotation of Mars[12]:--

R.A. = 317.5°; Dec. = +54.5°; Epoch, 1905.

Tilt[13] of Martian Equator to Martian ecliptic, 23°. 59´. Hermann Struve, from the observations of the satellites, found theoretically the following positions of this pole, and of those of the fixed planes of the satellite orbits for 1900:--

Pole of Mars: R.A. = 317.25° Dec. = 52.63°
Pole of fixed plane for Phobos = 317.24° = 52.64°
Pole of fixed plane for Deimos = 316.20° = 53.37°

Lowell's position of the pole is that now adopted by the British Nautical Almanac.

The actual positions of the poles of the satellite--orbits revolve around these poles of the two fixed planes in circles. Putting N for the right-ascensions of their nodes on the plane of the terrestrial equator, and J for their angular distance from the north terrestrial pole, N, and J, for the corresponding poles of the fixed planes, and t for the time in years after 1900, Struve's results are:--

Deimos.

N1 = 46°.12´ + 0.463´ t; J =36°.42´ - 0.24´ t
(N - N1) sin J = 97.6´ sin (356.8° - 6.375° t)
J - J1 = 97.6 cos (356.8° - 6.375° t)

Phobos.

N1 = 47° 14.3´ + 0.46´ t; J1 = 37° 21.9´ - 0.24´ t
(N - N1) sin J = 53.1´ sin (257°.1´ - 158.0° t)
J - J1 = 53.1´ cos (257°1´ - 158.0 t)

The other elements are:--

	Deimos.	Phobos.
Mean long. 1894, Oct. o.o G.M.T	186.25°	296.13°
Mean daily motion (tropical)	285.16198°	1128.84396°
Mean distance ([Delta] = 1)	32.373´´	12.938´´
Long. of pericentre, ([pi] + N)	264° + 6.375°t	14° + 158.0°t
Eccentricity of orbit	0.0031	0.0217
Epoch for t	1900.0	1900.0

BIBLIOGRAPHY.--Flammarion, _La Planète Mars et ses conditions d'habitilité_ (Paris, 1892), embodies so copious a _résumé_ of all the publications and drawings relating to Mars up to 1891 that there is little occasion for reference in detail to early publications. Among the principal sources may be mentioned the _Monthly Notices_ and _Memoirs_ of the Royal Astronomical Society, the publications of the

Astronomical Society of the Pacific, especially vols. vi., viii. and ix., containing observations and discussions by the Mt Hamilton astronomers, and the journals, _Sidereal Messenger, Astronomy_ and _Astrophysics_ and _Astrophysical Journal_. Schiaparelli's extended memoirs appeared under the general title _Osservazioni astronomiche e fisiche sull' asse di rotazione e sulla topografia del pianeta Marte_, and were published in different volumes of the _Memoirs_ of the _Reale Accademia dei Lincei_ of Rome. The observations and drawings of Lowell are found _in extenso_ in _Annals_ of the Lowell Observatory. Lowell's conclusions are summarized in _Mars and its Canals_, by Percival Lowell (1906), and _Mars as the Abode of Life_ (1909). In connexion with his work may be mentioned _Mars and its Mystery_, by Edward S. Morse (Boston, 1906), the work of a naturalist who made studies of the planet at the Lowell Observatory in 1905. Brief discussions and notices will also be found in the Lowell Observatory _Bulletins_. The optical principles involved in the interpretations of the canals are discussed in recent volumes of the _Monthly Notices, R.A.S_., and in the _Astrophysical Journal_. In 1907 the veteran A. R. Wallace disputed Lowell's views vigorously in his _Is Mars Habitable?_ and was briefly answered by Lowell in _Nature_, who contended that Wallace's theory was not in accord with celestial mechanics. (S. N.)

FOOTNOTES:

[1] _Astronomy and Astrophysics_, iii. 752, and _Astron. Soc. of the Pacific, Publications_, vi. 273 and ix. 109.

[2] According to Percival Lowell these results were, however, inconclusive because the strong atmospheric lines lie redwards beyond the part of the spectrum then possible to observe. Subsequently, by experimenting with sensitizing dyes, Dr Slipher of the Lowell Observatory succeeded in 1908 in photographing the spectrum far into the red. Comparison spectrograms of Mars and the Moon, taken by him at equal altitudes on such plates, eight in all, show the "a" band, the great band of water-vapour was distinctly stronger in the spectrum of Mars, thus affording what appeared decisive evidence of water vapour in the atmosphere of the planet.

[3] Lowell, _Mars and its Canals_, p. 101.

[4] _Phil. Trans._, vol. 202 A, p. 525.

[5] _Proc. Amer. Acad. Arts and Sciences_, vol. xlii. No. 25.

[6] Professor F. W. Very concurs with Lowell (_Phil. Mag._, 1908).

[7] According to Lowell, the climatic conditions are proportionally warm in summer.

[8] The great space penetration of the Lowell Observatory is shown in the case of stars. More stars have been mapped there in a given space than at the Lick, and Mr Ritchey of the Yerkes Observatory found stars easily visible there which were only just perceptible at Yerkes.

[9] As against this, Lowell's answer is that the effect is not optical; for the belt surrounds the _melting_, not the _making_ cap.

[10] For limits of this theory and Lowell's view of its inapplicability to Mars, see _Astrophys. Jour._, Sept. 1907.

[11] Prof. Lowell's theory is supported by so much evidence of different kinds that his own exposition should be read _in extenso_ in _Mars and its canals_ and _Mars as the abode of life_. In order, however, that his views may be adequately presented here, he has kindly supplied the following summary in his own words:--

"Owing to inadequate atmospheric advantages generally, much misapprehension exists as to the definiteness with which the surface of Mars is seen under good conditions. In steady air the canals are perfectly distinct lines, not unlike the Fraunhofer ones of the Spectrum, pencil lines or gossamer filaments according to size. All the observers at Flagstaff concur in this. The photographs of them taken there also confirm it up to the limit of their ability. Careful experiments by the same observers on artificial lines show that if the canals had breaks amounting to 16 m. across, such breaks would be visible. None are; while the lines themselves are thousands of miles long and perfectly straight (_Astrophys. Journ._, Sept. 1907). Between expert observers representing the planet at the same epoch the accordance is striking; differences in drawings are differences of time and are due to seasonal and secular changes in the planet itself. These seasonal changes have been carefully followed at Flagstaff, and the law governing them detected. They are found to depend upon the melting of the polar caps. After the melting is under way the canals next the cap proceed to darken, and the darkening thence progresses regularly down the latitudes. Twice this happens every Martian year, first from one cap and then six Martian months later from the other. The action reminds one of the quickening of the Nile valley after the melting of the snows in Abyssinia; only with planet-wide rhythm. Some of the canals are paired. The phenomenon is peculiar to certain canals, for only about one-tenth of the whole number, 56 out of 585, ever show double and these do so regularly. Each double has its special width; this width between the pair being 400 m. in some cases, only 75 in others. Careful plotting has disclosed the fact that the doubles cluster round the planet's equator, rarely pass 40° Lat., and never occur at the poles, though the planet's axial tilt reveals all its latitudes to us in turn. They

are thus features of those latitudes where the surface is greatest compared with the area of the polar cap, which is suggestive. Space precludes mention of many other equally striking peculiarities of the canals' positioning and development. At the junctions of the canals are small, dark round spots, which also wax and wane with the seasons. These facts and a host of others of like significance have led Lowell to the conclusion that the whole canal system is of artificial origin, first because of each appearance and secondly because of the laws governing its development. Every opposition has added to the assurance that the canals are artificial; both by disclosing their peculiarities better and better and by removing generic doubts as to the planet's habitability. The warmer temperature disclosed from Lowell's investigation on the subject, and the spectrographic detection by Slipher of water-vapour in the Martian air, are among the latest of these confirmations."--[ED.]

[12] _Bulletin Lowell Obsy., Monthly Notices, R.A.S._ (1905), 66, p. 51.

[13] _St Petersburg Memoirs_, series viii., Phys. Mars-classe, vol. viii.

MATTER. Our conceptions of the nature and structure of matter have been profoundly influenced in recent years by investigations on the Conduction of Electricity through Gases (see CONDUCTION, ELECTRIC) and on Radio-activity (q.v.). These researches and the ideas which they have suggested have already thrown much light on some of the most fundamental questions connected with matter; they have, too, furnished us with far more powerful methods for investigating many problems connected with the structure of matter than those hitherto available. There is thus every reason to believe that our knowledge of the structure of matter will soon become far more precise and complete than it is at present, for now we have the means of settling by testing directly many points which are still doubtful, but which formerly seemed far beyond the reach of experiment.

The Molecular Theory of Matter--the only theory ever seriously advocated--supposes that all visible forms of matter are collocations of simpler and smaller portions. There has been a continuous tendency as science has advanced to reduce further and further the number of the different kinds of things of which all matter is supposed to be built up. First came the molecular theory teaching us to regard matter as made

up of an enormous number of small particles, each kind of matter having its characteristic particle, thus the particles of water were supposed to be different from those of air and indeed from those of any other substance. Then came Dalton's Atomic Theory which taught that these molecules, in spite of their almost infinite variety, were all built up of still smaller bodies, the atoms of the chemical elements, and that the number of different types of these smaller bodies was limited to the sixty or seventy types which represent the atoms of the substance regarded by chemists as elements.

In 1815 Prout suggested that the atoms of the heavier chemical elements were themselves composite and that they were all built up of atoms of the lightest element, hydrogen, so that all the different forms of matter are edifices built of the same material--the atom of hydrogen. If the atoms of hydrogen do not alter in weight when they combine to form atoms of other elements the atomic weights of all elements would be multiples of that of hydrogen; though the number of elements whose atomic weights are multiples or very nearly so of hydrogen is very striking, there are several which are universally admitted to have atomic weights differing largely from whole numbers. We do not know enough about gravity to say whether this is due to the change of weight of the hydrogen atoms when they combine to form other atoms, or whether the primordial form from which all matter is built up is something other than the hydrogen atom. Whatever may be the nature of this primordial form, the tendency of all recent discoveries has been to emphasize the truth of the conception of a common basis of matter of all kinds. That the atoms of the different elements have a common basis, that they behave as if they consisted of different numbers of small particles of the same kind, is proved to most minds by the Periodic Law of Mendeléeff and Newlands (see ELEMENT). This law shows that the physical and chemical properties of the different elements are determined by their atomic weights, or to use the language of mathematics, the properties of an element are functions of its atomic weight. Now if we constructed models of the atoms out of different materials, the atomic weight would be but one factor out of many which would influence the physical and chemical properties of the model, we should require to know more than the atomic weight to fix its behaviour. If we were to plot a curve representing the variation of some property of the substance with the atomic weight we should not expect the curve to be a smooth one, for instance two atoms might have the same atomic weight and yet if they were made of different materials have no other property in common. The influence of the atomic weight on the properties of the elements is nowhere more strikingly shown than in the recent developments of physics connected with the discharge of electricity through gases and with radio-activity. The transparency of bodies to Röntgen rays, to cathode rays, to the rays emitted by radio-active substances, the quality of the secondary radiation emitted by the different elements are all determined by the atomic weight of the element. So much is this the case that the behaviour of the element with respect to these rays has been used to

determine its atomic weight, when as in the case of Indium, uncertainty as to the valency of the element makes the result of ordinary chemical methods ambiguous.

The radio-active elements indeed furnish us with direct evidence of this unity of composition of matter, for not only does one element uranium, produce another, radium, but all the radio-active substances give rise to helium, so that the substance of the atoms of this gas must be contained in the atoms of the radio-active elements.

It is not radio-active atoms alone that contain a common constituent, for it has been found that all bodies can by suitable treatment, such as raising them to incandescence or exposing them to ultra-violet light, be made to emit negatively electrified particles, and that these particles are the same from whatever source they may be derived. These particles all carry the same charge of negative electricity and all have the same mass, this mass is exceedingly small even when compared with the mass of an atom of hydrogen, which until the discovery of these particles was the smallest mass known to science. These particles are called corpuscles or electrons; their mass according to the most recent determinations is only about 1/1700 of that of an atom of hydrogen, and their radius is only about one hundred-thousandth part of the radius of the hydrogen atom. As corpuscles of this kind can be obtained from all substances, we infer that they form a constituent of the atoms of all bodies. The atoms of the different elements do not all contain the same number of corpuscles--there are more corpuscles in the atoms of the heavier elements than in the atoms of the lighter ones; in fact, many different considerations point to the conclusion that the number of corpuscles in the atom of any element is proportional to the atomic weight of the element. Different methods of estimating the exact number of corpuscles in the atom have all led to the conclusion that this number is of the same order as the atomic weight; that, for instance, the number of corpuscles in the atom of oxygen is not a large multiple of 16. Some methods indicate that the number of corpuscles in the atom is equal to the atomic weight, while the maximum value obtained by any method is only about four times the atomic weight. This is one of the points on which further experiments will enable us to speak with greater precision. Thus one of the constituents of all atoms is the negatively charged corpuscle; since the atoms are electrically neutral, this negative charge must be accompanied by an equal positive one, so that on this view the atoms must contain a charge of positive electricity proportional to the atomic weight; the way in which this positive electricity is arranged is a matter of great importance in the consideration of the constitution of matter. The question naturally arises, is the positive electricity done up into definite units like the negative, or does it merely indicate a property acquired by an atom when one or more corpuscles leave it? It is very remarkable that we have up to the present (1910), in spite of many investigations on this point, no direct evidence of the existence of positively charged particles with a

mass comparable with that of a corpuscle; the smallest positive particle of which we have any direct indication has a mass equal to the mass of an atom of hydrogen, and it is a most remarkable fact that we get positively charged particles having this mass when we send the electric discharge through gases at low pressures, whatever be the kind of gas. It is no doubt exceedingly difficult to get rid of traces of hydrogen in vessels containing gases at low pressures through which an electric discharge is passing, but the circumstances under which the positively electrified particles just alluded to appear, and the way in which they remain unaltered in spite of all efforts to clear out any traces of hydrogen, all seem to indicate that these positively electrified particles, whose mass is equal to that of an atom of hydrogen, do not come from minute traces of hydrogen present as an impurity but from the oxygen, nitrogen, or helium, or whatever may be the gas through which the discharge passes. If this is so, then the most natural conclusion we can come to is that these positively electrified particles with the mass of the atom of hydrogen are the natural units of positive electricity, just as the corpuscles are those of negative, and that these positive particles form a part of all atoms.

Thus in this way we are led to an electrical view of the constitution of the atom. We regard the atom as built up of units of negative electricity and of an equal number of units of positive electricity; these two units are of very different mass, the mass of the negative unit being only 1/1700 of that of the positive. The number of units of either kind is proportional to the atomic weight of the element and of the same order as this quantity. Whether this is anything besides the positive and negative electricity in the atom we do not know. In the present state of our knowledge of the properties of matter it is unnecessary to postulate the existence of anything besides these positive and negative units.

The atom of a chemical element on this view of the constitution of matter is a system formed by n corpuscles and n units of positive electricity which is in equilibrium or in a state of steady motion under the electrical forces which the charged 2n constituents exert upon each other. Sir J. J. Thomson (_Phil. Mag._, March 1904, "Corpuscular Theory of Matter") has investigated the systems in steady motion which can be formed by various numbers of negatively electrified particles immersed in a sphere of uniform positive electrification, a case, which in consequence of the enormous volume of the units of positive electricity in comparison with that of the negative has much in common with the problem under consideration, and has shown that some of the properties of n systems of corpuscles vary in a periodic way suggestive of the Periodic Law in Chemistry as n is continually increased.

Mass on the Electrical Theory of Matter.--One of the most characteristic things about matter is the possession of mass. When we take the electrical theory of matter the idea of mass takes new and

interesting forms. This point may be illustrated by the case of a single electrified particle; when this moves it produces in the region around it a magnetic field, the magnetic force being proportional to the velocity of the electrified particle.[1] In a magnetic field, however, there is energy, and the amount of energy per unit volume at any place is proportional to the square of the magnetic force at that place. Thus there will be energy distributed through the space around the moving particle, and when the velocity of the particle is small compared with that of light we can easily show that the energy in the region around the charged particle is $([\mu]e^2)/(3a)$, when v is the velocity of the particle, e its charge, a its radius, and [mu] the magnetic permeability of the region round the particle. If m is the ordinary mass of the particle, the part of the kinetic energy due to the motion of this mass is $\frac{1}{2}mv^2$, thus the total kinetic energy is $\frac{1}{2}[m + (2/3)[\mu]e^2/a]$. Thus the electric charge on the particle makes it behave as if its mass were increased by $(2/3)[\mu]e^2/a$. Since this increase in mass is due to the energy in the region outside the charged particle, it is natural to look to that region for this additional mass. This region is traversed by the tubes of force which start from the electrified body and move with it, and a very simple calculation shows that we should get the increase in the mass which is due to the electrification if we suppose that these tubes of force as they move carry with them a certain amount of the ether, and that this ether had mass. The mass of ether thus carried along must be such that the amount of it in unit volume at any part of the field is such that if this were to move with the velocity of light its kinetic energy would be equal to the potential energy of the electric field in the unit volume under consideration. When a tube moves this mass of ether only participates in the motion at right angles to the tube, it is not set in motion by a movement of the tube along its length. We may compare the mass which a charged body acquires in virtue of its charge with the additional mass which a ball apparently acquires when it is placed in water; a ball placed in water behaves as if its mass were greater than its mass when moving in vacuo; we can easily understand why this should be the case, because when the ball in the water moves the water around it must move as well; so that when a force acting on the ball sets it in motion it has to move some of the water as well as the ball, and thus the ball behaves as if its mass were increased. Similarly in the case of the electrified particle, which when it moves carries with it its lines of force, which grip the ether and carry some of it along with them. When the electrified particle is moved a mass of ether has to be moved too, and thus the apparent mass of the particle is increased. The mass of the electrified particle is thus resident in every part of space reached by its lines of force; in this sense an electrified body may be said to extend to an infinite distance; the amount of the mass of the ether attached to the particle diminishes so rapidly as we recede from it that the contributions of regions remote from the particle are quite insignificant, and in the case of a particle as small as a corpuscle not one millionth part of its mass will be farther away from it than the radius of an atom.

The increase in the mass of a particle due to given charges varies as we have seen inversely as the radius of the particle; thus the smaller the particle the greater the increase in the mass. For bodies of appreciable size or even for those as small as ordinary atoms the effect of any realizable electric charge is quite insignificant, on the other hand for the smallest bodies known, the corpuscle, there is evidence that the whole of the mass is due to the electric charge. This result has been deduced by the help of an extremely interesting property of the mass due to a charge of electricity, which is that this mass is not constant but varies with the velocity. This comes about in the following way. When the charged particle, which for simplicity we shall suppose to be spherical, is at rest or moving very slowly the lines of electric force are distributed uniformly around it in all directions; when the sphere moves, however, magnetic forces are produced in the region around it, while these, in consequence of electro-magnetic induction in a moving magnetic field, give rise to electric forces which displace the tubes of electric force in such a way as to make them set themselves so as to be more at right angles to the direction in which they are moving than they were before. Thus if the charged sphere were moving along the line AB, the tubes of force would, when the sphere was in motion, tend to leave the region near AB and crowd towards a plane through the centre of the sphere and at right angles to AB, where they would be moving more nearly at right angles to themselves. This crowding of the lines of force increases, however, the potential energy of the electric field, and since the mass of the ether carried along by the lines of force is proportional to the potential energy, the mass of the charged particle will also be increased. The amount of variation of the mass with the velocity depends to some extent on the assumptions we make as to the shape of the corpuscle and the way in which it is electrified. The simplest expression connecting the mass with the velocity is that when the velocity is v the mass is equal to $(2/3)[mu]e^2/a\ [1/(1 - v^2/c^2)^{1/2}]$ where c is the velocity of light. We see from this that the variation of mass with velocity is very small unless the velocity of the body approaches that of light, but when, as in the case of the [beta] particles emitted by radium, the velocity is only a few per cent less than that of light, the effect of velocity on the mass becomes very considerable; the formula indicates that if the particles were moving with a velocity equal to that of light they would behave as if their mass were infinite. By observing the variation in the mass of a corpuscle as its velocity changes we can determine how much of the mass depends upon the electric charge and how much is independent of it. For since the latter part of the mass is independent of the velocity, if it predominates the variation with velocity of the mass of a corpuscle will be small; if on the other hand it is negligible the variation in mass with velocity will be that indicated by theory given above. The experiment of Kaufmann (_Göttingen Nach._, Nov. 8, 1901), Bucherer (_Ann. der Physik._, xxviii. 513, 1909) on the masses of the [beta] particles shot out by radium, as well as those by Hupka (_Berichte der

deutsch. physik. Gesell._, 1909, p. 249) on the masses of the corpuscle in cathode rays are in agreement with the view that the _whole_ of the mass of these particles is due to their electric charge.

The alteration in the mass of a moving charge with its velocity is primarily due to the increase in the potential energy which accompanies the increase in velocity. The connexion between potential energy and mass is general and holds for any arrangement of electrified particles; thus if we assume the electrical constitution of matter, there will be a part of the mass of any system dependent upon the potential energy and in fact proportional to it. Thus every change in potential energy, such for example as occurs when two elements combine with evolution or absorption of heat, must be attended by a change in mass. The amount of this change can be calculated by the rule that if a mass equal to the change in mass were to move with the velocity of light its kinetic energy would equal the change in the potential energy. If we apply this result to the case of the combination of hydrogen and oxygen, where the evolution of heat, about 1.6×10^{11} ergs per gramme of water, is greater than in any other known case of chemical combination, we see that the change in mass would only amount to one part in 3000 million, which is far beyond the reach of experiment. The evolution of energy by radio-active substances is enormously larger than in ordinary chemical transformations; thus one gramme of radium emits per day about as much energy as is evolved in the formation of one gramme of water, and goes on doing this for thousands of years. We see, however, that even in this case it would require hundreds of years before the changes in mass became appreciable.

The evolution of energy from the gaseous emanation given off by radium is more rapid than that from radium itself, since according to the experiments of Rutherford (Rutherford, _Radio-activity_, p. 432) a gramme of the emanation would evolve about 2.1×10^{16} ergs in four days; this by the rule given above would diminish the mass by about one part in 20,000; but since only very small quantities of the emanation could be used the detection of the change of mass does not seem feasible even in this case.

On the view we have been discussing the existence of potential energy due to an electric field is always associated with mass; wherever there is potential energy there is mass. On the electro-magnetic theory of light, however, a wave of light is accompanied by electric forces, and therefore by potential energy; thus waves of light must behave as if they possessed mass. It may be shown that it follows from the same principles that they must also possess momentum, the direction of the momentum being the direction along which the light is travelling; when the light is absorbed by an opaque substance the momentum in the light is communicated to the substance, which therefore behaves as if the light pressed upon it. The pressure exerted by light was shown by Maxwell (_Electricity and Magnetism_, 3rd ed., p. 440) to be a

consequence of his electro-magnetic theory, its existence has been established by the experiment of Lebedew, of Nichols and Hull, and of Poynting.

Weight.

We have hitherto been considering mass from the point of view that the constitution of matter is electrical; we shall proceed to consider the question of weight from the same point of view. The relation between mass and weight is, while the simplest in expression, perhaps the most fundamental and mysterious property possessed by matter. The weight of a body is proportional to its mass, that is if the weights of a number of substances are equal the masses will be equal, whatever the substances may be. This result was verified to a considerable degree of approximation by Newton by means of experiments with pendulums; later, in 1830 Bessel by a very extensive and accurate series of experiments, also made on pendulums, showed that the ratio of mass to weight was certainly to one part in 60,000 the same for all the substances examined by him, these included brass, silver, iron, lead, copper, ivory, water.

The constancy of this ratio acquires new interest when looked at from the point of view of the electrical constitution of matter. We have seen that the atoms of all bodies contain corpuscles, that the mass of a corpuscle is only 1/1700 of the mass of an atom of hydrogen, that it carries a constant charge of negative electricity, and that its mass is entirely due to this charge, and can be regarded as arising from ether gripped by the lines of force starting from the electrical charge. The question at once suggests itself, Is this kind of mass ponderable? does it add to the weight of the body? and, if so, is the proportion between mass and weight the same as for ordinary bodies? Let us suppose for a moment that this mass is not ponderable, so that the corpuscles increase the mass but not the weight of an atom. Then, since the mass of a corpuscle is 1/1700 that of an atom of hydrogen, the addition or removal of one corpuscle would in the case of an atom of atomic weight x alter the mass by one part in 1700 x, without altering the weight, this would produce an effect of the same magnitude on the ratio of mass to weight and would in the case of the atoms of the lighter elements be easily measurable in experiments of the same order of accuracy as those made by Bessel. If the number of corpuscles in the atom were proportional to the atomic weight, then the ratio of mass to weight would be constant whether the corpuscles were ponderable or not. If the number were not proportional there would be greater discrepancies in the ratio of mass to weight than is consistent with Bessel's experiments if the corpuscles had no weight. We have seen there are other grounds for concluding that the number of corpuscles in an atom is proportional to the atom weight, so that the constancy of the ratio of mass to weight for a large number of substances does not enable us to determine whether or not mass due to charges of electricity is ponderable or not.

There seems some hope that the determination of this ratio for radio-active substances may throw some light on this point. The enormous amount of heat evolved by these bodies may indicate that they possess much greater stores of potential energy than other substances. If we suppose that the heat developed by one gramme of a radio-active substance in the transformations which it undergoes before it reaches the non-radio-active stage is a measure of the excess of the potential energy in a gramme of this substance above that in a gramme of non-radio-active substance, it would follow that a larger part of the mass was due to electric charges in radio-active than in non-radio-active substances; in the case of uranium this difference would amount to at least one part in 20,000 of the total mass. If this extra mass had no weight the ratio of mass to weight for uranium would differ from the normal amount by more than one part in 20,000, a quantity quite within the range of pendulum experiments. It thus appears very desirable to make experiments on the ratio of mass to weight for radio-active substances. Sir J. J. Thomson, by swinging a small pendulum whose bob was made of radium bromide, has shown that this ratio for radium does not differ from the normal by one part in 2000. The small quantity of radium available prevented the attainment of greater accuracy. Experiments just completed (1910) by Southerns at the Cavendish Laboratory on this ratio for uranium show that it is normal to an accuracy of one part in 200,000; indicating that in non-radio-active, as in radio-active, substances the electrical mass is proportional to the atomic weight.

Though but few experiments have been made in recent years on the value of the ratio of mass to weight, many important investigations have been made on the effect of alterations in the chemical and physical conditions on the weight of bodies. These have all led to the conclusion that no change which can be detected by our present means of investigation occurs in the weight of a body in consequence of any physical or chemical changes yet investigated. Thus Landolt, who devoted a great number of years to the question whether any change in weight occurs during chemical combination, came finally to the conclusion that in no case out of the many he investigated did any measurable change of weight occur during chemical combination. Poynting and Phillips (_Proc. Roy. Soc._, 76, p. 445), as well as Southerns (78, p. 392), have shown that change in temperature produces no change in the weight of a body; and Poynting has also shown that neither the weight of a crystal nor the attraction between two crystals depends at all upon the direction in which the axis of the crystal points. The result of these laborious and very carefully made experiments has been to strengthen the conviction that the weight of a given portion of matter is absolutely independent of its physical condition or state of chemical combinations. It should, however, be noticed that we have as yet no accurate investigation as to whether or not any changes of weight occur during radio-active transformations, such for example as the emanation from radium undergoes

when the atoms themselves of the substance are disrupted.

It is a matter of some interest in connexion with a discussion of any views of the constitution of matter to consider the theories of gravitation which have been put forward to explain that apparently invariable property of matter--its weight. It would be impossible to consider in detail the numerous theories which have been put forward to account for gravitation; a concise summary of many of these has been given by Drude (Wied. _Ann._ 62, p. 1);[2] there is no dearth of theories as to the cause of gravitation, what is lacking is the means of putting any of them to a decisive test.

There are, however, two theories of gravitation, both old, which seem to be especially closely connected with the idea of the electrical constitution of matter. The first of these is the theory, associated with the two fluid theory of electricity, that gravity is a kind of residual electrical effect, due to the attraction between the units of positive and negative electricity being a little greater than the repulsion between the units of electricity of the same kind. Thus on this view two charges of equal magnitude, but of opposite sign, would exert an attraction varying inversely as the square of the distance on a charge of electricity of either sign, and therefore an attraction on a system consisting of two charges equal in magnitude but opposite in sign forming an electrically neutral system. Thus if we had two neutral systems, A and B, A consisting of m positive units of electricity and an equal number of negative, while B has n units of each kind, then the gravitational attraction between A and B would be inversely proportional to the square of the distance and proportional to n m. The connexion between this view of gravity and that of the electrical constitution of matter is evidently very close, for if gravity arose in this way the weight of a body would only depend upon the number of units of electricity in the body. On the view that the constitution of matter is electrical, the fundamental units which build up matter are the units of electric charge, and as the magnitude of these charges does not change, whatever chemical or physical vicissitudes matter, the weight of matter ought not to be affected by such changes. There is one result of this theory which might possibly afford a means of testing it: since the charge on a corpuscle is equal to that on a positive unit, the weights of the two are equal; but the mass of the corpuscle is only 1/1700 of that of the positive unit, so that the acceleration of the corpuscle under gravity will be 1700 times that of the positive unit, which we should expect to be the same as that for ponderable matter or 981.

The acceleration of the corpuscle under gravity on this view would be 1.6×10^6. It does not seem altogether impossible that with methods slightly more powerful than those we now possess we might measure the effect of gravity on a corpuscle if the acceleration were as large as this.

The other theory of gravitation to which we call attention is that due to Le Sage of Geneva and published in 1818. Le Sage supposed that the universe was thronged with exceedingly small particles moving with very great velocities. These particles he called ultra-mundane corpuscles, because they came to us from regions far beyond the solar system. He assumed that these were so penetrating that they could pass through masses as large as the sun or the earth without being absorbed to more than a very small extent. There is, however, some absorption, and if bodies are made up of the same kind of atoms, whose dimensions are small compared with the distances between them, the absorption will be proportional to the mass of the body. So that as the ultra-mundane corpuscles stream through the body a small fraction, proportional to the mass of the body, of their momentum is communicated to it. If the direction of the ultra-mundane corpuscles passing through the body were uniformly distributed, the momentum communicated by them to the body would not tend to move it in one direction rather than in another, so that a body, A, alone in the universe and exposed to bombardment by the ultra-mundane corpuscles would remain at rest. If, however, there were a second body, B, in the neighbourhood of A, B will shield A from some of the corpuscles moving in the direction BA; thus A will not receive as much momentum in this direction as when it was alone; but in this case it only received just enough to keep it in equilibrium, so that when B is present the momentum in the opposite direction will get the upper hand and A will move in the direction AB, and will thus be attracted by B. Similarly, we see that B will be attracted by A. Le Sage proved that the rate at which momentum was being communicated to A or B by the passage through them of his corpuscles was proportional to the product of the masses of A and B, and if the distance between A and B was large compared with their dimensions, inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them; in fact, that the forces acting on them would obey the same laws as the gravitational attraction between them. Clerk Maxwell (article "ATOM," _Ency. Brit._, 9th ed.) pointed out that this transference of momentum from the ultra-mundane corpuscles to the body through which they passed involved the loss of kinetic energy by the corpuscles, and if the loss of momentum were large enough to account for the gravitational attraction, the loss of kinetic energy would be so large that if converted into heat it would be sufficient to keep the body white hot. We need not, however, suppose that this energy is converted into heat; it might, as in the case where Röntgen rays are produced by the passage of electrified corpuscles through matter, be transformed into the energy of a still more penetrating form of radiation, which might escape from the gravitating body without heating it. It is a very interesting result of recent discoveries that the machinery which Le Sage introduced for the purpose of his theory has a very close analogy with things for which we have now direct experimental evidence. We know that small particles moving with very high speeds do exist, that they possess considerable powers of penetrating solids, though not, as far as we know at present, to an extent comparable with that postulated by Le Sage; and we know that the energy lost by them as

they pass through a solid is to a large extent converted into a still more penetrating form of radiation, Röntgen rays. In Le Sage's theory the only function of the corpuscles is to act as carriers of momentum, any systems which possessed momentum, moved with a high velocity and had the power of penetrating solids, might be substituted for them; now waves of electric and magnetic force, such as light waves or Röntgen rays, possess momentum, move with a high velocity, and the latter at any rate possess considerable powers of penetration; so that we might formulate a theory in which penetrating Röntgen rays replaced Le Sage's corpuscles. Röntgen rays, however, when absorbed do not, as far as we know, give rise to more penetrating Röntgen rays as they should to explain attraction, but either to less penetrating rays or to rays of the same kind.

We have confined our attention in this article to the view that the constitution of matter is electrical; we have done so because this view is more closely in touch with experiment than any other yet advanced. The units of which matter is built up on this theory have been isolated and detected in the laboratory, and we may hope to discover more and more of their properties. By seeing whether the properties of matter are or are not such as would arise from a collection of units having these properties, we can apply to this theory tests of a much more definite and rigorous character than we can apply to any other theory of matter.
(J. J. T.)

FOOTNOTES:

[1] We may measure this velocity with reference to any axes, provided we refer the motion of all the bodies which come into consideration to the same axes.

[2] A theory published after Drude's paper in that of Professor Osborne Reynolds, given in his Rede lecture "On an Inversion of Ideas as to the Structure of the Universe."

MAYO, a western county of Ireland, in the province of Connaught, bounded N. and W. by the Atlantic Ocean, N.E. by Sligo, E. by Roscommon, S.E. and S. by Galway. The area is 1,380,390 acres, or about 2157 sq. m., the county being the largest in Ireland after Cork and Galway. About two-thirds of the boundary of Mayo is formed by sea, and the coast is very much indented, and abounds in picturesque scenery. The principal inlets are Killary Harbour between Mayo and Galway; Clew Bay, in which are the harbours of Westport and Newport; Blacksod Bay and Broad Haven, which form the peninsula of the Mullet; and Killala Bay between Mayo and Sligo. The islands are very numerous, the principal being Inishturk, near Killary Harbour; Clare Island, at the mouth of Clew Bay, where

there are many islets, all formed of drift; and Achill, the largest island off Ireland. The coast scenery is not surpassed by that of Donegal northward and Connemara southward, and there are several small coast-towns, among which may be named Killala on the north coast, Belmullet on the isthmus between Blacksod Bay and Broad Haven, Newport and Westport on Clew Bay, with the watering-place of Mallaranny. The majestic cliffs of the north coast, however, which reach an extreme height in Benwee Head (892 ft.), are difficult of access and rarely visited. In the eastern half of the county the surface is comparatively level, with occasional hills; the western half is mountainous. Mweelrea (2688 ft.) is included in a mountain range lying between Killary Harbour and Lough Mask. The next highest summits are Nephin (2646 ft.), to the west of Lough Conn, and Croagh Patrick (2510 ft.), to the south of Clew Bay. The river Moy flows northwards, forming part of the boundary of the county with Sligo, and falls into Killala Bay. The courses of the other streams are short, and except when swollen by rains their volume is small. The principal lakes are Lough Mask and Lough Corrib, on the borders of the county with Galway, and Loughs Conn in the east, Carrowmore in the north-west, Beltra in the west, and Carra adjoining Lough Mask. These loughs and the smaller loughs, with the streams generally, afford admirable sport with salmon, sea-trout and brown trout, and Ballina is a favourite centre.

Geology.--The wild and barren west of this county, including the great hills on Achill Island, is formed of "Dalradian" rocks, schists and quartzites, highly folded and metamorphosed, with intrusions of granite near Belmullet. At Blacksod Bay the granite has been quarried as an ornamental stone. Nephin Beg, Nephin and Croagh Patrick are typical quartzite summits, the last named belonging possibly to a Silurian horizon but rising from a metamorphosed area on the south side of Clew Bay. The schists and gneisses of the Ox Mountain axis also enter the county north of Castlebar. The Muilrea and Ben Gorm range, bounding the fine fjord of Killary Harbour, is formed of terraced Silurian rocks, from Bala to Ludlow age. These beds, with intercalated lavas, form the mountainous west shore of Lough Mask, the east, like that of Lough Corrib, being formed of low Carboniferous Limestone ground. Silurian rocks, with Old Red Sandstone over them, come out at the west end of the Curlew range at Ballaghaderreen. Clew Bay, with its islets capped by glacial drift, is a submerged part of a synclinal of Carboniferous strata, and Old Red Sandstone comes out on the north side of this, from near Achill to Lough Conn. The country from Lough Conn northward to the sea is a lowland of Carboniferous Limestone, with L. Carboniferous Sandstone against the Dalradian on the west.

Industries.--There are some very fertile regions in the level portions of the county, but in the mountainous districts the soil is poor, the holdings are subdivided beyond the possibility of affording proper sustenance to their occupiers, and, except where fishing is

combined with agricultural operations, the circumstances of the peasantry are among the most wretched of any district of Ireland. The proportion of tillage to pasturage is roughly as 1 to 3½. Oats and potatoes are the principal crops. Cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry are reared. Coarse linen and woollen cloths are manufactured to a small extent. At Foxford woollen-mills are established at a nunnery, in connexion with a scheme of technical instruction. Keel, Belmullet and Ballycastle are the headquarters of sea and coast fishing districts, and Ballina of a salmon-fishing district, and these fisheries are of some value to the poor inhabitants. A branch of the Midland Great Western railway enters the county from Athlone, in the south-east, and runs north to Ballina and Killala on the coast, branches diverging from Claremorris to Ballinrobe, and from Manulla to Westport and Achill on the west coast. The Limerick and Sligo line of the Great Southern and Western passes from south to north-east by way of Claremorris.

Population and Administration.--The population was 218,698 in 1891, and 199,166 in 1901. The decrease of population and the number of emigrants are slightly below the average of the Irish counties. Of the total population about 97% are rural, and about the same percentage are Roman Catholics. The chief towns are Ballina (pop. 4505), Westport (3892) and Castlebar (3585), the county town. Ballaghaderreen, Claremorris (Clare), Crossmolina and Swineford are lesser market towns; and Newport and Westport are small seaports on Clew Bay. The county includes nine baronies. Assizes are held at Castlebar, and quarter sessions at Ballina, Ballinrobe, Belmullet, Castlebar, Claremorris, Swineford and Westport. In the Irish parliament two members were returned for the county, and two for the borough of Castlebar, but at the union Castlebar was disfranchised. The division since 1885 is into north, south, east and west parliamentary divisions, each returning one member. The county is in the Protestant diocese of Tuam and the Roman Catholic dioceses of Taum, Achonry, Galway and Kilmacduagh, and Killala.

History and Antiquities.--Erris in Mayo was the scene of the landing of the chief colony of the Firbolgs, and the battle which is said to have resulted in the overthrow and almost annihilation of this tribe took place also in this county, at Moytura near Cong. At the close of the 12th century what is now the county of Mayo was granted, with other lands, by king John to William, brother of Hubert de Burgh. After the murder of William de Burgh, 3rd earl of Ulster (1333), the Bourkes (de Burghs) of the collateral male line, rejecting the claim of William's heiress (the wife of Lionel, son of King Edward III.) to the succession, succeeded in holding the bulk of the De Burgh possessions, what is now Mayo falling to the branch known by the name of "MacWilliam Oughter," who maintained their virtual independence till the time of Elizabeth. Sir Henry Sydney, during his first viceroyalty, after making efforts to improve communications between Dublin and Connaught in 1566, arranged for the shiring of that province, and Mayo was made shire ground, taking

its name from the monastery of Maio or Mageo, which was the seat of a bishop. Even after this period the MacWilliams continued to exercise very great authority, which was regularized in 1603, when "the MacWilliam Oughter," Theobald Bourke, surrendered his lands and received them back, to hold them by English tenure, with the title of Viscount Mayo (see BURGH, DE). Large confiscations of the estates in the county were made in 1586, and on the termination of the wars of 1641; and in 1666 the restoration of his estates to the 4th Viscount Mayo involved another confiscation, at the expense of Cromwell's settlers. Killala was the scene of the landing of a French squadron in connexion with the rebellion of 1798. In 1879 the village of Knock in the south-east acquired notoriety from a story that the Virgin Mary had appeared in the church, which became the resort of many pilgrims.

There are round towers at Killala, Turlough, Meelick and Balla, and an imperfect one at Aughagower. Killala was formerly a bishopric. The monasteries were numerous, and many of them of considerable importance: the principal being those at Mayo, Ballyhaunis, Cong, Ballinrobe, Ballintober, Burrishoole, Cross or Holycross in the peninsula of Mullet, Moyne, Roserk or Rosserick and Templemore or Strade. Of the old castles the most notable are Carrigahooly near Newport, said to have been built by the celebrated Grace O'Malley, and Deel Castle near Ballina, at one time the residence of the earls of Arran.

See Hubert Thomas Knox, _History of the County of Mayo_ (1908).

McKINLEY, WILLIAM (1843-1901), twenty-fifth president of the United States, was born in Niles, Trumbull county, Ohio, on the 29th of January 1843. His ancestors on the paternal side were Scotch-Irish who lived at Dervock, Co. Antrim, and spelled the family name "McKinlay." His great-great-grandfather settled in York county, Pennsylvania, about 1743, and from Chester county, Pennsylvania, his great-grandfather, David McKinley, who served as a private during the War of Independence, moved to Ohio in 1814. David's son James had gone in 1809 to Columbiana county, Ohio. His son William McKinley (b. 1807), like his father an iron manufacturer, was married in 1829 to Nancy Campbell Allison, and to them were born nine children, of whom William, the president, was the seventh. In 1852 the family removed to Poland, Mahoning county, where the younger William was placed at school. At seventeen he entered the junior class of Allegheny College, at Meadville, Pennsylvania; but he studied beyond his strength, and returned to Poland, where for a time he taught in a neighbouring country school. When the Civil War broke out in 1861 he promptly enlisted as a private in the 23rd Ohio Volunteer

Infantry. He saw service in West Virginia, at South Mountain, where this regiment lost heavily, and at Antietam, where he brought up hot coffee and provisions to the fighting line; for this he was promoted second lieutenant on the 24th of September 1862. McKinley was promoted first lieutenant in February 1864, and for his services at Winchester was promoted captain on the 25th of July 1864. He was on the staff of General George Crook at the battles of Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek in the Shenandoah valley, and on the 14th of March 1865 was brevetted major of volunteers for gallant and meritorious services. He also served on the staff of General Rutherford B. Hayes, who spoke highly of his soldierly qualities. He was mustered out with his regiment on the 26th of July 1865. Four years of army life had changed him from a pale and sickly lad into a man of superb figure and health.

After the war McKinley returned to Poland, and bent all his energy upon the study of law. He completed his preparatory reading at the Albany (N.Y.) law school, and was admitted to the bar at Warren, Ohio, in March 1867. On the advice of an elder sister, who had been for several years a teacher in Canton, Stark county, Ohio, he began his law practice in that place, which was to be his permanent home. He identified himself immediately with the Republican party, campaigned in the Democratic county of Stark in favour of negro suffrage in 1867, and took part in the campaign work on behalf of Grant's presidential candidature in 1868. In the following year he was elected prosecuting attorney on the Republican ticket; in 1871 he failed of re-election by 45 votes, and again devoted himself to his profession, while not relaxing his interest in politics.

In 1875 he first became known as an able campaign speaker by his speeches favouring the resumption of specie payments, and in behalf of Rutherford B. Hayes, the Republican candidate for governor of Ohio. In 1876 he was elected by a majority of 3304 to the national House of Representatives. Conditions both in Ohio and in Congress had placed him, and were to keep him for twenty years, in an attitude of aggressive and uncompromising partisanship. His Congressional district was naturally Democratic, and its boundaries were changed two or three times by Democratic legislatures for the purpose of so grouping Democratic strongholds as to cause his defeat. But he overcame what had threatened to be adverse majorities on all occasions from 1876 to 1890, with the single exception of 1882, when, although he received a certificate of election showing that he had been re-elected by a majority of 8, and although he served nearly through the long session of 1883-1884, his seat was contested and taken (May 28, 1884) by his Democratic opponent, Jonathan H. Wallace. McKinley reflected the strong sentiment of his manufacturing constituency in behalf of a high protective tariff, and he soon became known in Congress (where he particularly attracted the attention of James G. Blaine) as one of the most diligent students of industrial policy and question affecting national taxation. In 1878 he took part in the debates over the Wood Tariff Bill, proposing lower

import duties; and in the same year he voted for the Bland-Allison Silver Bill. In December 1880 he was appointed a member of the Ways and Means committee, succeeding General James A. Garfield, who had been elected president in the preceding month, and to whose friendship, as to that of Rutherford B. Hayes, McKinley owed much in his earlier years in Congress. He was prominent in the debate which resulted in the defeat of the Democratic Morrison Tariff Bill in 1884, and, as minority leader of the Ways and Means committee, in the defeat of the Mills Bill for the revision of the tariff in 1887-1888. In 1889 he became chairman of the Ways and Means committee and Republican leader in the House of Representatives, after having been defeated by Thomas B. Reed on the third ballot in the Republican caucus for speaker of the House. On the 16th of April 1890 he introduced from the Ways and Means committee the tariff measure known commonly as the McKinley Bill, which passed the House on the 21st of May, passed the Senate (in an amended form, with a reciprocity clause, which McKinley had not been able to get through the House) on the 10th of September, was passed as amended, by the House, and was approved by the president on the 1st of October 1890. The McKinley Bill reduced revenues by its high and in many cases almost prohibitive duties; it put sugar on the free list with a discriminating duty of (1/10)th of one cent a pound on sugar imported from countries giving a bounty for sugar exported, and it gave bounties to American sugar growers; it attempted to protect many "infant" industries such as the manufacture of tin-plate; under its provision for reciprocal trade agreements (a favourite project of James G. Blaine, who opposed many of the "protective" features of the Bill) reciprocity treaties were made with Germany, France, Italy, and Belgium, which secured a market in those countries for American pork. Abroad, where the Bill made McKinley's name known everywhere, there was bitter opposition to it and reprisals were threatened by several European states. In the United States the McKinley Tariff Bill was one of the main causes of the Democratic victory in the Congressional elections of 1890, in which McKinley himself was defeated by an extraordinary Democratic gerrymander of his Congressional district. In November 1891 he was elected governor of Ohio with a plurality of more than 21,000 votes in a total of 795,000 votes cast. He was governor of Ohio in 1892-1895, being re-elected in 1893. His administration was marked by no important events, except that he had on several occasions in his second term to call out the militia of the state to preserve order; but it may be considered important because of the training it gave him in executive as distinguished from legislative work.

McKinley had been prominent in national politics even before the passage of the tariff measure bearing his name. In 1888 in the National Republican Convention in Chicago he was chairman of the committee on resolutions (i.e. the platform committee) and was leader of the delegation from Ohio, which had been instructed for John Sherman; after James G. Blaine withdrew his name there was a movement, begun by Republican congressmen, to nominate McKinley, who received 16 votes on

the seventh ballot, but passionately refused to be a candidate, considering that his acquiescence would be a breach of faith toward Sherman. In 1892 McKinley was the permanent president of the National Republican Convention which met in Minneapolis and which renominated Benjamin Harrison on the first ballot, on which James G. Blaine received 182(5/6) votes, and McKinley, in spite of his efforts to the contrary, received 182 votes. In 1894 he made an extended campaign tour before the Congressional elections, and spoke even in the South. In 1896 he seemed for many reasons the most "available" candidate of his party for the presidency: he had no personal enemies in the party; he had carried the crucial state of Ohio by a large majority in 1893; his attitude on the coinage question had never been so pronounced as to make him unpopular either with the radical silver wing or with the conservative "gold-standard" members of the party. The campaign for his nomination was conducted with the greatest adroitness by his friend, Marcus A. Hanna, and in the National Republican Convention held in St Louis in June he was nominated for the presidency on the first ballot by 661½ out of a total of 906 votes. The convention adopted a tariff plank drafted by McKinley, and, of far greater immediate importance, a plank, which declared that the Republican party was "opposed to the free coinage of silver, except by international agreement with the leading commercial nations of the world, which we pledge ourselves to promote, and until such agreement can be obtained the existing gold standard must be preserved." This "gold standard" plank drove out of the Republican party the Silver Republicans of the West, headed by Senator Henry M. Teller of Colorado. The Republican convention nominated for the vice-presidency Garrett A. Hobart of New Jersey. The National Democratic Convention declared for the immediate opening of the mints to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio with gold of 16 to 1; and it nominated for the presidency William Jennings Bryan of Nebraska, who also received the nomination of the People's party and of the National Silver party. There was a secession from the Democratic party of conservatives who called themselves the National Democratic party, who were commonly called Gold Democrats, and who nominated John M. Palmer (1817-1900) of Illinois for president. In this re-alignment of parties McKinley, who had expected to make the campaign on the issue of a high protective tariff, was diverted to the defence of the gold standard as the main issue. While his opponent travelled throughout the country making speeches, McKinley remained in Canton, where he was visited by and addressed many Republican delegations. The campaign was enthusiastic: the Republican candidate was called the "advance agent of prosperity"; "Bill McKinley and the McKinley Bill" became a campaign cry; the panic of 1893 was charged to the repeal of the McKinley tariff measure; and "business men" throughout the states were enlisted in the cause of "sound money" to support McKinley, who was elected in November by a popular vote of 7,106,779 to 6,502,925 for Bryan, and by an electoral vote of 271 to 176.

McKinley was inaugurated president of the United States on the 4th of

March 1897. The members of his cabinet were: secretary of state, John Sherman (whose appointment created a vacancy in the Senate to which Marcus A. Hanna was elected), who was succeeded in April 1898 by William R. Day, who in turn was followed in September 1898 by John Hay; secretary of the treasury, Lyman J. Gage, a Gold Democrat; secretary of war, Russell A. Alger, who was succeeded in 1899 by Elihu Root; secretary of the navy, John D. Long; attorney-general, Joseph McKenna, succeeded in January 1898 by John William Griggs; postmaster-general, James A. Gary, succeeded in April 1898 by Charles Emory Smith; secretary of the interior, Cornelius N. Bliss, succeeded in February 1899 by Ethan Allen Hitchcock; and secretary of agriculture, James Wilson. (For the political history of McKinley's administration see UNITED STATES: _History_). Immediately after his inauguration the president summoned Congress to assemble in an extra session on the 15th of March. The Democratic tariff in 1893 had been enacted as part of the general revenue measure, which included an income-tax. The income-tax having been declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, the measure had failed to produce a sufficient revenue, and it had been necessary to increase the public debt. McKinley's message to the new Congress dwelt upon the necessity of an immediate revision of the tariff and revenue system of the country, and the so-called Dingley Tariff Bill was accordingly passed through both houses, and was approved by the president on the 24th of July.

The regular session of Congress which opened in December was occupied chiefly with the situation in Cuba. President McKinley showed himself singularly patient and self-controlled in the midst of the popular excitement against Spain and the clamour for intervention by the United States in behalf of the Cubans; but finally, on the 23rd of March, he presented an ultimatum to the Spanish government, and on the 25th of April, on his recommendation. Congress declared war upon Spain. During the war itself he devoted himself with great energy to the mastery of military details; but there was bitter criticism of the war department resulting in the resignation of the secretary of war, Russell A. Alger (q.v.). The signing of a peace protocol on the 12th of August was followed by the signature at Paris on the 10th of December of articles of peace between the United States and Spain. After a long discussion the peace treaty was ratified by the United States Senate on the 6th of February 1899; and in accordance with its terms Porto Rico, the Philippine Archipelago, and Guam were transferred by Spain to the United States, and Cuba came under American jurisdiction pending the establishment there of an independent government. Two days before the ratification of the peace treaty, a conflict took place between armed Filipinos under the leadership of Emilio Aguinaldo and the American forces that were in possession of Manila. The six months that had elapsed between the signing of the peace protocol and the ratification of the treaty had constituted a virtual interregnum, Spain's authority having been practically destroyed in the Philippines and that of the United States not having begun. In this period a formidable native

Filipino army had been organized and a provisional government created. The warfare waged by these Filipinos against the United States, while having for the most part a desultory and guerilla character, was of a very protracted and troublesome nature. Sovereignty over the Filipinos having been accepted by virtue of the ratification of the Paris treaty, President McKinley was not at liberty to do otherwise than assert the authority of the United States and use every endeavour to suppress the insurrection. But there was bitter protest against this "imperialism," both within the party by such men as Senators George F. Hoar and Eugene Hale, and Thomas B. Reed and Carl Schurz, and, often for purely political reasons, from the leaders of the Democratic party. In the foreign relations of the United States, as directed by President McKinley, the most significant change was the cordial understanding established with the British government, to which much was contributed by his secretary of state, John Hay, appointed to that portfolio when he was ambassador to the court of St James, and which was due to some extent to the friendliness of the British press and even more markedly of the British navy in the Pacific during the Spanish War. Other important foreign events during McKinley's administration were: the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands (see HAWAII) in August 1898, and the formation of the Territory of Hawaii in April 1900; the cessation in 1899 of the tripartite (German, British, and French) government of the Samoan Islands, and the annexation by the United States of those of the islands east of 171°, including the harbour of Pago-Pago; the participation of American troops in the march of the allies on Pekin in August 1900, and the part played by McKinley's secretary of state, John Hay, in securing a guarantee of the integrity of the Chinese empire. In 1900 McKinley was unanimously renominated by the National Republican Convention which met in Philadelphia on the 19th of June, and which nominated Theodore Roosevelt, governor of New York, for the vice-presidency. The Republican convention demanded the maintenance of the gold standard, and pointed to the fulfilment of some of the most important of the pledges given by the Republican party four years earlier. The intervening period had been one of very exceptional prosperity in the United States, foreign commerce having reached an unprecedented volume, and agriculture and manufactures having made greater advancement than in any previous period of the country's history. The tendency towards the concentration of capital in great industrial corporations had been active to an extent previously undreamt of, with incidental consequences that had aroused much apprehension; and the Democrats accused President McKinley and the Republican party of having fostered the "trusts." But the campaign against McKinley and the Republican party was not only "anti-trust" but "anti-imperialistic." William Jennings Bryan, renominated by the Democratic party in July (and in May by the Fusion People's party) on a free silver platform, declared that imperialism was the "paramount issue" and made a second vigorous campaign; and the opposition to McKinley's re-election, whether based on opposition to his economic or to his foreign policy, was not entirely outside of his own party. As the result of the polling in November, 292

Republican presidential electors were chosen, and 155 Democratic electors, elected in Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, and the Southern states, represented the final strength of the Bryan and Stevenson ticket. The Republican popular vote was 7,207,923, and the Democratic 6,358,133. Since 1872 no president had been re-elected for a second consecutive term.

In the term of Congress immediately following the presidential election it was found possible to reduce materially the war taxes which had been levied on the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. Arrangements were perfected for the termination of the American military occupation of Cuba and the inauguration of a Cuban Republic as a virtual protectorate of the United States, the American government having arranged with the Cuban constitutional convention for the retention of certain naval stations on the Cuban coast. In the Philippines advanced steps had been taken in the substitution of civil government for military occupation, and a governor-general, Judge William H. Taft, had been appointed and sent to Manila. Prosperity at home was great, and foreign relations were free from complications. The problems which had devolved upon McKinley's administration had been far advanced towards final settlement. He retained without change the cabinet of his first administration. After an arduous and anxious term, the president had reached a period that promised to give him comparative repose and freedom from care. He had secured, through the co-operation of Congress, the permanent reorganization of the army and a very considerable development of the navy. In these circumstances. President McKinley, accompanied by the greater part of his cabinet, set forth in the early summer on a tour to visit the Pacific coast, where he was to witness the launching of the battleship "Ohio" at San Francisco. The route chosen was through the Southern states, where many stops were made, and where the president delivered brief addresses. The heartiness of the welcome accorded him seemed to mark the disappearance of the last vestige of sectional feeling that had survived the Civil War, in which McKinley had participated as a young man. After his return he spent a month in a visit at his old home in Canton, Ohio, and at the end of this visit, by previous arrangement, he visited the city of Buffalo, New York, in order to attend the Pan-American exposition and deliver a public address. This address (Sept. 5, 1901) was a public utterance designed by McKinley to affect American opinion and public policy, and apparently to show that he had modified his views upon the tariff. It declared that henceforth the progress of the nations must be through harmony and co-operation, in view of the fast-changing conditions of communication and trade, and it maintained that the time had come for wide-reaching modifications in the tariff policy of the United States, the method preferred by McKinley being that of commercial reciprocity arrangements with various nations. On the following day, the 6th of September 1901, a great reception was held for President McKinley in one of the public buildings of the exposition, all sorts and conditions of men being welcome. Advantage of this opportunity was taken by a young man of Polish parentage, by name

Leon Czolgosz, to shoot at the president with a revolver at close range. One of the two bullets fired penetrated the abdomen. After the world had been assured that the patient was doing well and would recover, he collapsed and died on the 14th. The assassin, who, it was for a time supposed, had been inflamed by the editorials and cartoons of the demagogic opposition press, but who professed to hold the views of that branch of anarchists who believe in the assassination of rulers and persons exercising political authority, was promptly seized, and was convicted and executed in October 1901. McKinley's conduct and utterances in his last days revealed a loftiness of personal character that everywhere elicited admiration and praise. Immediately after his death Vice-President Roosevelt took the oath of office, announcing that it would be his purpose to continue McKinley's policy, while also retaining the cabinet and the principal officers of the government. McKinley's funeral took place at Canton, Ohio, on the 19th of September, the occasion being remarkable for the public manifestations of mourning, not only in the United States, but in Great Britain and other countries; in Canton a memorial tomb has been erected.

Though he had not the personal magnetism of James G. Blaine, whom he succeeded as a leader of the Republican party and whose views of reciprocity he formally adopted in his last public address, McKinley had great personal suavity and dignity, and was thoroughly well liked by his party colleagues. As a politician he was always more the people's representative than their leader, and that he "kept his ear to the ground" was the source of much of his power and at the same time was his greatest weakness: his address at Buffalo the day before his assassination seems to voice his appreciation of the change in popular sentiment regarding the tariff laws of the United States and is the more remarkable as coming from the foremost champion for years of a form of tariff legislation devised to stifle international competition. His apparently inconsistent record on the coinage question becomes consistent if considered in the same way, as the expression of the gradually changing views of his constituency. And it may not be fanciful to suggest that the obvious growth of McKinley in breadth and power during his term as president was due to his being the representative of a larger constituency, less local and less narrow-minded. He was an able but far from brilliant campaign speaker. His greatest administrative gift was a fine intuition in choosing men to serve him. McKinley's private life was irreproachable; and very fine was his devotion to his wife, Ida Saxton (d. 1907), whom he had married in Canton in 1871, who was throughout his political career a confirmed invalid. He was from his early manhood a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

His _Speeches and Addresses_ were printed in two volumes (New York, 1893 and 1901).

McKINNEY, a city and the county-seat of Collin county, Texas, U.S.A., about 30 m. N. by E. of Dallas. Pop. (1890), 2489; (1900), 4342 (917 negroes); (1910) 4714. It is served by the Missouri, Kansas & Texas and the Houston & Texas Central railways, and by the Dallas & Sherman inter-urban (electric) line, the central power plant of which is immediately north of the city. McKinney is in a fine farming region; there are also manufactures. The municipal water supply is obtained from artesian wells. The first settlement in Collin county was made about 10 m. north of what is now McKinney in 1841. McKinney was named, as was the county, in honour of Collin McKinney, a pioneer in the region and a signer of the Declaration of the Independence of Texas. It was settled in 1844, was laid out and became the county-seat in 1846, and was first chartered as a city in 1874.

MACK VON LEIBERICH, KARL, FREIHERR (1752-1828), Austrian soldier, was born at Nenslingen, in Bavaria, on the 25th of August 1752. In 1770 he joined an Austrian cavalry regiment, in which his uncle, Leiberich, was a squadron commander, becoming an officer seven years later. During the brief war of the Bavarian Succession he was selected for service on the staff of Count Kinsky, under whom, and subsequently under the commander-in-chief Field Marshal Count Lacy, he did excellent work. He was promoted first lieutenant in 1778, and captain on the quartermaster-general's staff in 1783. Count Lacy, then the foremost soldier of the Austrian army, had the highest opinion of his young assistant. In 1785 Mack married Katherine Gabrieul, and was ennobled under the name of Mack von Leiberich. In the Turkish war he was employed on the headquarter staff, becoming in 1788 major and personal aide-de-camp to the emperor, and in 1789 lieutenant-colonel. He distinguished himself greatly in the storming of Belgrade. Shortly after this, disagreements between Mack and Loudon, now commander-in-chief, led to the former's demanding a court-martial and leaving the front. He was, however, given a colonelcy (1789) and the order of Maria Theresa, and in 1790 Loudon and Mack, having become reconciled, were again on the field together. During these campaigns Mack received a severe injury to his head, from which he never fully recovered. In 1793 he was made quartermaster-general (chief of staff) to Prince Josias of Saxe-Coburg, commanding in the Netherlands; and he enhanced his reputation by the ensuing campaign. The young Archduke Charles, who won his own first laurels in the action of the 1st of March 1793, wrote after the battle, "Above all we have to thank Colonel Mack for these successes." Mack distinguished himself again on the field of Neerwinden; and had a leading part in the negotiations between Coburg and Dumouriez. He continued to serve as quartermaster-general, and was now made titular chief (_Inhaber_) of a cuirassier regiment. He received a wound at Famars, but in 1794 was once more engaged, having at last been made a major-general. But the failure of the allies, due though it was to political and military factors and ideas, over which Mack had no control, was ascribed

to him, as their successes of March-April 1793 had been, and he fell into disfavour in consequence. In 1797 he was promoted lieutenant field marshal, and in the following year he accepted, at the personal request of the emperor, the command of the Neapolitan army. But with the unpromising material of his new command he could do nothing against the French revolutionary troops, and before long, being in actual danger of being murdered by his men, he took refuge in the French camp. He was promised a free pass to his own country, but Napoleon ordered that he should be sent to France as a prisoner of war. Two years later he escaped from Paris in disguise. The allegation that he broke his parole is false. He was not employed for some years, but in 1804, when the war party in the Austrian court needed a general to oppose the peace policy of the Archduke Charles, Mack was made quartermaster-general of the army, with instructions to prepare for a war with France. He did all that was possible within the available time to reform the army, and on the opening of the war of 1805 he was made quartermaster-general to the titular commander-in-chief in Germany, the Archduke Ferdinand. He was the real responsible commander of the army which opposed Napoleon in Bavaria, but his position was ill-defined and his authority treated with slight respect by the other general officers. For the events of the Ulm campaign and an estimate of Mack's responsibility for the disaster, see NAPOLEONIC CAMPAIGNS. After Austerlitz, Mack was tried by a court-martial, sitting from February 1806 to June 1807, and sentenced to be deprived of his rank, his regiment, and the order of Maria Theresa, and to be imprisoned for two years. He was released in 1808, and in 1819, when the ultimate victory of the allies had obliterated the memory of earlier disasters, he was, at the request of Prince Schwarzenberg, reinstated in the army as lieutenant field marshal and a member of the order of Maria Theresa. He died on the 22nd of October 1828 at S. Pölten.

See Schweigerd, _Oesterreichs Helden_ (Vienna, 1854); Würzbach, _Biogr. Lexikon d. Kaiserthums Oesterr._ (Vienna, 1867); Ritter von Rittersberg, _Biogr. d. ausgezeichneten Feldherren d. oest. Armee_ (Prague, 1828); Raumer's _Hist. Taschenbuch_ (1873) contains Mack's vindication. A short critical memoir will be found in _Streffleur_ for January 1907.

MACLISE, DANIEL (1806-1870), Irish painter, was born at Cork, the son of a Highland soldier. His education was of the plainest kind, but he was eager for culture, fond of reading, and anxious to become an artist. His father, however, placed him, in 1820, in Newenham's Bank, where he remained for two years, and then left to study in the Cork school of art. In 1825 it happened that Sir Walter Scott was travelling in Ireland, and young Maclise, having seen him in a bookseller's shop, made a surreptitious sketch of the great man, which he afterwards lithographed. It was exceedingly popular, and the artist became celebrated enough to receive many commissions for portraits, which he executed, in pencil, with very careful treatment of detail and

accessory. Various influential friends perceived the genius and promise of the lad, and were anxious to furnish him with the means of studying in the metropolis; but with rare independence he refused all aid, and by careful economy saved a sufficient sum to enable him to leave for London. There he made a lucky hit by a sketch of the younger Kean, which, like his portrait of Scott, was lithographed and published. He entered the Academy schools in 1828, and carried off the highest prizes open to the students. In 1829 he exhibited for the first time in the Royal Academy. Gradually he began to confine himself more exclusively to subject and historical pictures, varied occasionally by portraits of Campbell, Miss Landon, Dickens, and other of his literary friends. In 1833 he exhibited two pictures which greatly increased his reputation, and in 1835 the "Chivalric Vow of the Ladies and the Peacock" procured his election as associate of the Academy, of which he became full member in 1840. The years that followed were occupied with a long series of figure pictures, deriving their subjects from history and tradition and from the works of Shakespeare, Goldsmith and Le Sage. He also designed illustrations for several of Dickens's Christmas books and other works. Between the years 1830 and 1836 he contributed to _Fraser's Magazine_, under the pseudonym of Alfred Croquis, a remarkable series of portraits of the literary and other celebrities of the time--character studies, etched or lithographed in outline, and touched more or less with the emphasis of the caricaturist, which were afterwards published as the _Maclise Portrait Gallery_ (1871). In 1858 Maclise commenced one of the two great monumental works of his life, the "Meeting of Wellington and Blücher," on the walls of Westminster Palace. It was begun in fresco, a process which proved unmanageable. The artist wished to resign the task; but, encouraged by Prince Albert, he studied in Berlin the new method of "water-glass" painting, and carried out the subject and its companion, the "Death of Nelson," in that medium, completing the latter painting in 1864. The intense application which he gave to these great historic works, and various circumstances connected with the commission, had a serious effect on the artist's health. He began to shun the company in which he formerly delighted; his old buoyancy of spirits was gone; and when, in 1865, the presidentship of the Academy was offered to him he declined the honour. He died of acute pneumonia on the 25th of April 1870. His works are distinguished by powerful intellectual and imaginative qualities, but most of them are marred by harsh and dull colouring, by metallic hardness of surface and texture, and by frequent touches of the theatrical in the action and attitudes of the figures. His fame rests most securely on his two greatest works at Westminster.

A memoir of Maclise, by his friend W. J. O'Driscoll, was published in 1871.

MACLURE, WILLIAM (1763-1840), American geologist, was born at Ayr in

Scotland in 1763. After a brief visit to New York in 1782 he began active life as a partner in a London firm of American merchants. In 1796 business affairs took him to Virginia, U.S.A., which he thereafter made his home. In 1803 he visited France as one of the commissioners appointed to settle the claims of American citizens on the French government; and during the few years then spent in Europe he applied himself with enthusiasm to the study of geology. On his return home in 1807 he commenced the self-imposed task of making a geological survey of the United States. Almost every state in the Union was traversed and mapped by him, the Alleghany Mountains being crossed and recrossed some fifty times. The results of his unaided labours were submitted to the American Philosophical Society in a memoir entitled _Observations on the Geology of the United States explanatory of a Geological Map_, and published in the Society's _Transactions_ (vol. iv. 1809, p. 91) together with the first geological map of that country. This antedates William Smith's geological map of England by six years. In 1817 Maclure brought before the same society a revised edition of his map, and his great geological memoir was issued separately, with some additional matter, under the title _Observations on the Geology of the United States of America_. Subsequent survey has corroborated the general accuracy of Maclure's observations. In 1819 he visited Spain, and attempted, unsuccessfully, to establish an agricultural college near the city of Alicante. Returning to America in 1824, he settled for some years at New Harmony, Indiana, and sought to develop his scheme of the agricultural college. Failing health ultimately constrained him to relinquish the attempt, and to seek (in 1827) a more congenial climate in Mexico. There, at San Angel, he died on the 23rd of March 1840.

See S. G. Morton, "Memoir of William Maclure," _Amer. Journ. Sci._, vol. xlvii. (1844), p. 1.

MacMAHON, MARIE EDMÉ PATRICE MAURICE DE, duke of Magenta (1808-1893), French marshal and president of the French republic, was born on the 13th of July 1808 at the château of Sully, near Autun. He was descended from an Irish family which went into exile with James II. Educated at the military school of St Cyr, in 1827 he entered the army, and soon saw active service in the first French campaign in Algeria, where his ability and bravery became conspicuous. Being recalled to France, he gained renewed distinction in the expedition to Antwerp in 1832. He became captain in 1833, and in that year returned to Algeria. He led daring cavalry raids across plains infested with Bedouin, and especially distinguished himself at the siege of Constantine in 1837. From then until 1855 he was almost constantly in Algeria, and rose to the rank of general of division. During the Crimean War MacMahon was given the command of a division, and in September 1855 he successfully conducted the assault upon the Malakoff works, which led to the fall of

Sebastopol. After his return to France honours were showered upon him, and he was made a senator. Desiring a more active life, however, and declining the highest command in France, he was once more sent out, at his own request, to Algeria, where he completely defeated the Kabyles. After his return to France he voted as a senator against the unconstitutional law for general safety, which was brought forward in consequence of Orsini's abortive attempt on the emperor's life. MacMahon greatly distinguished himself in the Italian campaign of 1859. Partly by good luck and partly by his boldness and sagacity in pushing forward without orders at a critical moment at the battle of Magenta, he enabled the French to secure the victory. For his brilliant services MacMahon received his marshal's baton and was created duke of Magenta. In 1861 he represented France at the coronation of William I. of Prussia, and in 1864 he was nominated governor-general of Algeria. MacMahon's action in this capacity formed the least successful episode of his career. Although he did institute some reforms in the colonies, complaints were so numerous that twice in the early part of 1870 he sent in his resignation to the emperor. When the ill-fated Ollivier cabinet was formed the emperor abandoned his Algerian schemes and MacMahon was recalled.

War being declared between France and Prussia in July 1870, MacMahon was appointed to the command of the Alsace army detachment (see FRANCO-GERMAN WAR). On the 6th of August MacMahon fought the battle of Wörth (q.v.). His courage was always conspicuous on the field, but the two-to-one numerical superiority of the Germans triumphed. MacMahon was compelled to fall back upon Saverne, and thence to Toul. Though he suffered further losses in the course of his retreat, his movements were so ably conducted that the emperor confided to him the supreme command of the new levies which he was mustering at Châlons, and he was directed to effect a junction with Bazaine. This operation he undertook against his will. He had an army of 120,000 men, with 324 guns; but large numbers of the troops were disorganized and demoralized. Early on the 1st of September the decisive battle of Sedan began. MacMahon was dangerously wounded in the thigh, whereupon General Ducrot, and soon afterwards General de Wimpffen, took command. MacMahon shared the captivity of his comrades, and resided at Wiesbaden until the conclusion of peace.

In March 1871 MacMahon was appointed by Thiers commander-in-chief of the army of Versailles; and in that capacity he suppressed the Communist insurrection, and successfully conducted the second siege of Paris. In the following December he was invited to become a candidate for Paris in the elections to the National Assembly, but declined nomination. On the resignation of Thiers as president of the Republic, on the 24th of May 1873, MacMahon was elected to the vacant office by an almost unanimous vote, being supported by 390 members out of 392. The duc de Broglie was empowered to form a Conservative administration, but the president also took an early opportunity of showing that he intended to uphold the

sovereignty of the National Assembly. On the 5th of November 1873 General Changarnier presented a motion in the Assembly to confirm MacMahon's powers for a period of ten years, and to provide for a commission of thirty to draw up a form of constitutional law. The president consented, but in a message to the Assembly he declared in favour of a confirmation of his own powers for seven years, and expressed his determination to use all his influence in the maintenance of Conservative principles. After prolonged debates the Septennate was adopted on the 19th of November by 378 votes to 310. There was no _coup d'état_ in favour of "Henri V.," as had been expected, and the president resolved to abide by "existing institutions." One of his earliest acts was to receive the finding of the court-martial upon his old comrade in arms, Marshal Bazaine, whose death sentence he commuted to one of twenty years' imprisonment in a fortress. Though MacMahon's life as president of the Republic was of the simplest possible character, his term of office was marked by many brilliant displays, while his wife was a leader in all works of charity and benevolence.

The president was very popular in the rural districts of France, through which he made a successful tour shortly after the declaration of the Septennate. But in Paris and other large cities his policy soon caused great dissatisfaction, the Republican party especially being alienated by press prosecutions and the attempted suppression of Republican ideas. Matters were at a comparative deadlock in the National Assembly, until the accession of some Orleanists to the Moderate Republican party in 1875 made it possible to pass various constitutional laws. In May 1877, however, the constitutional crisis became once more acute. A peremptory letter of censure from MacMahon to Jules Simon caused the latter to resign with his colleagues. The duc de Broglie formed a ministry, but Gambetta carried a resolution in the Chamber of Deputies in favour of parliamentary government. The president declined to yield, and being supported by the Senate, he dissolved the Chamber, by decree, on the 25th of June. The prosecution of Gambetta followed for a speech at Lille, in which he had said "the marshal must, if the elections be against him, _se soumettre ou se démettre_." In a manifesto respecting the elections, the president referred to his successful government and observed, "I cannot obey the injunctions of the demagogy; I can neither become the instrument of Radicalism nor abandon the post in which the constitution has placed me." His confidence in the result of the elections was misplaced. Notwithstanding the great pressure put upon the constituencies by the government, the elections in October resulted in the return of 335 Republicans and only 198 anti-Republicans, the latter including 30 MacMahonists, 89 Bonapartists, 41 Legitimists, and 38 Orleanists. The president endeavoured to ignore the significance of the elections, and continued his reactionary policy. As a last resort he called to power an extra-parliamentary cabinet under General Rochebouet, but the Republican majority refused to vote supplies, and after a brief interval the president was compelled to yield, and to accept a new Republican ministry under Dufaure. The prolonged crisis terminated on

the 14th of December 1877, and no further constitutional difficulties arose in 1878. But as the senatorial elections, held early in 1879, gave the Republicans an effective working majority in the Upper Chamber, they now called for the removal of the most conspicuous anti-Republicans among the generals and officials. The president refused to supersede them, and declined to sanction the law brought in with this object. Perceiving further resistance to be useless, however, MacMahon resigned the presidency on the 30th of January 1879, and Jules Grévy was elected as his successor.

MacMahon now retired into private life. Relieved from the cares of state, his simple and unostentatious mode of existence enabled him to pass many years of dignified repose. He died at Paris on the 17th of October 1893, in his eighty-sixth year. A fine, tall, soldierly man, of a thoroughly Irish type, in private life MacMahon was universally esteemed as generous and honourable; as a soldier he was brave and able, without decided military genius; as a politician he was patriotic and well-intentioned, but devoid of any real capacity for statecraft.

(G. B. S.)

McMASTER, JOHN BACH (1852-), American historian, was born in Brooklyn, New York, on the 29th of June 1852. He graduated from the college of the City of New York in 1872, worked as a civil engineer in 1873-1877, was instructor in civil engineering at Princeton University in 1877-1883, and in 1883 became professor of American history in the university of Pennsylvania. He is best known for his _History of the People of the United States from the Revolution to the Civil War_ (1883 sqq.), a valuable supplement to the more purely political writings of Schouler, Von Holst and Henry Adams.

MACMILLAN, the name of a family of English publishers. The founders of the firm were two Scotsmen, Daniel Macmillan (1813-1857) and his younger brother Alexander (1818-1896). Daniel was a native of the Isle of Arran, and Alexander was born in Irvine on the 3rd of October 1818. Daniel was for some time assistant to the bookseller Johnson at Cambridge, but entered the employ of Messrs Seeley in London in 1837; in 1843 he began business in Aldersgate Street, and in the same year the two brothers purchased the business of Newby in Cambridge. They did not confine themselves to bookselling, but published educational works as early as 1844. In 1845 they became the proprietors of the more important business of Stevenson, in Cambridge, the firm being styled Macmillan, Barclay & Macmillan. In 1850 Barclay retired and the firm resumed the name of Macmillan & Co. Daniel Macmillan died at Cambridge on the 27th of June

1857. In that year an impetus was given to the business by the publication of Kingsley's _Two Years Ago_. A branch office was opened in 1858 in Henrietta Street, London, which led to a great extension of trade. These premises were surrendered for larger ones in Bedford Street, and in 1897 the buildings in St Martin's Street were opened. Alexander Macmillan died in January 1896. By his great energy and literary associations, and with the aid of his partners, there had been built up in little over half a century one of the most important publishing houses in the world. Besides the issue of many important series of educational and scientific works, they published the works of Kingsley, Huxley, Maurice, Tennyson, Lightfoot, Westcott, J. R. Green, Lord Roberts, Lewis Carroll, and of many other well-known authors. In 1898 they took over the old-established publishing house of R. Bentley & Son, and with it the works of Mrs Henry Wood, Miss Rhoda Broughton, _The Ingoldsby Legends_, and also _Temple Bar_ and the _Argosy_. In 1893 the firm was converted into a limited liability company, its chairman being Frederick Macmillan (b. 1851), who was knighted in 1909. The American firm of the Macmillan Company, of which he was also a director, is a separate business.

See Thomas Hughes, _Memoir of Daniel Macmillan_ (1882); _A Bibliographical Catalogue of Macmillan & Co's Publications from 1843 to 1889_ (1891), with portraits of the brothers Daniel and Alexander after Lowes Dickinson and Hubert Herkomer; also articles in _Le Livre_ (September 1886), _Publishers' Circular_ (January 14, 1893), the _Bookman_ (May 1901), &c.

MONOTONY.

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I have sometimes been asked if I did not find it very monotonous to be always travelling the same road day after day. Some might have found it so, but I never did. There was never wanting something to break through the monotony. One was brought into contact with fresh passengers every journey, and constantly some fresh incident arose. Indeed, on many roads the scenery alone would beguile the time. In leafy England there are few roads on which there is not something to admire even if other parts are devoid of attraction, and with the real lover of scenery, the eye does not easily tire of looking at the same picture. I must admit that I have been especially favoured in this respect, as my drives lay through some of the most lovely scenery in Wales, notably the valley of the Mawddach, so eulogistically spoken of by the late Judge Talfourd; and also the magnificent scenery of Snowdonia. I can never forget the remarkable reflection in the water

with which I was once favoured at Port Madoc, on the down journey from Caernarvon to Aberystwith. As we passed over the embankment and bridge, which at that place unite the counties of Caernarvon and Merioneth, the whole of the mountain range for many miles round, including Snowdon and the remarkable peak-shaped Cnicht, together with many other mountains, whose names I cannot now call to mind, were reflected in the clear water of the estuary, which was then at full tide, as clearly as they could have been in a mirror. It was a sight not to be erased from memory.

Then, again, he was a fortunate man who drove seventy or eighty miles a day, who had no horse to deal with which would not pretty effectually banish _ennui_ for one stage. Again, the coach was the bringer of the news of the day, and, moreover, never stayed long enough in one place but that it was always "welcome in and welcome out," and this brings to my mind a rather amusing incident--at least, it was good fun to one side--which occurred at a contested election a good many years ago.

On the occasion of a warmly-contested election for Montgomeryshire, in the year 1862, I had been to Welshpool to vote for my friend Mr. C. W. W. Wynn, and when, on my down journey, I arrived at Machynlleth, there being no electric telegraph, great anxiety was felt to know the state of the poll. This I gave them as far as it was known when I left Welshpool, but the returns from some of the strongest Conservative districts not having then been received, it was very far from perfection. However, it being favourable to the other side, they jumped at it, and it was not my business to undeceive them; so in their flush of confidence and the height of their happiness, they backed their man freely. The next morning, when I returned with my up coach, the final result of the poll was known, which was in favour of the Conservatives, and they had only to pay and look pleased, which, to their credit, I believe they did very good-humouredly.

I think I have now shown that if there is monotony in always driving the same road, it may, at any rate, be monotony with variations, and a strong opposition at once scattered it all to the winds, as one day one would be in front, and on another the other one.

Night driving had always a strong fascination for me. The sensation of always, as it were, driving into darkness, not knowing what would appear next, kept up the zest of the thing. I do not mean to say that I was in love with poking along in a dark night with only two indifferent lamps; but having time to keep, and plenty of light, I did enjoy. No fast coach could be said to be efficiently lighted without five lamps--two on each side and one under the footboard. The best lamps for throwing a strong light forward which I ever used, were made by Messrs. Kay and Johnson, of Edinburgh. They were what were designated "Argand burners," and being constructed strong and without

unnecessary ornament, were sold to stage coachmen for four pounds ten shillings the pair. As they only threw their light nearly straight ahead, they required to be supplemented, except upon very wide, good roads, by other lamps placed lower down on the coach, which threw a strong light to the side; and with them, and one under the footboard, if there were no fog, the darkest night could be set at defiance. I always-used the best sperm oil, as I found that colza oil had a tendency to become thick from the shaking of the coach, which caused the brightness of the light to become dimmed.

At night, also, a coachman must depend upon his hands to tell him how his horses are working, and as he may never see some of the teams by daylight at all, his left hand is all he has got to rely upon to inform him how the horse-keepers are doing their duty by the stock, and whether they are doing well or not.

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THE MORAL BACKGROUND
Title: Character and Opinion in the United States
Author: George Santayana

About the middle of the nineteenth century, in the quiet sunshine of provincial prosperity, New England had an Indian summer of the mind; and an agreeable reflective literature showed how brilliant that russet and yellow season could be. There were poets, historians, orators, preachers, most of whom had studied foreign literatures and had travelled; they demurely kept up with the times; they were universal humanists. But it was all a harvest of leaves; these worthies had an expurgated and barren conception of life; theirs was the purity of sweet old age. Sometimes they made attempts to rejuvenate their minds by broaching native subjects; they wished to prove how much matter for poetry the new world supplied, and they wrote “Rip van Winkle,” “Hiawatha,” or “Evangeline”; but the inspiration did not seem much more American than that of Swift or Ossian or Châteaubriand. These cultivated writers lacked native roots and fresh sap because the American intellect itself lacked them. Their culture was half a pious survival, half an intentional acquirement; it was not the inevitable flowering of a fresh experience. Later there have been admirable analytic novelists who have depicted American life as it is, but rather bitterly, rather sadly; as if the joy and the illusion of it did not inspire them, but only an abstract interest in their own art. If any one, like Walt Whitman, penetrated to the feelings and images which the American scene was able to breed out of itself, and filled them with a frank and broad afflatus of his own, there is no doubt that he misrepresented the conscious minds of cultivated Americans; in them the head as yet did not belong to the trunk.

Nevertheless, _belles-lettres_ in the United States—which after all

stretch beyond New England—have always had two points of contact with the great national experiment. One point of contact has been oratory, with that sort of poetry, patriotic, religious, or moral, which has the function of oratory. Eloquence is a republican art, as conversation is an aristocratic one. By eloquence at public meetings and dinners, in the pulpit or in the press, the impulses of the community could be brought to expression; consecrated maxims could be reapplied; the whole latent manliness and shrewdness of the nation could be mobilised. In the form of oratory reflection, rising out of the problems of action, could be turned to guide or to sanction action, and sometimes could attain, in so doing, a notable elevation of thought. Although Americans, and many other people, usually say that thought is for the sake of action, it has evidently been in these high moments, when action became incandescent in thought, that they have been most truly alive, intensively most active, and although _doing_ nothing, have found at last that their existence was worth while. Reflection is itself a turn, and the top turn, given to life. Here is the second point at which literature in America has fused with the activities of the nation: it has paused to enjoy them. Every animal has his festive and ceremonious moments, when he poses or plumes himself or thinks; sometimes he even sings and flies aloft in a sort of ecstasy. Somewhat in the same way, when reflection in man becomes dominant, it may become passionate; it may create religion or philosophy—adventures often more thrilling than the humdrum experience they are supposed to interrupt.

This pure flame of mind is nothing new, superadded, or alien in America. It is notorious how metaphysical was the passion that drove the Puritans to those shores; they went there in the hope of living more perfectly in the spirit. And their pilgrim's progress was not finished when they had founded their churches in the wilderness; an endless migration of the mind was still before them, a flight from those new idols and servitudes which prosperity involves, and the eternal lure of spiritual freedom and truth. The moral world always contains undiscovered or thinly peopled continents open to those who are more attached to what might or should be than to what already is. Americans are eminently prophets; they apply morals to public affairs; they are impatient and enthusiastic. Their judgements have highly speculative implications, which they often make explicit; they are men with principles, and fond of stating them. Moreover, they have an intense self-reliance; to exercise private judgement is not only a habit with them but a conscious duty. Not seldom personal conversions and mystical experiences throw their ingrained faith into novel forms, which may be very bold and radical. They are traditionally exercised about religion, and adrift on the subject more than any other people on earth; and if religion is a dreaming philosophy, and philosophy a waking religion, a people so wide awake and so religious as the old Yankees ought certainly to have been rich in philosophers.

In fact, philosophy in the good old sense of curiosity about the nature

of things, with readiness to make the best of them, has not been absent from the practice of Americans or from their humorous moods; their humour and shrewdness are sly comments on the shortcomings of some polite convention that everybody accepts tacitly, yet feels to be insecure and contrary to the principles on which life is actually carried on. Nevertheless, with the shyness which simple competence often shows in the presence of conventional shams, these wits have not taken their native wisdom very seriously. They have not had the leisure nor the intellectual scope to think out and defend the implications of their homely perceptions. Their fresh insight has been whispered in parentheses and asides; it has been humbly banished, in alarm, from their solemn moments. What people have respected have been rather scraps of official philosophy, or entire systems, which they have inherited or imported, as they have respected operas and art museums. To be on speaking terms with these fine things was a part of social respectability, like having family silver. High thoughts must be at hand, like those candlesticks, probably candleless, sometimes displayed as a seemly ornament in a room blazing with electric light. Even in William James, spontaneous and stimulating as he was, a certain underlying discomfort was discernible; he had come out into the open, into what should have been the sunshine, but the vast shadow of the temple still stood between him and the sun. He was worried about what _ought_ to be believed and the awful deprivations of disbelieving. What he called the cynical view of anything had first to be brushed aside, without stopping to consider whether it was not the true one; and he was bent on finding new and empirical reasons for clinging to free-will, departed spirits, and tutelary gods. Nobody, except perhaps in this last decade, has tried to bridge the chasm between what he believes in daily life and the “problems” of philosophy. Nature and science have not been ignored, and “practice” in some schools has been constantly referred to; but instead of supplying philosophy with its data they have only constituted its difficulties; its function has been not to build on known facts but to explain them away. Hence a curious alternation and irrelevance, as between weekdays and Sabbaths, between American ways and American opinions.

That philosophy should be attached to tradition would be a great advantage, conducive to mutual understanding, to maturity, and to progress, if the tradition lay in the highway of truth. To deviate from it in that case would be to betray the fact that, while one might have a lively mind, one was not master of the subject. Unfortunately, in the nineteenth century, in America as elsewhere, the ruling tradition was not only erratic and far from the highway of truth, but the noonday of this tradition was over, and its classic forms were outgrown. A philosophy may have a high value, other than its truth to things, in its truth to method and to the genius of its author; it may be a feat of synthesis and imagination, like a great poem, expressing one of the eternal possibilities of being, although one which the creator happened to reject when he made this world. It is possible to be a master in

false philosophy—easier, in fact, than to be a master in the truth, because a false philosophy can be made as simple and consistent as one pleases. Such had been the masters of the tradition prevalent in New England—Calvin, Hume, Fichte, not to mention others more relished because less pure; but one of the disadvantages of such perfection in error is that the illusion is harder to transmit to another age and country. If Jonathan Edwards, for instance, was a Calvinist of pristine force and perhaps the greatest _master_ in false philosophy that America has yet produced, he paid the price by being abandoned, even in his lifetime, by his own sect, and seeing the world turn a deaf ear to his logic without so much as attempting to refute it. One of the peculiarities of recent speculation, especially in America, is that ideas are abandoned in virtue of a mere change of feeling, without any new evidence or new arguments. We do not nowadays refute our predecessors, we pleasantly bid them good-bye. Even if all our principles are unwittingly traditional we do not like to bow openly to authority. Hence masters like Calvin, Hume, or Fichte rose before their American admirers like formidable ghosts, foreign and unseizable. People refused to be encumbered with any system, even one of their own; they were content to imbibe more or less of the spirit of a philosophy and to let it play on such facts as happened to attract their attention. The originality even of Emerson and of William James was of this incidental character; they found new approaches to old beliefs or new expedients in old dilemmas. They were not in a scholastic sense pupils of anybody or masters in anything. They hated the scholastic way of saying what they meant, if they had heard of it; they insisted on a personal freshness of style, refusing to make their thought more precise than it happened to be spontaneously; and they lisped their logic, when the logic came.

We must remember that ever since the days of Socrates, and especially after the establishment of Christianity, the dice of thought have been loaded. Certain pledges have preceded inquiry and divided the possible conclusions beforehand into the acceptable and the inacceptable, the edifying and the shocking, the noble and the base. Wonder has no longer been the root of philosophy, but sometimes impatience at having been cheated and sometimes fear of being undeceived. The marvel of existence, in which the luminous and the opaque are so romantically mingled, no longer lay like a sea open to intellectual adventure, tempting the mind to conceive some bold and curious system of the universe on the analogy of what had been so far discovered. Instead, people were confronted with an orthodoxy—though not always the same orthodoxy—whispering mysteries and brandishing anathemas. Their wits were absorbed in solving traditional problems, many of them artificial and such as the ruling orthodoxy had created by its gratuitous assumptions. Difficulties were therefore found in some perfectly obvious truths; and obvious fables, if they were hallowed by association, were seriously weighed in the balance against one another or against the facts; and many an actual thing was proved to be impossible, or was hidden under a false description. In conservative schools the student learned and tried to fathom the

received solutions; in liberal schools he was perhaps invited to seek solutions of his own, but still to the old questions. Freedom, when nominally allowed, was a provisional freedom; if your wanderings did not somehow bring you back to orthodoxy you were a misguided being, no matter how disparate from the orthodox might be the field from which you fetched your little harvest; and if you could not be answered you were called superficial. Most spirits are cowed by such disparagement; but even those who snap their fingers at it do not escape; they can hardly help feeling that in calling a spade a spade they are petulant and naughty; or if their inspiration is too genuine for that, they still unwittingly shape their opinions in contrast to those that claim authority, and therefore on the same false lines—a terrible tax to pay to the errors of others; and it is only here and there that a very great and solitary mind, like that of Spinoza, can endure obloquy without bitterness or can pass through perverse controversies without contagion.

Under such circumstances it is obvious that speculation can be frank and happy only where orthodoxy has receded, abandoning a larger and larger field to unprejudiced inquiry; or else (as has happened among liberal Protestants) where the very heart of orthodoxy has melted, has absorbed the most alien substances, and is ready to bloom into anything that anybody finds attractive. This is the secret of that extraordinary vogue which the transcendental philosophy has had for nearly a century in Great Britain and America; it is a method which enables a man to renovate all his beliefs, scientific and religious, from the inside, giving them a new status and interpretation as phases of his own experience or imagination; so that he does not seem to himself to reject anything, and yet is bound to nothing, except to his creative self. Many too who have no inclination to practise this transcendental method—a personal, arduous, and futile art, which requires to be renewed at every moment—have been impressed with the results or the maxims of this or that transcendental philosopher, such as that every opinion leads on to another that reinterprets it, or every evil to some higher good that contains it; and they have managed to identify these views with what still seemed to them vital in religion.

In spite of this profound mutation at the core, and much paring at the edges, traditional belief in New England retained its continuity and its priestly unction; and religious teachers and philosophers could slip away from Calvinism and even from Christianity without any loss of elevation or austerity. They found it so pleasant and easy to elude the past that they really had no quarrel with it. The world, they felt, was a safe place, watched over by a kindly God, who exacted nothing but cheerfulness and good-will from his children; and the American flag was a sort of rainbow in the sky, promising that all storms were over. Or if storms came, such as the Civil War, they would not be harder to weather than was necessary to test the national spirit and raise it to a new efficiency. The subtler dangers which we may now see threatening America had not yet come in sight—material restlessness was not yet ominous, the

pressure of business enterprises was not yet out of scale with the old life or out of key with the old moral harmonies. A new type of American had not appeared—the untrained, pushing, cosmopolitan orphan, cock-sure in manner but not too sure in his morality, to whom the old Yankee, with his sour integrity, is almost a foreigner. Was not "increase," in the Bible, a synonym for benefit? Was not "abundance" the same, or almost the same, as happiness?

Meantime the churches, a little ashamed of their past, began to court the good opinion of so excellent a world. Although called evangelical, they were far, very far, from prophesying its end, or offering a refuge from it, or preaching contempt for it; they existed only to serve it, and their highest divine credential was that the world needed them. Irreligion, dissoluteness, and pessimism—supposed naturally to go together—could never prosper; they were incompatible with efficiency. That was the supreme test. "Be Christians," I once heard a president of Yale College cry to his assembled pupils, "be Christians and you will be successful." Religion was indispensable and sacred, when not carried too far; but theology might well be unnecessary. Why distract this world with talk of another? Enough for the day was the good thereof. Religion should be disentangled as much as possible from history and authority and metaphysics, and made to rest honestly on one's fine feelings, on one's indomitable optimism and trust in life. Revelation was nothing miraculous, given once for all in some remote age and foreign country; it must come to us directly, and with greater authority now than ever before. If evolution was to be taken seriously and to include moral growth, the great men of the past could only be stepping-stones to our own dignity. To grow was to contain and sum up all the good that had gone before, adding an appropriate increment. Undoubtedly some early figures were beautiful, and allowances had to be made for local influences in Palestine, a place so much more primitive and backward than Massachusetts. Jesus was a prophet more winsome and nearer to ourselves than his predecessors; but how could any one deny that the twenty centuries of progress since his time must have raised a loftier pedestal for Emerson or Charming or Phillips Brooks? It might somehow not be in good taste to put this feeling into clear words; one and perhaps two of these men would have deprecated it; nevertheless it beamed with refulgent self-satisfaction in the lives and maxims of most of their followers.

All this liberalism, however, never touched the centre of traditional orthodoxy, and those who, for all their modernness, felt that they inherited the faith of their fathers and were true to it were fundamentally right. There was still an orthodoxy among American highbrows at the end of the nineteenth century, dissent from which was felt to be scandalous; it consisted in holding that the universe exists and is governed for the sake of man or of the human spirit. This persuasion, arrogant as it might seem, is at bottom an expression of impotence rather than of pride. The soul is originally vegetative; it

feels the weal and woe of what occurs within the body. With locomotion and the instinct to hunt and to flee, animals begin to notice external things also; but the chief point noticed about them is whether they are good or bad, friendly or hostile, far or near. The station of the animal and his interests thus become the measure of all things for him, in so far as he knows them; and this aspect of them is, by a primitive fatality, the heart of them to him. It is only reason that can discount these childish perspectives, neutralise the bias of each by collating it with the others, and masterfully conceive the field in which their common objects are deployed, discovering also the principle of foreshortening or projection which produces each perspective in turn. But reason is a later comer into this world, and weak; against its suasion stands the mighty resistance of habit and of moral presumption. It is in their interest, and to rehabilitate the warm vegetative autonomy of the primitive soul, that orthodox religion and philosophy labour in the western world—for the mind of India cannot be charged with this folly. Although inwardly these systems have not now a good conscience and do not feel very secure (for they are retrograde and sin against the light), yet outwardly they are solemn and venerable; and they have incorporated a great deal of moral wisdom with their egotism or humanism—more than the Indians with their respect for the infinite. In deifying human interests they have naturally studied and expressed them justly, whereas those who perceive the relativity of human goods are tempted to scorn them—which is itself unreasonable—and to sacrifice them all to the single passion of worship or of despair. Hardly anybody, except possibly the Greeks at their best, has realised the sweetness and glory of being a rational animal.

The Jews, as we know, had come to think that it was the creator of the world, the God of the universe, who had taken them for his chosen people. Christians in turn had asserted that it was God in person who, having become a man, had founded their church. According to this Hebraic tradition, the dignity of man did not lie in being a mind (which he undoubtedly is) but in being a creature materially highly favoured, with a longer life and a brighter destiny than other creatures in the world. It is remarkable how deep, in the Hebraic religions, is this interest in material existence; so deep that we are surprised when we discover that, according to the insight of other races, this interest is the essence of irreligion. Some detachment from existence and from hopes of material splendour has indeed filtered into Christianity through Platonism. Socrates and his disciples admired this world, but they did not particularly covet it, or wish to live long in it, or expect to improve it; what they cared for was an idea or a good which they found expressed in it, something outside it and timeless, in which the contemplative intellect might be literally absorbed. This philosophy was no less humanistic than that of the Jews, though in a less material fashion: if it did not read the universe in terms of thrift, it read it in terms of art. The pursuit of a good, such as is presumably aimed at in human action, was supposed to inspire every movement in nature; and this good,

for the sake of which the very heavens revolved, was akin to the intellectual happiness of a Greek sage. Nature was a philosopher in pursuit of an idea. Natural science then took a moralising turn which it has not yet quite outgrown. Socrates required of astronomy, if it was to be true science, that it should show why _it was best_ that the sun and moon should be as they are; and Plato, refining on this, assures us that the eyes are placed in the front of the head, rather than at the back, because the front is the nobler quarter, and that the intestines are long in order that we may have leisure between meals to study philosophy. Curiously enough, the very enemies of final causes sometimes catch this infection and attach absolute values to facts in an opposite sense and in an inhuman interest; and you often hear in America that whatever is is right. These naturalists, while they rebuke the moralists for thinking that nature is ruled magically for our good, think her adorable for being ruled, in scorn of us, only by her own laws; and thus we oscillate between egotism and idolatry.

The Reformation did not reform this belief in the cosmic supremacy of man, or the humanity of God; on the contrary, it took it (like so much else) in terrible German earnest, not suffering it any longer to be accepted somewhat lightly as a classical figure of speech or a mystery resting on revelation. The human race, the chosen people, the Christian elect were like tabernacle within tabernacle for the spirit; but in the holy of holies was the spirit itself, one's own spirit and experience, which was the centre of everything. Protestant philosophy, exploring the domain of science and history with confidence, and sure of finding the spirit walking there, was too conscientious to misrepresent what it found. As the terrible facts could not be altered they had to be undermined. By turning psychology into metaphysics this could be accomplished, and we could reach the remarkable conclusion that the human spirit was not so much the purpose of the universe as its seat, and the only universe there was.

This conclusion, which sums up idealism on its critical or scientific side, would not of itself give much comfort to religious minds, that usually crave massive support rather than sublime independence; it leads to the heroic egotism of Fichte or Nietzsche rather than to any green pastures beside any still waters. But the critical element in idealism can be used to destroy belief in the natural world; and by so doing it can open the way to another sort of idealism, not at all critical, which might be called the higher superstition. This views the world as an oracle or charade, concealing a dramatic unity, or formula, or maxim, which all experience exists to illustrate. The habit of regarding existence as a riddle, with a surprising solution which we think we have found, should be the source of rather mixed emotions; the facts remain as they were, and rival solutions may at any time suggest themselves; and the one we have hit on may not, after all, be particularly comforting. The Christian may find himself turned by it into a heathen, the humanist into a pantheist, and the hope with which we instinctively

faced life may be chastened into mere conformity. Nevertheless, however chilling and inhuman our higher superstition may prove, it will make us feel that we are masters of a mystical secret, that we have a faith to defend, and that, like all philosophers, we have taken a ticket in a lottery in which if we hit on the truth, even if it seems a blank, we shall have drawn the first prize.

Orthodoxy in New England, even so transformed and attenuated, did not of course hold the field alone. There are materialists by instinct in every age and country; there are always private gentlemen whom the clergy and the professors cannot deceive. Here and there a medical or scientific man, or a man of letters, will draw from his special pursuits some hint of the nature of things at large; or a political radical will nurse undying wrath against all opinions not tartly hostile to church and state. But these clever people are not organised, they are not always given to writing, nor speculative enough to make a system out of their convictions. The enthusiasts and the pedagogues naturally flock to the other camp. The very competence which scientific people and connoisseurs have in their special fields disinclines them to generalise, or renders their generalisations one-sided; so that their speculations are extraordinarily weak and stammering. Both by what they represent and by what they ignore they are isolated and deprived of influence, since only those who are at home in a subject can feel the force of analogies drawn from that field, whereas any one can be swayed by sentimental and moral appeals, by rhetoric and unction. Furthermore, in America the materialistic school is without that support from popular passions which it draws in many European countries from its association with anticlericalism or with revolutionary politics; and it also lacks the maturity, self-confidence, and refinement proper in older societies to the great body of Epicurean and disenchanted opinion, where for centuries wits, critics, minor philosophers, and men of the world have chuckled together over their Horace, their Voltaire, and their Gibbon. The horror which the theologians have of infidelity passes therefore into the average American mind unmitigated by the suspicion that anything pleasant could lie in that quarter, much less the open way to nature and truth and a secure happiness. There is another handicap, of a more technical sort, under which naturalistic philosophy labours in America, as it does in England; it has been crossed by scepticism about the validity of perception and has become almost identical with psychology. Of course, for any one who thinks naturalistically (as the British empiricists did in the beginning, like every unsophisticated mortal), psychology is the description of a very superficial and incidental complication in the animal kingdom: it treats of the curious sensibility and volatile thoughts awakened in the mind by the growth and fortunes of the body. In noting these thoughts and feelings, we can observe how far they constitute true knowledge of the world in which they arise, how far they ignore it, and how far they play with it, by virtue of the poetry and the syntax of discourse which they add out of their own exuberance; for fancy is a very fertile treacherous thing, as

every one finds when he dreams. But dreams run over into waking life, and sometimes seem to permeate and to underlie it; and it was just this suspicion that he might be dreaming awake, that discourse and tradition might be making a fool of him, that prompted the hard-headed Briton, even before the Reformation, to appeal from conventional beliefs to "experience." He was anxious to clear away those sophistries and impostures of which he was particularly apprehensive, in view of the somewhat foreign character of his culture and religion. Experience, he thought, would bear unimpeachable witness to the nature of things; for by experience he understood knowledge produced by direct contact with the object. Taken in this sense, experience is a method of discovery, an exercise of intelligence; it is the same observation of things, strict, cumulative, and analytic, which produces the natural sciences. It rests on naturalistic assumptions (since we know when and where we find our data) and could not fail to end in materialism. What prevented British empiricism from coming to this obvious conclusion was a peculiarity of the national temperament. The Englishman is not only distrustful of too much reasoning and too much theory (and science and materialism involve a good deal of both), but he is also fond of musing and of withdrawing into his inner man. Accordingly his empiricism took an introspective form; like Hamlet he stopped at the _how_; he began to think about thinking. His first care was now to arrest experience as he underwent it; though its presence could not be denied, it came in such a questionable shape that it could not be taken at its word. This mere presence of experience, this ghostly apparition to the inner man, was all that empirical philosophy could now profess to discover. Far from being an exercise of intelligence, it retracted all understanding, all interpretation, all instinctive faith; far from furnishing a sure record of the truths of nature, it furnished a set of pathological facts, the passive subject-matter of psychology. These now seemed the only facts admissible, and psychology, for the philosophers, became the only science. Experience could discover nothing, but all discoveries had to be retracted, so that they should revert to the fact of experience and terminate there. Evidently when the naturalistic background and meaning of experience have dropped out in this way, empiricism is a form of idealism, since whatever objects we can come upon will all be _a priori_ and _a fortiori_ and _sensu eminentiori_ ideal in the mind. The irony of logic actually made English empiricism, understood in this psychological way, the starting-point for transcendentalism and for German philosophy.

Between these two senses of the word experience, meaning sometimes contact with things and at other times absolute feeling, the empirical school in England and America has been helplessly torn, without ever showing the courage or the self-knowledge to choose between them. I think we may say that on the whole their view has been this: that feelings or ideas were absolute atoms of existence, without any ground or source, so that the elements of their universe were all mental; but they conceived these psychical elements to be deployed in a physical time and even (since there were many simultaneous series of them) in

some sort of space. These philosophers were accordingly idealists about substance but naturalists about the order and relations of existences; and experience on their lips meant feeling when they were thinking of particulars, but when they were thinking broadly, in matters of history or science, experience meant the universal nebula or cataract which these feelings composed—itself no object of experience, but one believed in and very imperfectly presented in imagination. These men believed in nature, and were materialists at heart and to all practical purposes; but they were shy intellectually, and seemed to think they ran less risk of error in holding a thing covertly than in openly professing it.

If any one, like Herbert Spencer, kept psychology in its place and in that respect remained a pure naturalist, he often forfeited this advantage by enveloping the positive information he derived from the sciences in a whirlwind of generalisations. The higher superstition, the notion that nature dances to the tune of some comprehensive formula or some magic rhyme, thus reappeared among those who claimed to speak for natural science. In their romantic sympathy with nature they attributed to her an excessive sympathy with themselves; they overlooked her infinite complications and continual irony, and candidly believed they could measure her with their thumb-rules. Why should philosophers drag a toy-net of words, fit to catch butterflies, through the sea of being, and expect to land all the fish in it? Why not take note simply of what the particular sciences can as yet tell us of the world? Certainly, when put together, they already yield a very wonderful, very true, and very sufficient picture of it. Are we impatient of knowing everything? But even if science was much enlarged it would have limits, both in penetration and in extent; and there would always remain, I will not say an infinity of unsolved problems (because “problems” are created by our impatience or our contradictions), but an infinity of undiscovered facts. Nature is like a beautiful woman that may be as delightfully and as truly known at a certain distance as upon a closer view; as to knowing her through and through, that is nonsense in both cases, and might not reward our pains. The love of all-inclusiveness is as dangerous in philosophy as in art. The savour of nature can be enjoyed by us only through our own senses and insight, and an outline map of the entire universe, even if it was not fabulously concocted, would not tell us much that was worth knowing about the outlying parts of it. Without suggesting for a moment that the proper study of mankind is man only—for it may be landscape or mathematics—we may safely say that their proper study is what lies within their range and is interesting to them. For this reason the moralists who consider principally human life and paint nature only as a background to their figures are apt to be better philosophers than the speculative naturalists. In human life we are at home, and our views on it, if one-sided, are for that very reason expressive of our character and fortunes. An unfortunate peculiarity of naturalistic philosophers is that usually they have but cursory and wretched notions of the inner life of the mind; they are dead to patriotism and to religion, they hate poetry and fancy and passion and

even philosophy itself; and therefore (especially if their science too, as often happens, is borrowed and vague) we need not wonder if the academic and cultivated world despises them, and harks back to the mythology of Plato or Aristotle or Hegel, who at least were conversant with the spirit of man.

Philosophers are very severe towards other philosophers because they expect too much. Even under the most favourable circumstances no mortal can be asked to seize the truth in its wholeness or at its centre. As the senses open to us only partial perspectives, taken from one point of view, and report the facts in symbols which, far from being adequate to the full nature of what surrounds us, resemble the coloured signals of danger or of free way which a railway engine-driver peers at in the night, so our speculation, which is a sort of panoramic sense, approaches things peripherally and expresses them humanly. But how doubly dyed in this subjectivity must our thought be when an orthodoxy dominant for ages has twisted the universe into the service of moral interests, and when even the heretics are entangled in a scepticism so partial and arbitrary that it substitutes psychology, the most derivative and dubious of sciences, for the direct intelligent reading of experience! But this strain of subjectivity is not in all respects an evil; it is a warm purple dye. When a way of thinking is deeply rooted in the soil, and embodies the instincts or even the characteristic errors of a people, it has a value quite independent of its truth; it constitutes a phase of human life and can powerfully affect the intellectual drama in which it figures. It is a value of this sort that attaches to modern philosophy in general, and very particularly to the American thinkers I am about to discuss. There would be a sort of irrelevance and unfairness in measuring them by the standards of pure science or even of a classic sagacity, and reproaching them for not having reached perfect consistency or fundamental clearness. Men of intense feeling—and others will hardly count—are not mirrors but lights. If pure truth happened to be what they passionately desired, they would seek it single-mindedly, and in matters within their competence they would probably find it; but the desire for pure truth, like any other, must wait to be satisfied until its organ is ripe and the conditions are favourable. The nineteenth century was not a time and America was not a place where such an achievement could be expected. There the wisest felt themselves to be, as they were, questioners and apostles rather than serene philosophers. We should not pay them the doubtful compliment of attributing to them merits alien to their tradition and scope, as if the nobleness they actually possessed—their conscience, vigour, timeliness, and influence—were not enough.

MIRACLES

From within and without for many months, promptings have come to me on the subject of Order, which mystics denote as the most excellent thing in the Universe.... I remember once emerging from a zone of war in Asia to enter a city untouched by it. The order in that city was to me like the subsiding of a fever. The most terrible picture of disorder that the world can show is a battlefield of human beings.

Order has to do with peace of mind; disorder everywhere is a waste of force. In a purely mental sense, the cultivation of Order begins to appear essential to the worker, as he approaches the height of his powers and realises that there is so much to do, and that life here is both brief and precarious. Order, however, is larger than a mere mental matter. Its abiding-place is in the lasting fabric of man and nature. Evolution in its largest sense is the bringing of Order out of Chaos. The word _Cosmos_ means order, as stated once before.

One descends into the terrors of disorder, financial and otherwise, in building his house. When I look back to the conditions that existed on this bit of Lake-front three years ago--the frog-hollows, tiling, the wasting bluffs, excavation, thirty-five cords of boulders unloaded perversely--the mere enumeration chafes like grit upon surfaces still sore.... I have sadly neglected the study of house-building in this book. It would not do now. The fact is, I don't know how to build a house, but one learns much that one didn't know about men and money. I sat here in the main, working with my back to the building. At times the approach of a contractor upon the Study-walk gave me a panic like a hangman's step; often again as he discussed the weather, all phases and possibilities, reviewing the past season, before telling what he came for, I boiled over like a small pot, but noiselessly for the most part. With penetrative eye, distant but careful observations, I would refer him to the dream which the architect had drawn.... When the different contractors came a last time with bills, I would take the accounts and look studiously into a little book, holding it severely to the light. After much conning, I would announce that my accounts tallied with theirs in the main. And when they had departed, finished and paid with another man's money,--standing alone, tormented with the thought of how little money really can pay for, I wanted to rush after them and thank them for going away.

In the evening, when the last workman was gone, I used to venture into the piling structure. The chaos of it would often bring a fever around the eyes, like that which a man wakes with, after a short and violent night. Then on those evenings when something seemed accomplished that gave a line to the blessed silence of the finished thing, and I found myself turning in pleasure to it--the thought would come that it wasn't really mine; that after all the detail remained of paying for it. I used to go from the building and grounds then--cutting myself clear from it,

as a man would snip with scissors the threads of some net that entangled him. I don't breathe freely even now in the meshes of possession.

I used to wonder at the confidence and delight which the other members of the household took in the completing house. They regarded it as the future home.... One by one the different sets of workmen came and went. I am in awe of men who plaster houses for a living--and for pennies the hour. Always they arrive at the very summit of disorganisation--one house after another through life--to accept money and call their work paid for.... There is something to play with in masonry--every stone is different--but to learn order by lathing and plastering! Dante missed it from his inventions. I do not count the plasterers paid--nor the house paid for....

One evening I went through the structure when all but the final finishing was over. I saw it all and was in a daze. The town regarded it as having to do with me; the establishment was connected with my name; yet I stood in a daze, regarding the pool and the balcony and the fireplaces--finding them good.... The lumberman had outlined a plan by which the years would automatically restore me to my own, but I am unable still to see how these things are done. I would go to any length to help him in ways familiar to me, but I could never stake him to a stone house. And that was not all. I didn't look for the bit of Lake shore bluff. I merely chose it to smoke on, because it was still--and presently they called it mine. I didn't look for the architect, yet what he did, his voice and letters full of unvarying pleasure, I could never hope to do for him.... Yet here was the stone house--a week or two more from this night of the dazed inspection, we were supposed to move in.

The old Spanish house in Luzon was quite as real to me. It was in that verdant and shadowy interior that I first saw the tropical heart of a human habitation. But there was no wired glass; its roof was the sky. I remember the stars, the palms and the running water. A woman stood there by the fountain one night--mantilla, dark eyes and falling water. It was there in the palm-foliage that I plighted my troth to the _patio_....

And here was its northern replica--sunken area paved with gold-brown brick, the gurgle of water among the stones. Some one said that you could see right through from the road to the Lake, through the rear and front doors. I wanted it so--a house to see through like an honest face. Some one said that the whole house could be lit by firelight. I wanted it so.

"When we move in----" one of the children began.

I shivered.... But of one thing I was certain. If the lumberman didn't move in, we would....

A certain Order came out of it all. A man should build something beside his house, while he is at it. That something should enable him to build another (if he ever _had_ to do it again) without raising his voice; without losing his faith in men; without binding himself to the place or the structure by any cords that would hurt more than a day or two if they were cut.... The house is a home. It wasn't the lumberman who moved in. The rooms are warm with firelight at this moment ... and yet with my back still turned upon it and the grinding and rending of chaos ended, I arise to remark with calmness and cheer that I would rent for indefinite generations rather than build again.

There is the order of the small man--a baneful thing in its way, sometimes a terrible and tragic thing. The narrow-templed Order which has destroyed our forests to make places for rows of sugar-beets. Then there is the order of Commerce which in multiplying and handling duplicates of manufacture, has found Order an economical necessity. Let that be confined to its own word, Efficiency.

The true individual rebels against the narrow-templed Order, rushes to the other extreme; and we observe a laughable phenomenon--the eccentricities of genius. In truth these eccentricities merely betoken the chaos of the larger calibre. Order in the case of the genius is a superb result, because of the broader surfaces brought under cultivation. "The growth of the human spirit is from simplicity to complication, and up to simplicity again, each circle in a nobler dimension of progress. There is the simplicity of the peasant and the simplicity of the seer. Between these two lie all the confusion and alarm of life, a passage of disorder, well designated Self-consciousness."[2]

Cleanliness of the body is said to be one of the first rules for the following of a certain religious plan of life. This is not the case exactly; rather one of the first things that occur to a man on the road to sanctity is that he must keep his body clean; second, that he must keep his mind clean; third, that he must begin to put his spiritual house in order. This is a basic principle of occultism. We must prove faithful in the small things, first.

I rode over to a little cottage occupied by two young men who came here in the interests of writing careers. They had talent, soul, brain, balance, the unmistakable ignitions of the New Age. In a word, they were large-calibred men, whose business in life was to put in order a fine instrument for expression. Their cottage was not orderly. They did not seem to mind; in fact, they appeared to disdain such trifles. They were at the age when men may eat or drink anything and at all times without apparently disturbing the centres of energy. They were, in fact, doing large quantities of work every day--for boys. Yet daily in their work, I was finding the same litter and looseness of which their cottage was but an unmistakable suggestion. In fact, the place was a picture of their minds.... We are each given a certain area of possibility. Not one in a

million human beings even roughly makes the most of it. The organisation of force and the will to use it must be accomplished in childhood and youth. This driving force is spiritual.

In this sense, all education is religion. Work is that, as well. It is man's interpretation, not the fault of the religion, that has set apart six days to toil in the earth and one day to worship God. A man worships God best in his work. His work suffers if he misses worship one day in seven, to say nothing of six. I do not mean piety. A feeling of devoutness does not cover at all the sense I mean. A man's spirituality, as I would reckon it, has to do with the power he can bring into the world of matter from the great universe of spiritual force which is God, or the emanation of God, as all the great religions reverently agree.

I do not mean to bring cults or creeds or hymns or affirmations into the schools. This driving force which all the great workmen know and bow before, is above and beyond man-uttered interpretations, above all separateness, even above anything like a complete expression in matter as yet. One day the workman realises that he has fashioned something greater than himself--that he has said or sung or written or painted something that he did not know he knew, and that his few years of training in the world did not bring to him. He turns within to do it again.... I would have the children begin at once to turn within. In awe and humility, I beg you to believe that as a vast human family, we have but wet our ankles in an infinite ocean of potentiality designed for our use; that by giving ourselves to it we become at once significant and inimitable; that its expression _through us_ cannot be exactly reproduced by any other instrument; and that if we fail to become instruments of it, the final harmony must lack our part, which no other can play.

That which we see by means of an optic nerve is but the stone, but the pit, of any object, a detached thing, which can be held in mind after the eye turns away, only by a sensible retaining of memory, as an object is held in the hand. There is a higher vision--and the word _imagination_ expresses it almost as well as any other--by which the thing can be seen, not as a detached object, but in its relation to the whole.

There is a book on the table. You give it a day or a year. You find your utmost limitations expanded if it is great enough and you can give yourself freely enough. This book is no more a mere object upon a board. Its white lines are as long as the spires of magnetism which stretch up from the polar centre of the earth to the isolated northern stars.

You have read the book. Its separateness and detachment for you has ended. That which you held in your hand was but the pit, the stone.... You can read the whole story of the tree in the pit; the whole story of creation in any stone. The same magnetism that rises in spires from the

poles of the earth and is seen by the optic nerve under certain conditions of atmosphere, rises from your brow, pours forth from the finger-ends of man. The actual skull of a human mind is but the centre of a flame of force, as seen by the truer vision, and the colour and the beauty of it is determined by its instrumentation of the driving energy which gives life to all men and things.

Every object and every man tells the same story with its different texture, with its own tongue. One plan is written in every atom, woven in and through and around us in a veritable robe of glory.... The farther a man goes in vision, the more he sees that the plan is for joy; that the plan is one; that separateness and self-sense is illusion and pain; that one story is written in every stone and leaf and star and heart--the one great love story of the universe.

Miracles? They are everywhere; every day to one who enters upon the higher vision. I heard a young man speak for an hour recently--rising to superb rhythm, his voice modulated, his mind constructive and inspired. Three years ago he was inarticulate. No process of intellectual training could have brought him even the beginnings of mastery in this period--or in thirty years. He had listened until he was full, and then had spoken.

Miracles every day here. I am sometimes in awe of these young beings who show me such wisdom, in years when the human child is supposed to be callow and fatuous, his voice even a distraction.... It is only that they have come to see the illusion of detached things; to relate and cohere all together by the use of the power that seeks to flood through them. I am in awe before them many times. The child that can see fairies in wood and water and stone shall see so very soon the Ineffable Seven and the downcast immortals in the eyes of friends and strangers.

FOOTNOTES:

[2] From _Midstream_.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

The Project Gutenberg eBook, *From Pillar to Post*, by John Kendrick Bangs

I shall never forget the expression of serene immunity from care on the face of one of my editorial chiefs when some years ago I told him that I was very much embarrassed by certain arrangements he himself had made over my head. They were such arrangements as to make my position frankly impossible.

"You have embarrassed me more than I care to say," said I.

"Embarrassment is a sign of weakness," he replied calmly. "Don't ever be embarrassed."

"But what can I do?" said I. "You have made these arrangements, and--"

"Well, if I were you," said he, smiling, and putting considerable emphasis on the _you_, "rather than admit that anything under heaven embarrassed me I'd tell _me_ to go to the devil with my arrangements."

I took him at his word. We both laughed, and the immediate awkwardness vanished. While I cannot truthfully say that telling him to "go to" was a wholly satisfactory ultimate solution of all our difficulties, I have as a matter of policy adopted that attitude toward troublesome things ever since, to the material advantage at least of my own peace of mind. I have found the philosophy involved a workable one, and more than helpful to me in the pursuit of my platform labors, especially that part of it involving the "laugh."

It certainly rescued me from a deal of unhappiness over a wasted date a year or so ago in Michigan, for which I was in no sense to blame, and which, had the various parties been inclined to quarrel over misfortune, might have resulted in much unpleasantness.

Following a Wednesday night engagement in mid-Ohio was a Thursday night in a more or less remote section of the Wolverine State. To reach the Thursday night scene of action I was required to rise at five o'clock in the morning and travel with one or two awkward changes of trains to Fort Wayne, going thence to Kalamazoo, and from there by a way train to the point in question. It was a long, tedious drive of a day, and when I reached Kalamazoo I unburdened myself vigorously to the Only Muse to the effect that if anybody, anywhere, would offer me a job as third assistant manager of a tolerably stationary peanut stand at two dollars a week, payable in deferred promises, I should consider the offer a most tempting one.

My comfort was not at all enhanced by my discovery on reaching Kalamazoo that I had completely misread the timetables, and that instead of arriving at our destination at five in the afternoon, leaving me plenty of time for rest, refreshment, and change of clothes, the only possible train, even if it ran on time, could not get me through to the haven of my desires until five minutes before eight, with the lecture scheduled to begin at eight-fifteen. So I rested, refreshed, and dressed at Kalamazoo, and perforce traveled over the last stage of that wearisome journey in full evening dress, slowly but surely accumulating en route a sufficient supply of soot, cinders, grit, and other appurtenances of travel on a soft-coal, one-horse railroad, to make me appear like a masterpiece of spatterwork when I arrived at the farther end.

By some odd mischance, never as yet satisfactorily accounted for, the

train got through on time. The Only Muse and I hastily boarded an omnibus, and were whisked through the impenetrable depths of a dark night to the hotel, whence, after seeing her properly bestowed, I hastened to the Auditorium where the lecture was to be held. To my surprise when I got there I found the building wholly dark. There was not a sign of life anywhere about it. I banged, whacked, and thundered on the door like an invading artillery corps; but with no response of any sort. But a glance up the street a moment later relieved the pressure of my woe; for there my vision was cheered by a brilliantly lighted church.

"Of course," I thought, "the Auditorium is too small to accommodate the audience, and they've changed over to the church."

I glanced at my watch, and discovered that I had two minutes to spare. A goodly sprint brought me panting to the front door of the edifice, and with some unnecessary noise, perhaps due wholly to the impetuosity of my approach, I burst in upon the assembled multitude--to find, alas! that the very sizable audience gathered there with their heads bowed, and listening to an eloquent appeal for blessings desired by a gentleman wearing a long frock coat and a white necktie, were not for me. To my chagrin I soon learned that I had come within an ace of _breaking up_ a prayer meeting--if I may be allowed the use of such incongruous terms in the phrase. I backed out as gracefully as I could, and collided with a late comer.

"Is there more than one Auditorium in town?" I whispered, after apologizing for my reactionary behavior.

"Oh, yes," he replied politely, "there is the Auditorium, and the High School Auditorium."

[Illustration: "I found the building wholly dark."]

"Well, would you mind telling me where they are?" I queried.

"That is the High School Auditorium up there," he said, pointing to the Egyptian darkness I had just left. "The other is three squares down, where you see all those electric lights."

Whether I thanked the gentleman or not I do not know. I hope I did; but in the hurry of my departure I fear I seemed discourteous. Another speedy dash, which left me completely winded, brought me to the other Auditorium, and there in the full glare of an electric spotlight, assisted in its quest of publicity by a hoarse-tongued barker with a megaphone, I was confronted by a highly colored lithograph, showing a very pink Mabel, Queen of the Movies, standing before a very blue American soldier tied to a tree, shielding him from the bullets of a line of very green Mexicans, under the command of a very red villain,

holding a very mauve sword in his very yellow hand, and bidding them to "Fire!" If I was expected to take any part in the thrilling episode that appeared to be going on inside, there was nothing in the chromatic advertising outside to indicate the fact; though I confess I was becoming painfully conscious of certain strong resemblances between my very breathless self and that very blue American trooper tied to the tree.

"Excuse me," said I, addressing the barker, "but is there to be a lecture here to-night?"

"Not so's anybody'd notice it," said he. "These is the movies."

"Well--tell me--is there a lecture course of any kind in this town that you know of?" I asked.

"Sure!" said he. "Miss So-and-So down at the library is runnin' a lecture stunt of some kind this year. You'll find the library on Main Street, opposite the hotel."

Again, late as it was, the skies cleared, and I moved on to the library, completing the circuit of vast numbers of blocks to a point almost opposite the spot I had started from fifteen lifelong minutes before. I arrived in a state of active perspiration and suspended respiration that did not seem to promise much in the way of a successful delivery of my lecture that night. I hoped the Library Auditorium would not prove to be a large one; for in my disorganized condition I did not feel capable of projecting my voice even into the shallows, to say nothing of the sometimes unfathomable depths of endless tiers of seats. And my hope was realized; in fact it was more than realized, for there wasn't any Library Auditorium at all.

The citizens of that town had a library that was devoted rather to good literature than to architectural splendor. Their books were housed in an ordinary shop, or store. It was deep, narrow, and bookishly cozy, and at the far end of it, seated at a generously large table, engaged in knitting, was a charming lady who glanced up from her needles as I approached.

"Pardon my intrusion, madam," I panted, "but can you tell me where I can find Miss So-and-So?"

"I am Miss So-and-So," she replied graciously.

"Well," said I, "I am Mr. Bangs."

Her knitting fell to the floor. "Why--Mr. Bangs!" she replied, with a gasp almost equal to my own. "I am very glad indeed to see you; but what are you doing here?"

"I--I've come to lecture," I said weakly, almost pleadingly.

"To lecture?" she echoed. "_Why, your lecture is not to be until a week from to-night!_"

"Then I am afraid we shall have to get my astral body to work," said I; "for a week from to-night I shall be at Hiawatha, Kansas. How do you propose to have the lecture delivered--by long distance telephone, or parcels post?"

We gazed into each other's eyes for a moment, and then--we both laughed. It seemed the only thing to do.

Gallantry forbids my saying which of us had made the mistake under the terms of the written contract. Suffice it to say that two months later I returned to that good little town, and was received like a conquering hero by an audience that in its cordiality more than compensated me for the distressing effects of an "unlectured lecture."

What promised to be a more serious complication occurred about a month later in Florida, where in pursuance of instructions from my Southern managers I arrived at Daytona on a Monday, to open the flourishing Chautauqua Course, which has become a permanent feature of life at that attractive Southern resort. The seriousness of the situation grew out of the quality of the genius and the nature of the popularity of the other individual involved, who was no less a personage than the Hon. William Jennings Bryan. Any minor star in the platform firmament who comes into collision with the planetary splendor of this Monarch of Modern Loquacity has about as much chance of escaping unscathed as a tallow-dip would have in a passage at arms with the sun itself.

There is no escaping the fact that Mr. Bryan is the idol of the Chautauqua Circuit, and it is equally true that every bit of the success he has achieved therein he has earned many times over. I am not, never have been, and see no possibility of my ever becoming, a devotee of Mr. Bryan's political fortunes; but as a platform speaker he is far and away the most brilliant and likable personality in the public eye to-day. He is an expert in playing upon the emotions of an audience, large or small--preferably large--as ever was Dudley Buck in the manipulation of the keys and stops of an organ, and he can at will strike chords in the human heart as searchingly appealing as any produced by an Elman or a Kreisler on the violin, or a Paderewski at the piano.

The keynotes of his platform work are a seeming sincerity and a magnetic humanness that are irresistible, and no individual who has ever listened to him in matters outside of political controversy, however reluctant to admit his greatness, has failed to fall beneath the winning spell of man, matter, and method. He is an interesting personality, and has a

greater number of points of contact with the general run of humanity than any other public speaker of to-day. It is a stimulating thing to know that in this line of human endeavor he has got his reward in the assured position he holds in a movement at which it is the fashion in some uninformed and cynical quarters to sneer, but which in point of fact has had a supremely awakening effect upon the American people, and for which we are all of us the better off.

"All of which," as a friend of mine once put it after I had expressed myself in similar terms concerning Mr. Bryan, "is some tribute for a narrow-minded, hide-bound, bigoted, old standpat, reactionary, antediluvian Republican to pay to a hated rival!"

I was frankly appalled on arriving at Daytona to find the town placarded from end to end with posters announcing Mr. Bryan's appearance there that evening--my evening, as I had supposed it to be. I did not know exactly what to do. I knew perfectly well what would happen to me if it came to a hand-to-hand contest for possession of the stage. Physically, with Mr. Bryan and myself left to decide the matter for ourselves, after the fashion of a pair of bantam white hopes, I felt that I might have a fairly good chance to win out; for I am not altogether without brawn, and in the matter of handling a pair of boxing gloves am probably quite as expert as the late Secretary of State; but nobody outside of Matteawan would be so blind to commonsense as to expect an audience anywhere either to stand neutral or to indulge in a policy of "watchful waiting" with such a contest going on on the platform.

My first impulse in the circumstances was to get out of town as quickly and as quietly as I could, and forget that there was such a place as Daytona on the map; but a careful scrutiny of my letter of instructions reassured me. The date, according to the supreme managers at Atlanta, was clearly mine, and I decided at least to go down with colors flying. I have never run from my own lithographs, and I saw no reason why I should flee from Mr. Bryan's. I got in touch with the local committee as soon as possible, and soon had at least the solace of companionship in my misery. They were as upset about it as I was.

"But, Mr. Bangs," protested the chairman, almost with tears in his eyes--his voice was full of them--"you aren't due here until to-morrow night."

"I don't see how that can be," I replied unfeelingly. "You know perfectly well that I am not twins, and only twins can appear in two places at once. I am to lecture at Miami to-morrow night."

I handed the gentleman my letter of instructions, confirming my statement. It was all down in black and white.

"It's a perfectly terrible situation," said the chairman, tears even

springing from his brow, "and I'm blest if I know what to do!"

"There is only one of three things to be done," said I. "The first is to let me sit in the audience to-night and listen to Mr. Bryan, collecting my fee on the ground that I have earned it by holding my tongue--which is some job for a man primed with unspoken words. The second is to let Mr. Bryan and myself go out on the platform and indulge in a lecture Marathon, he at one side of the stage, I at the other, talking simultaneously, the one that gets through first to get the gate money. The third and best is for you to telegraph Mr. Bryan and find out direct from him what his understanding is as to the date."

The first or the last of the propositions would have suited me perfectly; for I should have been delighted to listen to Mr. Bryan whether I was paid for it or not--and most assuredly had Mr. Bryan himself laid claim to the date no power on this earth could have lured me into a dispute over its possession. I am too proud of this life to risk its uncertain tenure for the brief glory of an hour on a preëmpted platform.

I am glad to say that before dusk the complication was cleared off; for, the third alternative having been accepted by the committee, Mr. Bryan was caught on the wire, and replied instantly to the effect that he was to lecture that night on some such subject as "The Curse of Wealth" at Palm Beach, where many sufferers from that particular blight are annually gathered together in large numbers. The skies immediately cleared, and I went out that night before a packed house, the unwitting beneficiary of widespread advertising on Mr. Bryan's behalf, and enjoyed myself very much; although as I sped along I could "spot" here and there in the audience individuals who, having come to hear Mr. Bryan, like Rachel weeping for her children, "refused to be comforted."

My only lasting regret was that my contract did not call for the payment to me of fifty per cent. of the boxoffice receipts. I have no doubt there were people there that night who thought, and possibly still think, that I stole that audience. And perhaps I did; but I was no more responsible for the theft than was poor little Oliver Twist, who found himself at unexpected places at unlooked for hours through the efforts of those "higher up." I may add too in all sincerity that if Mr. Bryan himself feels, or felt, in any way aggrieved over what he might call my "unearned increment" in listeners, I will gladly exchange fees with him. I will unhesitatingly, at his request, and by return mail, send him my check for the full amount received by me on that somewhat nervous occasion if he will send me a postoffice order for the amount received by him the evening after.

Embarrassments of a less poignant character frequently arise in the matter of unexpected calls for service, for which the public generally assumes the platform speaker to be necessarily always prepared, but for

which as a matter of fact no amount of preparation could adequately fit any man built on the old-fashioned plan in respect to his nervous organization. One of these affairs came into my experience a decade ago, when, crossing the Atlantic Ocean on that high-rolling ocean greyhound, the _Lucania_, I was drafted by an overzealous committee of arrangements to preside over one of those impromptu entertainments got up on shipboard for the benefit of the widows and orphans of those who go down into the sea in ships. To these more than worthy enterprises gratitude for benefits received has always made me a willing contributor; but to participate in them has ever been a trial. I would rather lecture before the inmates of a deaf and dumb asylum with a sore thumb.

The company aboard a transatlantic liner is always, to say the least, "mixed" in the matter of nationality; and, while one might be willing to "make a stab" at being witty before a gathering all English, all French, all German, or Pan-American, woe be unto him who vaingloriously attacks the risibles of a multitude made up of all these widely varying racial elements! Their standards of humor are as widely divergent as are their several racial strains, and one might as well try to sit on four stools at once with perfect composure as expect to find the "Chair" under such conditions comfortable. One has to acquiesce in such demands, however, or be set down as disagreeable, and when the committee approached me in the matter they received a much readier yes than I really wished to give them.

The night came, and I found myself at the head table in the dining saloon working for dear life to keep the thing going. There was a pretty slim array of talent, and from one end of the program to the other there was nobody to hang a really good joke on, even if I had had one to hang. A chairman can always be facetious at the expense of distinguished people like Chauncey M. Depew, Henry James, or Mr. Caruso, and "get away with it"; but the obscure amateur cannot be handled with brutal impunity. I think I may say truthfully that no man ever worked harder at the pumps of a sinking ship than I did that night. And to make matters worse there was a heavy rolling sea on, and, while I never suffer from seasickness, the combination of motion and nerves made me uncomfortably conscious of an insurgent midst as I forged hopelessly ahead.

Finally, however, there came a rift in the cloud of my despair. A pleasant little cockney ballad singer who was coming over to America for a season in vaudeville volunteered to sing a ballad. It was well sung, and most pathetic. It depicted in dramatic fashion the delirium of an old British veteran, who, as the hour of death approached him, was fighting over again in fancy the battles of his youth. The refrain of the ballad was _Bring me the old Martini, and I shall die in peace!_--referring of course to the rifle that for a period of years up to 1890 had been the official weapon of Tommy Atkins. I made the most of so obvious a lead, and before introducing the next number on the program thanked the singer for his dramatic rendering of so fine a story.

"But, my friends," said I, "that ballad saddens me in more respects than one. I have long believed in international brotherhood. In common with my friend Conan Doyle and others who have advocated the hands stretched across the sea, I have been in sympathetic accord with the idea of universal brotherhood; but now and then certain little things crop up that, insignificant in themselves, show us none the less how radically far apart we really are. This splendid old British warrior calling for his Martini is a case in point, and I am sure my own compatriots here to-night at any rate will realize the vast gulfs of separation that exist between the Britons and ourselves when I ask them what they would bring to a dying American soldier, delirious or otherwise, if he were to call for a Martini."

The point took with the Americans; but the others, charming Frenchmen, delightful Germans, cultivated Englishmen, stared at me in stolid silence, and one or two of them shook their heads as if bewildered. It was a hard situation, and I slammed the rest of the evening through without further attempts at playfulness, retiring to the seclusion that my cabin granted an hour later, resolved never again to serve as presiding elder at a vaudeville show either on land or sea.

I felt almost as solemnly embarrassed as I did one evening in Pennsylvania, later, when my lecture was opened with prayer and I heard a good clergyman begging the Lord to "show His mercy upon the audience gathered here," to "protect them from all suffering, and in His infinite wisdom, if it were His will, to enable the speaker of the evening to rise to his opportunity."

But there was an after result of that Martini jest which more than made up for the depression that followed its failure to strike home. I write of it, however, with some diffidence; for I am convinced that some reader somewhere will observe that the incident is only another variation of Senator Depew's famous tale of the Englishman who wanted to know what really was the matter with the mince pie. As a matter of fact it is the twin brother of that famous anecdote; but, while I am perfectly willing to think the Depew story really happened, I know that mine did, and I therefore record it.

The morning following the impromptu concert I was pacing the deck of the steamer when one of the more distinguished passengers aboard, an English army officer, who occupied at that time, and still holds, an important post in British military circles, stopped me.

"Mr. Bangs," he said, holding out his hand, "I want to thank you for a charming evening last night, and to express my admiration for the delightful way in which you carried off your difficult honors. It was really most interesting."

"Thank you, General," said I. "That is very nice to hear. I thought it fell rather flat."

"Not at all, not at all," he rejoined; "though, to speak quite frankly, there was one of your jests that I--I--I didn't really get. What humor you have, sir, I think I appreciate. During a period of convalescence in the Transvaal somebody sent me a copy of your 'House Boat on the Styx,' and I--I--I found it very amusing; but this joke last night--after the little chap had sung that ballad--about the dying veteran you know--it quite escaped me. Er--_what would they bring an American soldier who called for a Martini?_"

"Well, General," said I, restraining an impulse to be amused, "I might explain, and explain and explain the point to you, giving you a chart in full detail, exploiting the theory of the thing as fully as possible, without satisfactory results. It is a case where an object lesson will demonstrate in a minute what no amount of abstract argument could convey in a year. If you will come with me into the smoking room, I'll show you exactly what nine out of ten people in America would give to a soldier crying aloud for a Martini."

[Illustration: "But what was the point of this little joke last night?"]

We repaired accordingly to the smoking room, and in response to my order the steward shortly placed two misty Martini cocktails before us.

"There you are, General," said I, smiling, "that's what!"

He gazed at the Martinis a moment, and then he fixed his handsome eyes on me. There was a merry twinkle in them, and after he had swallowed the object lesson he leaned over with a broad smile and spoke.

"I am very much afraid, Mr. Bangs," said he, "that that idea you Americans have that we British are sometimes a trifle sluggish in our perception of the subtler points of an American jest, bristling as they often do with latent significance, is not altogether without justification. In order to show you how completely, how fully, I appreciate the excellence of your witticism I would suggest that _we have two more_."

I draw no conclusions of an invidious nature from this little episode; for I recall with pain, and some contrition, an American audience in a prohibition section of one of our Eastern States before whom I had the hardihood to tell that story on a hot summer night three years ago, only one of whose six hundred members saw the point, and he didn't dare laugh for fear that by doing so he might risk his reputation for sobriety--or so he informed me for my consolation later in the evening as he and I zig-zagged together down an ice-covered mountain-road to the railway station in a rattling motor car driven by a chauffeur who had apparently

confounded his own stomach with the gasoline tank.

THE NEED OF MONEY

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *In the Arena*, by Booth Tarkington

Far back in his corner on the Democratic side of the House, Uncle Billy Rollinson sat through the dragging routine of the legislative session, wondering what most of it meant. When anybody spoke to him, in passing, he would answer, in his gentle, timid voice, "Howdy-do, sir." Then his cheeks would grow a little red and he would stroke his long, white beard elaborately, to cover his embarrassment. When a vote was taken, his name was called toward the last of the roll, so that he had ample time, after the leader of his side of the House, young Hurlbut, had voted, to clear his throat several times and say "Aye" or "No" in quite a firm voice. But the instant the word had left his lips he found himself terribly frightened, and stroked his beard a great many times, the while he stared seriously up at the ceiling, partly to avoid meeting anybody's eye, and partly in the belief that it concealed his agitation and gave him the air of knowing what he was about. Usually he did not know, any more than he knew how he had happened to be sent to the legislature by his county. But he liked it. He liked the feeling of being a person to be considered; he liked to think that he was making the laws of his State. He liked the handsome desk and the easy leather chair; he liked the row of fat, expensive volumes, the unlimited stationery, and the free penknives which were furnished him. He enjoyed the attentions of the coloured men in the cloakroom, who brushed him ostentatiously and always called him (and the other Representatives) "Senator," to make up to themselves for the airs which the janitors of the "Upper House" assumed. Most of these things surprised him; he had not expected to be treated with such liberality by the State and never realized that he and his colleagues were treating themselves to all these things at the expense of the people, and so, although he bore off as much note-paper as he could carry, now and then, to send to his son, Henry, he was horrified and dumbfounded when the bill was proposed appropriating $135,000 for the expenses of the seventy days' session of the legislature.

He was surprised to find that among his "perquisites" were passes (good during the session) on all the railroads that entered the State, and others for use on many inter-urban trolley lines. These, he thought, might be gratifying to Henry, who was fond of travel, and had

often been unhappy when his father failed to scrape up enough money to send him to a circus in the next county. It was "very accommodating of the railroads," Uncle Billy thought, to maintain this pleasant custom, because the members' travelling expenses were paid by the State just the same; hence the economical could "draw their mileage" at the Treasurer's office, and add it to their salaries. He heard--only vaguely understanding--many joking references to other ways of adding to salaries.

Most of the members of his party had taken rooms at one of the hotels, whither those who had sought cheaper apartments repaired in the evening, when the place became a noisy and crowded club, admission to which was not by card. Most of the rougher man-to-man lobbying was done here; and at times it was Babel.

Through the crowds Uncle Billy wandered shyly, stroking his beard and saying, "Howdy-do, sir," in his gentle voice, getting out of the way of people who hurried, and in great trouble of mind if any one asked him how he intended to vote upon a bill. When this happened he looked at the interrogator in the plaintive way which was his habit, and answered slowly: "I reckon I'll have to think it over." He was not in Hurlbut's councils.

There was much bustle all about him, but he was not part of it. The newspaper reporters remarked the quiet, inoffensive old figure pottering about aimlessly on the outskirts of the crowd, and thought Uncle Billy as lonely as a man might well be, for he seemed less a part of the political arrangement than any member they had ever seen. He would have looked less lonely and more in place trudging alone through the furrows of his home fields in a wintry twilight.

And yet, everybody liked the old man, Hurlbut in particular, if Uncle Billy had known it; for Hurlbut watched the votes very closely and was often struck by the soundness of Representative Rollinson's intelligence in voting.

In return, Uncle Billy liked Hurlbut better than any other man he had ever known--except Henry, of course. On the first day of the session, when the young leader had been pointed out to him, Uncle Billy's humble soul was prostrate with admiration, and when Hurlbut led the first attack on the monopolistic tendencies of the Republican party, Representative Rollinson, chuckling in his beard at the handsome youth's audacity, himself dared so greatly as to clap his hands aloud. Hurlbut, on the floor, was always a storm centre: tall, dramatic, bold, the members put down their newspapers whenever his strong voice was heard demanding recognition, and his "Mr. Speaker!" was like the first rumble of thunder. The tempest nearly always followed, and there were times when it threatened to become more than vocal; when, all order lost, nine-tenths of the men on the other side

of the House were on their feet shouting jeers and denunciations, and the orator faced them, out-thundering them all, with his own cohorts, flushed and cheering, gathered round him. Then, indeed, Uncle Billy would have thought him a god, if he had known what a god was.

Sometimes Uncle Billy saw him in the hotel lobby, but he seemed always to be making for the elevator in a hurry, with half-a-dozen people trying to detain him, or descending momentarily from the stairway for a quick, sharp talk with one or two members, their heads close together, after which Hurlbut would dart upward again.

Sometimes the old man sat down at one of the writing tables, in a corner of the lobby, and, annexing a sheet of the hotel note-paper, "wrote home" to Henry. He sat with his head bent far over, the broad brim of his felt hat now and then touching the hand with which he kept the paper from sliding; and he pressed diligently upon his pen, usually breaking it before the letter was finished. He looked so like a man intent upon concealment that the reporters were wont to say: "There's Uncle Billy humped up over his guilty secret again."

The secret usually took this form:

"Dear Son Henry:

"I would be glad if you was here. There is big doings. Hurlbut give it to them to-day. He don't give the Republicans no rest, he lights into them like sixty you would like to see him. They are plenty nice fellows in the Republicans too but they lay mighty low when Hurlbut gets after them. He was just in the office but went out. He always has a segar in his mouth but not lit. I expect hes quit. I send you enclosed last week's salary all but $11.80 which I had to use as living is pretty high in our capital city of the state. If you would like some of this hotel writing paper better than the kind I sent you of the General Assembly I can send you some the boys say it is free. I think it is all right you sold the calf but Wilkes didn't give you good price. Hurlbut come in while I was writing then. You bet he can always count on Wm. Rollinson's vote.

"Well I must draw to a dose, Yours truly

"Your father."

"Wm. Rollinson" was not aware that he was known to his colleagues and the lobby and the Press as "Uncle Billy" until informed thereof by a public print. He stood, one night, on the edge of a laughing group, when a reporter turned to him and said:

"The _Constellation_ would like to know Representative Rollinson's opinion of the scandalous story that has just been told."

The old man, who had not in the least understood the story, summoned all his faculties, and, after long deliberation, bent his plaintive eyes upon the youth and replied:

"Well, sir, it's a-stonishing, a-stonishing!"

"Think it's pretty bad, do you?"

Some of the crowd turned to listen, and the old fellow, hopelessly puzzled, stroked his beard with a trembling hand, and then, muttering, "Well, young man, I expect you better excuse me," hurried away and left the place. The next morning he found the following item tacked to the tail of the "Legislative Gossip" column of the _Constellation_:

"UNCLE BILLY ROLLINSON HORRIFIED

"Yesterday a curious and amusing story was current among the solons at the Nagmore Hotel. It seems that the wife of a country member of the last legislature had been spending the day at the hotel and the wife of a present member from the country complained to her of the greatly increased expenditure appertaining to the cost of living in the Capital City. 'Indeed,' replied the wife of the former member, 'that is curious. But I suppose my husband is much more economical than yours, for he brought home $1.500, that he'd saved out of his salary.' As the salary is only $456, and the gentleman in question did not play poker, much hilarity was indulged in, and there were conjectures that the economy referred to concerned his vote upon a certain bill before the last session, anent which the lobby pushing it were far from economical. Uncle Billy Rollinson, the Gentleman from Wixinockee, heard the story, as it passed from mouth to mouth, but he had no laughter to greet it. Uncle Billy, as every one who comes in contact with him knows, is as honest as the day is long, and the story grieved and shocked him. He expressed the utmost horror and consternation, and requested to be excused from speaking further upon a subject so repugnant to his feelings. If there were more men of this stamp in politics, who find corruption revolting instead of amusing, our legislatures would enjoy a better fame."

Uncle Billy had always been agitated by the sight of his name in print. Even in the Wixinockee County _Clarion_, it dumbfounded him and gave him a strange feeling that it must mean somebody else, but this sudden blaze of metropolitan fame made him almost giddy. He folded the paper quickly and placed it under his coat, feeling vaguely that it would not do to be seen reading it. He murmured feeble answers

during the day, when some of his colleagues referred to it; but when he reached his own little room that evening, he spread it out under his oil-smelling lamp and read it again. Perhaps he read it twenty times over before the supper bell rang. Perhaps the fact that he was still intent upon it accounted for his not hearing the bell, so that his landlady had to call him.

What he liked was the phrase: "Honest as the day is long." He did not go to the hotel that night. He went back to his room and read the _Constellation_. He liked the _Constellation_. Newspapers were very kind, he thought. Now and then, he would pick up his pile of legislative bills and try to spell through the ponderous sentences, but he always gave it up and went back to the _Constellation_. He wondered if Hurlbut had read it. Hurlbut had. The leader had even told the author of the item that he was glad somebody could appreciate the kind of a man Uncle Billy was, and his value to the body politic.

"Honest as the day is long," Uncle Billy repeated to himself, in the little room, nodding his head gravely. Then he thought for a long while about the member who had, according to the story, gone home with $1,500. He sat up, that evening, until almost ten o'clock. Even after he had gone to bed, he lay awake with his eyes wide open in the darkness, thinking of the colossal sum. If anybody should come to _him_ and offer him all that money to vote a certain way upon a bill, he believed he would not take it, for that would be bribery; though Henry would be glad to have the money. Henry always needed money; sometimes the need was imperative--once, indeed, so imperative that the small, unfertile farm had been mortgaged beyond its value, otherwise very serious things must have happened to Henry. Uncle Billy wondered how offers of money to members were refused without hurting the intending donor's feelings. And what a great deal could be done with $1,500, if a member could get it and still be as honest as the day is long!

About the second month of the session the floor of the House began steadily to grow more and more tumultuous. To an unpolitical onlooker, leaning over the gallery rail, it was often an incomprehensible Bedlam, or perhaps one might have been reminded of an ant-heap by the hurry-and-scurry and life-and-death haste in a hundred directions at once, quite without any distinguishable purpose. Twenty men might be rampaging up and down the aisles, all shouting, some of them furiously, others with a determination that was deadly, all with arms waving at the Speaker, some of the hands clenched, some of them fluttering documents, while pages ran everywhere in mad haste, stumbling and falling in the aisles. In the midst of this, other members, seated, wrote studiously; others mildly read newspapers; others lounged, half-standing against their desks, unlighted cigars in their mouths, laughing; all the while the patient Speaker tapped with his gavel on a small square of marble. Suddenly perfect calm would

come and the voice of the reading clerk drone for half an hour or more, like a single bee in a country garden on Sunday morning.

Of all this Uncle Billy was as much a layman spectator as any tramp who crept into the gallery for a few hours out of the cold. The hurry and seethe of the racing sea touched him not at all, except to bewilderment, while he was carried with it, unknowing, toward the breakers. The shout of those breakers was already in the ears of many, for the crisis of the session was coming. This was the fight that was to be made on Hurlbut's "Railroad Bill," which was, indeed, but in another sense, known as the "Breaker."

Uncle Billy had heard of the "Breaker." He couldn't have helped that. He had heard a dozen say: "Then's when it's going to be warm times, when that 'Breaker' comes up!" or, "Look out for that 'Breaker.' We're going to have big trouble." He knew, too, that Hurlbut was interested in the "Breaker," but upon which side he was for a long time ignorant.

* * * * *

Hurlbut always nodded to the old man, now, as he came down the aisle to his own desk. He had begun that, the day after the _Constellation_ item. Uncle Billy never failed to be in his seat early in the morning, waiting for the nod. He answered it with his usual "Howdy-do, sir," then stroked his beard and gazed profoundly at the row of fat volumes in front of him, swallowing painfully once or twice.

This was all that really happened for Uncle Billy during the turmoil and scramble that went on about him all the day long. He had not been forced to discover a way to meet an offer of $1,500, without hurting the putative giver's feelings. No lobbyist had the faintest idea of "approaching" the old man in that way. The members and the hordes of camp-followers and all the lobby had settled into a belief that Representative Rollinson was a sea-green Incorruptible, that of all honest members he was the most honest. He had become typical of honesty: sayings were current--"You might as well try to bribe Uncle Billy Rollinson!" "As honest as old Uncle Billy Rollinson." Hurlbut often used such phrases in private.

The "Breaker" was Hurlbut's own bill; he had planned it and written it, though it came over to the House from the Senate under a Senator's name. It was one of those "anti-monopolistic" measures which Democrats put their whole hearts into, sometimes, and believe in and fight for magnificently; an idea conceived in honesty and for a beneficent purpose, in the belief that a legislature by the wave of a hand can conjure the millennium to appear; and born out of an utter misconception of man and railroads. The bill needs no farther description than this: if it passed and became an enforced law, the

dividends of every rail road entering the State would be reduced by two-fifths. There is one thing that will fight harder than a Democrat--that is a railroad.

The "Breaker" had been kept very dark until Hurlbut felt that he was ready; then it was swept through the Senate before the railroad lobby, previously lulled into unsuspicion, could collect itself and block it. This was as Hurlbut had planned: that the fight should be in his own House. It was the bill of his heart and he set his reputation upon it. He needed fifty-one votes to pass it, and he had them, and one to spare; for he took his followers, who formed the majority, into caucus upon it. It was in the caucus Uncle Billy learned that Hurlbut was "for" the bill. He watched the leader with humble, wavering eyes, thinking how strong and clear his voice was, and wondering if he never lit the cigar he always carried in his hand, or if he ever got into trouble, like Henry, being a young man. If he did, Uncle Billy would have liked the chance to help him out.

He had plenty of such chances with Henry; indeed, the opportunity may be said to have become unintermittent, and Uncle Billy was never free from a dim fear of the day when his son would get in so deeply that he could not get him out. Verily, the day seemed near at hand: Henry's letters were growing desperate and the old man walked the floor of his little room at night, more and more hopeless. Once or twice, even as he sat at his desk in the House, his eyes became so watery that he forced himself into long spells of coughing, to account for it, in case any one might be noticing him.

The caucus was uneventful and quiet, for it had all been talked over, and was no more than a matter of form.

The Republicans did not caucus upon the bill (they had reasons), but they were solidly against it. Naturally it follows that the assault of the railroad lobby had to be made upon the virtue of the Democrats _as_ Democrats. That is, whether a member upon the majority side cared about the bill for its own sake of not, right or wrong, he felt it his duty as a Democrat to vote for it. If he had a conscience higher than a political conscience, and believed the bill was bad, his duty was to "bolt the caucus"; but all of the Democratic side believed in the righteousness of the bill, except two. One had already been bought and the other was Uncle Billy, who knew nothing about it, except that Hurlbut was "for" it and it seemed to be making a "big stir."

The man who had been bought sat not far from Uncle Billy. He was a furtive, untidy slouch of a man, formerly a Republican; he had a great capacity for "handling the coloured vote" and his name was Pixley. Hurlbut mistrusted him; the young man had that instinct, which good leaders need, for feeling the weak places in his following; and

he had the leader's way, too, of ever bracing up the weakness and fortifying it; so he stopped, four or five times a day, at Pixley's desk, urging the necessity of standing fast for the "Breaker," and expressing convictions as to the political future of a Democrat who should fail to vote for it; to which Pixley assented in his husky, tough-ward voice.

All day long now, Hurlbut and his lieutenants, disregarding the routine of bills, went up and down the lines, fending off the lobbyists and such Republicans as were working openly for the bill. They encouraged and threatened and never let themselves be too confident of their seeming strength. Some of those who were known, or guessed, to be of the "weaker brethren" were not left to themselves for half an hour at a time, from their breakfasts until they went to bed. There was always at elbow the "_Hold fast_!" whisper of Hurlbut and his lieutenants. None of them ever thought of speaking to Uncle Billy.

Hurlbut's "work was cut out for him," as they said. What work it is to keep every one of fifty men honest under great temptation for three weeks (which time it took for the hampered and filibustered bill to come up for its passage or defeat), is known to those who have tried to do it. The railroads were outraged and incensed by the measure; they sincerely believed it to be monstrous and thievish. "Let the legislature try to confiscate two-fifths of the lawyers', or the bakers', or the ironmoulders', just earnings," said they, "and see what will happen!"

When such a bill as this comes to the floor for the third time the fight is already over, oratory is futile; and Cicero could not budge a vote. The railroads were forced to fight as best they could; this was the old way that they have learned is most effective in such a case. Votes could not be had to "oblige a friend" on the "Breaker" bill; nor could they be procured by arguments to prove the bill unjust. In brief: the railroad lobby had no need to buy Republican votes (with the exception of the one or two who charged out of habit whenever legislation concerned corporations), for the Republicans were against the bill, but they did mortally need to buy two Democratic votes, and were willing to pay handsomely for them. Nevertheless, Mr. Pixley's price was not exorbitant, considering the situation; nor need he have congratulated himself so heartily as he did (in moments of retirement from public life) upon his prospective $2,000 (when the goods should be delivered) since his vote was assisting the railroads to save many million dollars a year.

Of course the lobby attacked the bill noisily; there were big guns going all day long; but those in charge knew perfectly well that the noise accomplished nothing in itself. It was used to cover the whispering. Still, Hurlbut held his line firm and the bill passed its

second reading with fifty-two votes, Mr. Pixley being directed by his owners to vote for it on that occasion.

As time went on the lobby began to grow desperate; even Pixley had been consulted upon his opinion by Barrett, the young lawyer through whom negotiations in his case had been conducted. Pixley suggested the name of Rollinson and Barrett dismissed this counsel with as much disgust for Pixley's stupidity as he had for the man's person. (One likes a _dog_ when he buys him.)

"But why not?" Pixley had whined as he reached the door. "Uncle Billy ain't so much! You listen to me. He wouldn't take it out-an'-out--I don't say as he would. But you needn't work that way. Everybody thinks it's no use to tackle him--but nobody never _tried_! What's he _done_ to make you scared of him? _Nothing_! Jest set there and _looked_!"

After he had gone the fellow's words came back to Barrett: "Nobody never tried!" And then, to satisfy his conscience that he was leaving no stone unturned, yet laughing at the uselessness of it, he wrote a letter to a confidant of his, formerly a colleague in the lobby, who lived in the county-seat near which Uncle Billy's mortgaged acres lay. The answer came the night after the second vote on the "Breaker."

"Dear Barrett:

"I agree with your grafter. I don't believe Rollinson would be hard to approach if it were done with tact--of course you don't want to tackle him the way you would a swine like Pixley. A good many people around here always thought the old man simple-minded. He was given the nomination almost in joke--nobody else wanted it, because they all thought the Republicans had a sure thing of it; but Rollinson slid in on the general Democratic landslide in this district. He's got one son, a worthless pup, Henry, a sort of yokel Don Juan, always half drunk when his father has any money to give him, and just smart enough to keep the old man mesmerized. Lately Henry's been in a mighty serious peck of trouble. Last fall he got married to a girl here in town. Three weeks ago a family named Johnson, the most shiftless in the county, the real low-down white trash sort, living on a truck patch out Rollinson's way, heard that Henry was on a toot in town, spending money freely, and they went after him. A client of mine rents their ground to them and told me all about it. It seems they claim that one of the daughters in the Johnson family was Henry's common-law wife before he married the other girl, and it's more than likely they can prove it. They are hollering for $600, and if Henry doesn't raise it mighty quick they swear they'll get him sent over the road for bigamy. I think the old man would sell his soul to keep his boy out of the penitentiary and he's at his wits' ends; he hasn't anything to

raise the money on and he's up against it. He'll do any thing on earth for Henry. Hope this'll be of some service to you, and if there's anything more I can do about it you better call me up on the long distance.

"Yours faithfully,

"J. P. WATSON.

"P.S.--You might mention to our old boss that I don't want anything if services are needed; but a pass for self and family to New York and return would come in handy."

Barrett telegraphed an answer at once: "If it goes you can have annual for yourself and family. Will call you up at two sharp to-morrow."

* * * * *

It was late the following night when the lobbyist concluded his interview with Representative Rollinson, in the latter's little room, half lighted by the oil-smelling lamp.

"I knew you would understand, Mr. Rollinson," said Barrett as he rose to go. His eyes danced and his jaws set with the thought that had been jubilant within him for the last half-hour: "We've got 'em! We've got 'em! We've got 'em!" The railroads had defended their own again.

"Of course," he went on, "we wouldn't have dreamed of coming to you and asking you to vote against this outrageous bill if we thought for a minute that you had any real belief in it or considered it a good bill. But you say, yourself, your only feeling about it was to oblige Mr. Hurlbut, and you admit, too, that you've voted his way on every other bill of the session. Surely, as I've already said so many times, you don't think he'd be so unreasonable as to be angry with you for differing with him on the merits of only one! No, no, Hurlbut's a very sensible fellow about such matters. You don't need to worry about _that_! After all I've said, surely you won't give it another thought, will you?"

Uncle Billy sat in the shadow, bent far over, slowly twisting his thin, corded hands, the fingers tightly interlocked. It was a long time before he spoke, and his interlocutor had to urge him again before he answered, in his gentle, quavering voice.

"No, I reckon not, if you say so."

"Certainly not," said Barrett briskly. "Why of course, we'd never have thought of making you a money offer to vote either for or against your

principles. Not much! We don't do business that way! We simply want to do something for you. We've wanted to, all during the session, but the opportunity hadn't offered until I happened to hear your son was in trouble."

Out of the shadow came a long, tremulous sigh. There was a moment's pause; then Uncle Billy's head sank slowly lower and rested on his hands.

"You see," the other continued cheerfully, "we make no conditions, none in the world. We feel friendly to you and want to oblige you, but of course we do think you ought to show a little good-will towards _us_. I believe it's all understood: to-morrow night Mr. Watson will drive out in his buggy to this Johnson place, and he's empowered by us to settle the whole business and obtain a written statement from the family that they have no claim on your son. How he will settle it is neither your affair nor mine; nor whether it costs money or not. But he _will_ settle it. We do that out of good-will to you, as long as we feel as friendly to you as we do now, and all we ask is that you show your good-will to us."

It was plain, even to Uncle Billy, that if he voted against Mr. Barrett's friends in the afternoon those friends might not feel so much good-will toward him in the evening as they did now: and Mr. Watson might not go to the trouble of hitching up his buggy to drive out to the Johnsons'.

"You see, it's all out of friendship," said Barrett, his hand on the door knob. "And we can count on your's to-morrow, can't we--absolutely?"

The grey head sank a little lower, and then after a moment the quavering voice answered:

"Yes, sir--I'll be friendly."

Before morning, Hurlbut lost another vote. One of his best men left on a night train for the bedside of his dying wife. This meant that the "Breaker" needed every one of the fifty-one remaining Democratic votes in order to pass. Hurlbut more than distrusted Pixley, yet he felt sure of the other fifty, and if, upon the reading of the bill, Pixley proved false, the bill would not be lost, since there would be a majority of votes in its favour, though not the constitutional majority of fifty-one required for its passage, and it could be brought up again and carried when the absent man returned. Thus, on the chance that Pixley had withstood tampering, Hurlbut made no effort to prevent the bill from coming to the floor in its regular order in the afternoon, feeling that it could not possibly be killed by a majority against it, for he trusted his fifty, now, as strongly as he

distrusted Pixley.

And so the roll-call on the "Breaker" began, rather quietly, though there was no man's face in the hall that was not set to show the tensity of high-strung nerves. The great crowd that had gathered and choked the galleries and the floor beyond the bar, and the Senators who had left their own chamber to watch the bill in the House, all began to feel disappointed; for nothing happened until Pixley's name was called.

Pixley voted "No!"

Uncle Billy, sitting far down in his leather chair on the small of his back, heard the outburst of shouting that followed; but he could not see Pixley, for the traitor was instantly surrounded by a ring of men, and all that was visible from where he sat was their backs and upraised, gesticulating hands. Uncle Billy began to tremble violently; he had not calculated on this; but surely such things would not happen to _him_!

The Speaker's gavel clicked through the uproar and the roll-call proceeded.

The clerk reached the name of Rollinson. Uncle Billy swallowed, threw a pale look about him and wrapped his damp hands in the skirts of his shiny old coat, as if to warm them. For a moment he could not answer. People turned to look at him.

"Rollinson!" shouted the clerk again.

"No," said Uncle Billy.

Immediately he saw above him and all about him a blur of men's faces and figures risen to their feet, he heard a hundred voices say breathlessly: "_What_!" and one that said: "My God, that kills the bill!"

Then a horrible and incredible storm burst upon him, and he who had sat all the session shrinking unnoticed in his quiet, back seat, unnerved when a colleague asked the simplest question, found himself the centre and point of attack in the wildest mêlée that legislature ever saw. A dozen men, red, frantic, with upraised arms, came at him, Hurlbut the first of them. But the lobby was there, too; for it was not part of its calculations that the old man should be frightened into changing his vote.

There need have been no fear of that. Uncle Billy was beyond the power of speech. The lobby's agents swarmed on the floor, and, with half-a-dozen hysterically laughing Republicans, met the onset of

Hurlbut and his men. It became a riot immediately. Sane men were swept up in it to be as mad as the rest, while the galleries screamed and shouted. All round the old man the fury was greatest; his head sank over his desk and rested on his hands as it had the night before; for he dared not lift it to see the avalanche he had loosed upon himself. He would have liked to stop his ears to shut out the egregious clamour of cursing and yelling that beset him, as his bent head kept the glazed eyes from seeing the impossible vision of the attack that strove to reach him. He remembered awful dreams that were like this; and now, as then, he shuddered in a cold sweat, being as one who would draw the covers over his head to shelter him from horrors in great darkness. As Uncle Billy felt, so might a naked soul feel at the judgment day, tossed alone into the pit with all the myriads of eyes in the universe fastened on its sins.

He was pressed and jostled by his defenders; once a man's shoulders were bent back down over his own and he was crushed against the desk until his ribs ached; voices thundered and wailed at him, threatening, imploring, cursing, cajoling, raving.

Smaller groups were struggling and shouting in every part of the room, the distracted sergeants-at-arms roaring and wrestling with the rest. On the high dais the Speaker, white but imperturbable, having broken his gavel, beat steadily with the handle of an umbrella upon the square of marble on his desk. Fifteen or twenty members, raging dementedly, were beneath him, about the clerk's desk and on the steps leading up to his chair, each howling hoarsely:

"A point of _order_! A point of _or-der_!"

When the semblance of order came at last, the roll was finished, "reconsidered," the "Breaker" was beaten, 50 to 49, was dead; and Uncle Billy Rollinson was creeping down the outer steps of the Statehouse in the cold February slush and rain.

He was glad to be out of the nightmare, though it seemed still upon him, the horrible clamours, all gonging and blaring at _him_; the red, maddened faces, the clenched fists, the open mouths, all raging at _him_--all the ruck and uproar swam about the dazed old man as he made his slow, unseeing way through the wet streets.

He was too late for dinner at his dingy boarding house, having wandered far, and he found himself in his room without knowing very well how he had come there, indeed, scarcely more than half-conscious that he _was_ there. He sat, for a long time, in the dark. After a while he mechanically lit the lamp, sat again to stare at it, then, finding his eyes watering, he turned from it with an incoherent whimper, as if it had been a person from whom he would conceal the fact that he was weeping. He leaned his arm, against the window sill

and dried his eyes on the shiny sleeve.

An hour later, there came a hard, imperative knock on the door. Uncle Billy raised his head and said gently:

"Come in."

He rose to his feet uncertain, aghast, when he saw who his visitor was. It was Hurlbut.

The young man confronted him darkly, for a moment, in silence. He was dripping with rain; his hat, unremoved, shaded lank black locks over a white face; his nostrils were wide with wrath; the "dry cigar" wagged between gritting teeth.

"Will ye take a chair?" faltered Uncle Billy.

The room rang to the loud answer of the other: "I'd see you in Hell before I'd sit in a chair of yours!"

He raised an arm, straight as a rod, to point at the old man. "Rollinson," he said, "I've come here to tell you what I think of you! I've never done that in my life before, because I never thought any man worth it. I do it because I need the luxury of it--because I'm sick of myself not to have had gumption enough to see what you were all the time and have you watched!"

Uncle Billy was stung to a moment's life. "Look here," he quavered, "you hadn't ought to talk that way to me. There ain't a cent of money passed my fingers--"

Hurlbut's bitter laugh cut him short. "_No?_ Don't you suppose _I know_ how it was done? Do you suppose there's a man in the whole Assembly doesn't know how you were sold? I had it by the long distance an hour ago, from your own home. Do you suppose _we_ have no friends there, or that it was hard to find out about the whole dirty business? Your son's not going to stand trial for bigamy; that was the price you charged for killing the bill. You and Pixley are the only men whom they could buy with all their millions! Oh, I know a dozen men who could be bought on other issues, but not on _this_! You and Pixley stand alone. Well, you've broken the caucus and you've betrayed the Democratic party. I've come to tell you that the party doesn't want you any more. You are out of it, do you hear? We don't want even to use you!"

The old man had sunk back into his chair, stricken white, his hands fluttering helplessly. "I didn't go to hurt your feelings, Mr. Hurlbut," he said. "I never knowed how it would be, but I don't think you ought to say I done anything dishonest. I just felt kind of

friendly to the railroads--"

The leader's laugh cut him off again. "Friendly! Yes, that's what you were! Well, you can go back to your friends; you'll need them!--Mother in Heaven! How you fooled us! We thought you were the straightest man and the staunchest Democrat--"

"I b'en a Democrat all my life, Mr. Hurlbut. I voted fer--"

"Well, you're a Democrat no longer. You're done for, do you understand? And we're done with you!"

"You mean," the old man's voice shook almost beyond control; "you mean you're tryin' to read me out of the party?"

"Trying to!" Hurlbut turned to the door. "You're out! It's done. You can thank God that your 'friends' did their work so well that we can't prove what we know. On my soul, you dog, if we could I believe some of the boys would send you over the road."

An hour after he had gone, Uncle Billy roused himself from his stupor, and the astonished landlady heard his shuffling step on the stair. She followed him softly and curiously to the front door, and watched him. He was bare-headed but had not far to go. The night-flare of the cheap, all-night saloon across the sodden street silhouetted the stooping figure for a moment and then the swinging doors shut the old man from her view. She returned to her parlour and sat waiting for his return until she fell asleep in her chair. She awoke at two o'clock, went to his room, and was aghast to find it still vacant.

"The Lord have mercy on us all!" she cried aloud. "To think that old rascal'd go out on a spree! He'd better of stayed in the country where he belonged."

It was the next morning that the House received a shock which loosed another riot, but one of a kind different from that which greeted Representative Rollinson's vote on the "Breaker." The reading-clerk had sung his way through an inconsequent bill; most of the members were buried in newspapers, gossiping, idling, or smoking in the lobbies, when a loud, cracked voice was heard shrilly demanding recognition.

"Mr. Speaker!" Every one turned with a start. There was Uncle Billy, on his feet, violently waving his hands at the Speaker. "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker!" His dress was disordered and muddy; his eyes shone with a fierce, absurd, liquorish light; and with each syllable that he uttered his beard wagged to an unspeakable effect of comedy. He offered the most grotesque spectacle ever seen in that hall--a notable distinction.

For a moment the House sat in paralytic astonishment. Then came an awed whisper from a Republican: "Has the old fool really found his voice?"

"No, he's drunk," said a neighbour. "I guess he can afford it, after his vote yesterday!"

"Mister Speaker! _Mister_ Speaker!"

The cracked voice startled the lobbies. The hangers-on, the typewriters, the janitors, the smoking members came pouring into the chamber and stood, transfixed and open-mouthed.

"_Mister Speaker_!"

Then the place rocked with the gust of laughter and ironical cheering that swept over the Assembly, Members climbed upon their chairs and on desks, waving handkerchiefs, sheets of foolscap, and waste-baskets. "Hear 'im! _He-ear_ 'im!" rang the derisive cry.

The Speaker yielded in the same spirit and said:

"The Gentleman from Wixinockee."

A semi-quiet followed and the cracked voice rose defiantly:

"That's who I am! I'm the Gentleman from Wixinockee an' I stan' here to defen' the principles of the Democratic party!"

The Democrats responded with violent hootings, supplemented by cheers of approval from the Republicans. The high voice out-shrieked them all: "Once a Democrat, always a Democrat! I voted Dem'cratic tick't forty year, born a Democrat an' die a Democrat. Fellow sizzens, I want to say to you right here an' now that principles of Dem'cratic party saved this country a hun'erd times from Republican mal-'diministration an' degerdation! Lemme tell you this: you kin take my life away but you can't say I don' stan' by Dem'cratic party, mos' glorious party of Douglas an' Tilden, Hen'ricks, Henry Clay, an' George Washin'ton. I say to you they _hain't_ no other party an' I'm member of it till death an' Hell an' f'rever after, so help me _God_!"

He smote the desk beside him with the back of his hand, using all his strength, skinning his knuckles so that the blood dripped from them, unnoticed. He waved both arms continually, bending his body almost double and straightening up again, in crucial efforts for emphasis. All the old jingo platitudes that he had learned from campaign speakers throughout his life, the nonsense and brag and blat, the cheap phrases, all the empty balderdash of the platform, rushed to

his incoherent lips.

The lord of misrule reigned at the end of each sentence, as the members sprang again upon the chairs and desks, roaring, waving, purple with laughter. The Speaker leaned back exhausted in his chair and let the gavel rest. Spectators, pages, galleries whooped and howled with the members. Finally the climax came.

"I want to say to you just this _here_," shrilled the cracked voice, "an' you can tell the Republican party that I said so, tell 'em straight from _me_, an' I hain't goin' back on it; I reckon they know who I am, too; I'm a man that's honest--I'm as honest as the day is long, I am--as honest as the day is long--"

He was interrupted by a loud voice. "_Yes_," it cried, "_when that day is the twenty-first of December!_"

That let pandemonium loose again, wilder, madder than before. A member threw a pamphlet at Uncle Billy. In a moment the air was thick with a Brobdingnagian snow-storm: pamphlets, huge wads of foolscap, bills, books, newspapers, waste-baskets went flying at the grotesque target from every quarter of the room. Members "rushed" the old man, hooting, cheering; he was tossed about, half thrown down, bruised, but, clamorous over all other clamours, jumping up and down to shriek over the heads of those who hustled him, his hands waving frantically in the air, his long beard wagging absurdly, still desperately vociferating his Democracy and his honesty.

That was only the beginning. He had, indeed, "found his voice"; for he seldom went now to the boarding-house for his meals, but patronized the free-lunch counter and other allurements of the establishment across the way. Every day he rose in the House to speak, never failing to reach the assertion that he was "as honest as the day is long," which was always greeted in the same way.

For a time he was one of the jokes that lightened the tedious business of law-making, and the members looked forward to his "_Mis-ter Speaker_" as schoolboys look forward to recess. But, after a week, the novelty was gone.

The old man became a bore. The Speaker refused to recognize him, and grew weary of the persistent shrilling. The day came when Uncle Billy was forcibly put into his seat by a disgusted sergeant-at-arms. He was half drunk (as he had come to be most of the time), but this humiliation seemed to pierce the alcoholic vapours that surrounded his always feeble intelligence. He put his hands up to his face and cried like a whimpering child. Then he shuffled out and went back to the saloon. He soon acquired the habit of leaving his seat in the House vacant; he was no longer allowed to make speeches there; he made them

in the saloon, to the amusement of the loafers and roughs who infested it. They badgered him, but they let him harangue them, and applauded his rhodomontades.

Hurlbut, passing the place one night at the end of the session, heard the quavering, drunken voice, and paused in the darkness to listen.

"I tell you, fellow-countrymen, I've voted Dem'cratic tick't forty year, live a Dem'crat, die a Dem'crat! An' I'm's honest as day is long!"

* * * * *

It was five years after that session, when Hurlbut, now in the national Congress, was called to the district in which Wixinockee lies, to assist his hard-pressed brethren in a campaign. He was driving, one afternoon, to a political meeting in the country, when a recollection came to him and he turned to the committee chairman, who accompanied him, and said:

"Didn't Uncle Billy Rollinson live somewhere near here?"

"Why, yes. You knew him in the legislature, didn't you?"

"A little. Where is he now?"

"Just up ahead here. I'll show you."

They reached the gate of a small, unkempt, weedy graveyard and stopped.

"The inscription on the head-board is more or less amusing," said the chairman, as he got out of the buggy, "considering that he was thought to be pretty crooked, and I seem to remember that he was 'read out of the party,' too. But he wrote the inscription himself, on his death-bed, and his son put it there."

There was a sparse crop of brown grass growing on the grave to which he led his companion. A cracked wooden head-board, already tilting rakishly, marked Henry's devotion. It had been white-washed and the inscription done in black letters, now partly washed away by the rain, but still legible:

HERE LIES THE MORTAL REMAINS OF WILLIAM ROLLINSON A LIFE-LONG DEMOCRAT AND A MAN AS HONEST AS THE DAY IS LONG

The chairman laughed. "Don't that beat thunder? You knew his record in the legislature didn't you?"

"Yes."

"He _was_ as crooked as they say he was, wasn't he?"

Hurlbut had grown much older in five years, and he was in Congress. He was climbing the ladder, and, to hold the position he had gained, and to insure his continued climbing, he had made some sacrifices within himself by obliging his friends--sacrifices which he did not name.

"I could hardly say," he answered gently, his down-bent eyes fastened on the sparse, brown grass. "It's not for us to judge too much. I believe, maybe, that if he could hear me now, I'd ask his pardon for some things I said to him once."

Recipes from The Project Gutenberg eBook, *Allied Cookery*, by Grace Glergue Harrison and Gertrude Clergue

MUSHROOM SOUP

(French)

Three-quarters lb. of fresh mushrooms, 1 cup of water, 2 tablespoons of butter, 2 tablespoons of flour, 4 cups of scalded milk, 1/2 cup of cream, a few gratings of nutmeg, salt, and pepper.

Put the mushrooms in a stew-pan with 1 tablespoon of butter, a few gratings of nutmeg, salt, and pepper, and 1 cup of water; cook over a good fire 20 minutes, then pass through a coarse sieve. Cream 1 tablespoon of butter with 2 tablespoons of flour, add this to 4 cups of scalded milk. When this thickens to a thin cream, add the mushrooms; just before serving add 1/2 cup of cream.

MOUSSELINE OF FISH

One lb. of raw halibut chopped very finely (any firm white fish can be used).

Mix the whites of 4 eggs beaten stiff, 1 cup of bread-crumbs, very fine, 1 cup of cream, 1/4 lb. of almonds cut in fine strips, a pinch of mace, a little bit of onion juice or, if preferred, 1/4 teaspoonful of lemon-juice, salt and pepper. Steam in a mould or bake in a pan of water or in individual moulds for three-quarters of an hour. Serve with a rich cream, or mushroom, or lobster sauce.

This is good cold in summer with a cucumber sauce or light mayonnaise.

MACARONI PIE

(Italian)

Three-quarters lb. of cold beef, or mutton, 1/2 an onion, 3 or 4 tomatoes, 1/4 lb. of macaroni, bread-crumbs, grated cheese, stock, salt, pepper, nutmeg.

Cut the beef or mutton into thin slices, peel the onion and slice it thinly, slice the tomatoes, and boil the macaroni in slightly salted water until tender. Cool and drain the macaroni, and cut it up into small pieces. Line a buttered baking-dish with macaroni, and arrange the meat, onion, and tomato slices in layers on the baking-dish. Season with salt, pepper, and nutmeg, pour over a little stock, and cover the top with macaroni. Sprinkle over some bread-crumbs, and grated cheese, and bake for about 20 minutes in a hot oven.

MOSKVA CHEESECAKES

Line tartlet moulds with short paste. Take 2 tablespoons of thick white sauce, well seasoned, add a good pinch of cayenne pepper, bring it to a boil, add 2 yolks of eggs, 4 tablespoons of grated cheese. Again bring to a boil and remove from the fire, add 1 white of egg beaten stiff. Fill the tartlet moulds with this mixture, put in a hot oven for 10 minutes, serve immediately.

MUSTARD SAUCE

Two tablespoons of butter, 1-1/2 tablespoons of flour, 1 cup of scalded milk, 1/4 teaspoon of salt, 1/2 teaspoon of mustard, 1/2 teaspoon of vinegar.

Blend the butter and flour in a saucepan and pour on the milk little by little, then add the salt, mustard, and vinegar.

A spoonful of mixed capers is sometimes added.

MARRONS GLACÉS

Put the chestnuts on the fire in cold water, boil 5 minutes, take them out, and while hot strip them of their outer and inner skins. Put them in a big saucepan containing a syrup of the proportion of 1/2 lb. of sugar to 1 quart water and 1 teaspoonful of butter, when they come to the boiling point remove to the back of the stove. Use a large quantity of the syrup to the quantity of chestnuts. This syrup should diminish

very slowly. When it has become very thick take out the chestnuts and drain them, add a little vanilla to the syrup. Now pour boiling water over the chestnuts to remove the syrup which covers them. Dry them well. Beat the thick syrup until it is opaque, then roll the dry chestnuts in it; remove with a skimmer and let them dry on a sieve.

Prunes may be treated in the same way.

MARMELITTA

Take two cups of coarse cornmeal and four cups of cold water put on to boil; add one-half teaspoon of salt. Stir the cornmeal continually and when done place on platter, spread with butter, sharf cheese or any cheese such as pot or cream cheese. To be eaten warm.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING

Beat the yolk of one egg in a cold dish with a silver or wooden fork. If the weather is very warm, place the bowl in a larger vessel filled with chopped ice. When the egg is beaten add one-half teaspoon of salt, dash of red pepper, one-half teaspoon of English mustard and olive oil, drop by drop, being careful to beat well without reversing the motion for fear of curdling. When the dressing thickens, begin adding the vinegar or lemon juice, drop by drop. Then add more olive oil, then more acid, continuing until one cup of olive oil and two teaspoons of vinegar or lemon juice are all used. Be sure to have all the ingredients and dishes as cold as possible.

If the mixture should curdle, begin immediately with a fresh egg in a fresh dish and when it is well beaten add carefully the curdled mixture, drop by drop.

To serve twenty people one pint of mayonnaise is required.

MOCK CHILE CON CARNE

Pick over and wash two cups of kidney beans, soak in one quart of water. Next morning bring to a boil in fresh water, drain, cover beans with boiling water and cook until tender. Half an hour before beans are to be served, put one tablespoon of butter in a saucepan, chop and add four green, peppers, one small red pepper, one onion, one pint of tomatoes,

one teaspoon of salt, cook fifteen minutes, add to beans with three tablespoons of uncooked rice, simmer until thick.

CURRIED MUTTON

Have three pounds of mutton cut in one inch squares. Wipe, put in kettle and cover with cold water. Cook for five minutes, drain and again cover with boiling water. Add one cup of chopped onion, one teaspoon of peppercorns, and one-half of a red pepper, cut in small strips. Place on back of stove and allow it to simmer until tender. Strain liquor and thicken with flour. Add two tablespoons of drippings, one tablespoon of minced parsley, one teaspoon of curry powder, and one-half teaspoon of salt. Serve with molded rice.

MARMALADES

69. MARMALADES are a form of preserves that differ from the other varieties more in the nature of the fruit used than in any other respect. For marmalades, large fruits are generally used, and, as a rule, the fruits are left in sections or in comparatively large pieces. The preparation of this food, however, differs in no way from preserves proper and conserves, the processes of cooking, sealing, storing, etc. being practically the same.

70. ORANGE MARMALADE.--Oranges combined with half as many lemons make a marmalade that most persons like. In fact, orange marmalade is probably made more often than any other kind.

ORANGE MARMALADE

12 oranges
6 lemons
1-1/2 qt. hot water
5 lb. sugar

Peel the oranges and the lemons in the same way an apple would be peeled, inserting the knife deep enough to cut through the skin covering the sections. Remove the contents of the sections and squeeze out any juice that may remain in the thin skin. Remove the white material from the inside of the peeling, and cut the yellow portion that remains into thin strips. Add the water to the skins and simmer slowly for 1 hour. At

the end of this time, add the sugar and the orange and the lemon pulp, and boil until the mixture is thick. Pour into hot, sterilized glasses, cool, and then seal and label.

71. ORANGE-AND-RHUBARB MARMALADE.--If a somewhat different flavor is desired in a marmalade, rhubarb instead of lemons may be used with oranges, as shown in the accompanying recipe.

ORANGE-AND-RHUBARB MARMALADE

8 oranges
1 qt. hot water
4 lb. sugar
3 qt. rhubarb cut into pieces

Prepare the oranges as for orange marmalade. Slowly cook the yellow part of the skin in 1 quart of water for 1/2 hour. To this add the sugar and the rhubarb, and cook slowly until it is quite thick. Stir in the orange pulp and cook until the mixture is again thick. Pour into hot sterilized glasses, cool, seal, and label.

72. QUINCE MARMALADE.--Quinces cut into quarters, cooked, and then forced through a sieve make an exceptionally good marmalade, so far as both flavor and color are concerned. No other fruit need be used with the quinces, as they have enough flavor in themselves.

QUINCE MARMALADE

4 qt. quartered quinces
1 qt. hot water
4 lb. sugar

Wipe the fuzz from the quinces, wash, quarter, and remove the cores, but do not peel. Put over the fire in a preserving kettle with the water. Cook until the quinces are soft, remove from the fire, and mash through a sieve. Add the sugar to the quince pulp, replace on the fire, and cook until the mixture is thick, stirring constantly to prevent burning. Pour into hot sterilized glasses, cool, seal, and label.

73. GRAPE MARMALADE.--The pulp and skins of grapes are especially satisfactory for marmalade. In fact, most persons who are fond of grapes find marmalade of this kind very appetizing.

GRAPE MARMALADE

4 qt. stemmed grapes
2 c. hot water
3 lb. sugar

Separate the pulp of the grapes from the skins, put it into a preserving kettle with the water, and heat to the boiling point. Cook slowly until the seeds can be separated from the pulp, and then remove the seeds by pressing the pulp through a sieve. Return to the preserving kettle with the grape skins. Add the sugar, and cook the mixture slowly until it is thick, stirring constantly to prevent scorching. Care must be taken not to cook it too long, as the marmalade becomes quite stiff. Pour into hot, sterilized glasses, cool, seal, and label.

74. ORANGE-AND-PINEAPPLE MARMALADE.--No better combination can be secured than oranges and pineapple. To make marmalade, both fruits are cut into small pieces and then cooked in a thick sirup.

ORANGE-AND-PINEAPPLE MARMALADE

8 oranges
2 c. hot water
2 pineapples
4 lb. sugar

Wash the oranges, cut skins and all into small pieces, remove the seeds, and boil slowly in the water until the skins are soft. Prepare the pineapples by peeling them, removing the eyes, and then shredding or cutting into very small pieces. Add the pineapple to the orange, stir in sugar, and continue to boil until the juice is at the jelly stage. Pour into hot sterilized glasses, cool, seal, and label.

MORE LIFE FOR MAN

Project Gutenberg's *Home Problems from a New Standpoint,* by Caroline L. Hunt

The changes which are enlarging woman’s educational privileges and are giving to her an opportunity to prepare herself for work not directly connected with the home, and which by simplifying housekeeping methods are making it possible for her to carry on such work in connection with home-making, may be said to be bringing _more life to man_, providing we understand the word _life_ in its broad and not in its narrow sense, and providing we mean by _man_ no particular individual nor class of individuals, but composite man.

The individual man may be inclined to dispute this statement. If so, it is probably because of one of two facts. Either he does not see life whole, and thinks only of what he has lost by woman’s progress and not of what he has gained, or he forgets that he is only a small part of composite man, and, as such, may fall below the average with respect to his joy in living.

If he likes homemade bread and is compelled to eat baker's bread because his wife likes to study Dante better than to cook, he may think that he is not so well off as he would have been if he had lived a half century ago, when Dante classes for women and baker's bread were practically unknown. But if he considers the advantages of eating his supper under the eaves, as it were, of the Dante class, and of having his baker's bread flavored with drippings of information concerning the great poet and his times, he may conclude that baker's bread with Dante sauce is more to him than homemade bread without it.

Or it may be that his doubt of the statement is due to the fact that his quota of life is below the average. Perhaps his wife goes off to her class and does not bring back to him the information and inspiration which she has received. If so, the trouble is not with the times, but with human nature. Selfishness always has existed and always will exist. If a man has a selfish wife, the only thing he can do to assure himself that men are really better off than they used to be is to look abroad and to see if, for every one like himself, there are not two others who are profiting by woman's broadened life and who bring up the average of life for modern man above that of his middle-of-the-nineteenth-century brother.

To live, what is it? To be healthy, to enjoy the pleasures of the senses, to taste good tastes, to hear sweet sounds, to see beautiful sights, to learn, to do (if we object to the word "work" because it is sometimes applied to drudgery), and to love. The last is most important of all. It modifies all the rest, and they at times must be sacrificed to it. It is interpreted by all the rest, for only by knowing what we consider real life for ourselves can we know what our love should seek for others.

Taking the desire to love first, woman's expanding life is making possible for man the expression of an ever better and higher form of affection. To see how this comes about, we must read the present in the light of the past.

There was a time when man's work as well as woman's was almost all directly connected with the home. He raised wheat, kept cows, pigs, and chickens, hewed timber, built his own house and barn, and gathered his own fuel, while she spun, dyed, wove, sewed, cooked, and cared for the house. Neither was then a specialist. Then came division of labor, which, however, affected man's work more than woman's. This made it possible for him to become a farmer, a carpenter, or a coal merchant, and to provide for the needs of his home by the fruits of his specialized labor instead of by direct labor, as he had done in earlier times. To woman there has never come any such privilege. Although her duties are much lightened, she must still be a housekeeper if she would be a home-maker.

One explanation that has been given for the differences in the courses that man's and woman's activities have taken is that woman is less progressive than man and more opposed to change. Another is that her work is so closely connected with personal needs and has associated with it so much of sentiment that it cannot be delegated to outsiders. Whatever the cause may be, the average married man's work today has certain distinct advantages over the average married woman's. It is more varied and more likely to call special talents into play, and it takes him out among people and gives him a broad outlook.

If we view the situation in a bargaining spirit, it may seem fair that when man earns the money woman should care for the house. If, however, we consider the amount of life that each is securing from work, the inequalities of the situation become apparent. There is always, to be sure, an occasional man who, recognizing the disabilities under which his wife labors, seeks to equalize matters by accepting a share in home responsibilities and work. The discovery of the necessity for such action, to which neither tradition nor custom points, is a mark of intelligence. The acceptance of the responsibility after it is recognized is the result of an unselfishness of the highest form, to which society does not direct him as it does to activities for the purpose of supporting the family, nor instinct prompt him as it does woman to her self-sacrifices in caring for the family. His recognition of the unequal distribution of life and his efforts at equalization are triumphs of wisdom and love over nature, tradition, and custom.

Unselfish man has in the past been woefully handicapped. Fifty years ago he could not have said to his wife, as he can now, "Do no cooking today, but buy some baked beans or boiled ham for supper and you go to the art exhibition." Fifty years ago there was little object in trying to relieve his wife of her household cares, for then there was little else upon which she could profitably spend her time. Now, when he wishes to be unselfish, his opportunities for accomplishing something worth while thereby are great. Of course he is always encountering his wife's desire to be unselfish also, and to stay at home and cook the food he likes and otherwise to provide for his comfort, but the two must settle that between themselves, with due regard on the part of each for preserving the proper balance in the life of the other. In this struggle the greater possibilities in the way of development and increase of life lie with man. To woman it is given to accept a self-sacrifice which nature has mapped out for her by specializing her for childbearing and which society has mapped out for her by specializing her for housekeeping. To man it is given to map out for himself a new path into unselfishness and to secure the expansion of powers that comes from pioneering.

Nor is this higher affection merely its own reward. To the increase of life brought by love is added increase in all other directions,

presupposing always ideas and ideals in woman as well as in man. With leisure created by man's unselfishness, woman can study and secure mental development which makes her a wiser conserver of man's health, a better comrade in his leisure, and a more intelligent helper in his labors. To use the phraseology of our definition of life, she can better assist him to secure health, to enjoy the pleasures of the senses, to learn, and to do.

He wishes health. There was a time when his work demanded life-giving, muscular exercise in the fresh air, when his house was so loosely built that it was inevitably well ventilated, when he lived so far from his neighbors that there was no danger of catching their diseases either through contamination of water supply or otherwise, when his food passed directly from garden to table, fresh and unadulterated. Then health came almost unbidden. His wife, though she could help him in many other ways, could do little for his health except to cook his food properly.

Later, things changed. He moved into the town and his neighbor's sewage percolated into his well. His house was tightly built and admitted little air through the cracks. His work became sedentary and kept him indoors most of the time. His food was brought to him from the four corners of the earth, passing through many hands on the way, and was liable to deterioration and adulteration.

For a time he failed to see that with changed conditions his health problem had changed. If, as a result, he did not die of consumption or typhoid fever, he became anæmic and dyspeptic, his chest sank, his circulation became impaired, and his liver sluggish. Then he awoke to the fact that if he would have good air he must adopt a system of ventilation for his closed buildings; that if he would have good lung capacity, quick circulation, and an active liver, he must take regular physical exercise; that if he would have safe water, he must stir up the municipal authorities to do their duty or must himself adopt means to sterilize his drinking supply; that if he would have wholesome food, there was something necessary besides good cooking. Dairies and markets must be inspected and laws against adulteration must be made and enforced.

Scientists came to his rescue and put at his disposal an abundance of literature on hygiene, sanitation, and physical culture, but he had little time in which to read it. So it has come about that with his altered health problem there has been opened to woman the opportunity to do something more for man's health than to cook his food. If she is intelligent and has leisure, she can study sanitation and hygiene and make practical application of their principles in her home. She can take lessons in physical culture, pass them on to her husband and exercise with him a few minutes every day, thus helping him to overcome the effects of his sedentary occupation. She can, through her clubs, stir up the town authorities to provide good water, to clean the streets and

prevent disease-laden dust from blowing about, to care properly for garbage and sewage, and to inspect places where food is kept for sale. In many ways she can help in the struggle against disease which man made necessary when he became a town dweller.

Man wishes to enjoy the pleasures of the senses, among which not the least in importance is the sense of taste. This sense God gave for man's enjoyment, and then provided for its satisfaction many delicious natural flavors. It is not, however, the man in whose house there is most cooking done who gets the greatest pleasure from taste, and it is frequently just he who gets the least enjoyment from the other senses. If a man insists upon taking his wife to see the woods when the violets are in blossom, instead of letting her stay at home to make shortcake for his supper, he loses his shortcake, but plain strawberries and cream and bread and butter often taste better after a brisk walk than shortcake does without the walk, and in this case the man gets not only the taste of the food, but also the smell of the woods, the sight of the flowers, and the sound of the birds. Nor is it the man in whose house there is most cleaning done who gets most pleasure from the sense of sight. If a man insists on or acquiesces in the reduction of the number of carpets, curtains, and draperies, because they make too much care for his wife, he loses the beauty of these furnishings, but the absence of curtains may make it possible for him to feast his eyes on the waving trees and the ever changing sky, while the reduction of care may make it possible for his wife to go with him to art gallery or concert, or to make such a study of art and music as to increase his own enjoyment and appreciation of them.

He wishes to learn. Most men do, even after their college days are over. He wishes to have a background of information in order that he may understand current events better, to know of the world and its progress, and of the relation of his special occupation to the world's work. But alas! He has little time for general reading. Often he has not even time to go to the library. An intelligent and educated wife can often, providing she has leisure, do for him much which he would do in his own spare moments if he had them.

He wishes to do. Who is there who does not occasionally say, "If I had money, if I had time, I would do so and so?" This suggests the kind of doing that is pleasurable, that is better than leisure, and which an assured income cannot stop. It often happens that a man's work borders on this kind of activity. He is a teacher and loves his profession, but in order to do his work satisfactorily he ought to have time for independent study and research. If there were fewer papers to correct, a little less routine, he might have time for original work which would leaven all the rest. Or perhaps he is a draftsman working all day at monotonous tasks, but amid surroundings that inspire him to do some work on his own account, and to grow in his profession. The wide-awake, educated woman has it in her power frequently to become conversant with

her husband's work, to lessen his drudgery, and, having saved him a little time for original work, to make it go further than it otherwise would because of her intelligent coöperation and assistance.

If living consists in being healthy, in enjoying the pleasures of the senses, in learning, in doing, and in loving, modern man stands a better chance of living than his predecessor did. The reasons are many, and not the least of them is the fact that his wife lives more.

Nor is the end in sight. If women's opportunities to prepare themselves for and to enter upon careers unconnected with the home multiply in the future as they have in the past, men may be called upon to adjust themselves to much more radical changes. But the indications are that these changes will offer to them further opportunities for the expression of disinterested affection and larger lives through the expansion of the lives of those they love.

THE MAGIC PEEP SHOW

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Things Worth Doing and How To Do Them,* by Lina Beard and Adelina B. Beard

FIND or make a simple pasteboard box, twelve inches long, ten inches wide and nine inches high, or you can have it a little smaller if you like, for your Magic Peep Show.

[Illustration: Fig. 147.—Back end of box opening.]

[Illustration: Fig. 148.—Slit cut in side of box.]

Cut a large square opening in the end of the box, leaving a margin one-half inch wide at the top and sides (Fig. 147). Make a small round hole in the centre of the front of the box, only large enough for one eye to look through, and cut a slit a quarter of an inch wide on each side of the box half an inch from the open end and half an inch from the top; extend the slit to the bottom of the box (Fig. 148). Fig. 149 shows the box with the front, sides, and back cut.

[Illustration: Fig. 149.—Peep-hole cut in front of box.]

[Illustration: Fig. 150.—Peep show ready for slides.]

If the bent-down edges of the box-lid are wide, cut them off within half an inch of the top; then put the lid on the box and it will be ready for the slides (Fig. 150).

=The Slides=

must be stiff and perfectly opaque, so they will appear black when held up to the light. Make them of pieces of pasteboard boxes cut to fit in the side slits and long enough to extend a trifle beyond on each side of the box (Fig. 151).

[Illustration: Fig. 151.—Slide in box.]

Draw the different designs given here on separate slides, and with a sharp penknife cut them out, leaving holes in the slides exactly the shape of the designs. The holes should appear with clean-cut edges.

Of course, the complete designs on the slides must be drawn much larger than in these printed diagrams, but you can enlarge the drawings by the system of squares. Explained in Chapter XIV.

[Illustration: Fig. 152.—Cow jumps over the moon.—Front side of slide.]

[Illustration: Fig. 153.—Wrong side of slide.]

After the designs are cut out, paste colored tissue paper over the openings, and when you look through the little hole you will see wonderfully bright and gay scenes all in transparent colors. An ambitious red cow will be found jumping over a yellow moon, and instead of being accompanied by the usual dish running away with a spoon, you will find an energetic wood sprite dressed all in Lincoln-green. The sprite has tied a rope of wild grape-vine to the cow, and, clinging to the rope, is sailing through the air and over the moon with his queer steed. Fig. 152 shows

="The Cow Jumped Over the Moon"=

Cut out the group and paste a piece of dark-red tissue paper over the entire cow with the exception of the horns. Across these paste white tissue paper. Cover the moon with one piece of yellow tissue paper and the sprite with green, all except his face; have that pink. Cut out a thin line for the rope and paste a bit of brown tissue paper over it. Fig. 153 shows the wrong side of the slide and explains how the work is done; dotted lines designate the openings, which are covered with tissue paper, in the manner described.

The tissue-paper coverings may be cut in any shape, but each piece must cover well the opening of the figure or portion of figure intended to be the color of the paper. Have the white paper across the horns lap less than one-eighth inch over the red paper of the cow (Fig. 154), and manage the pink paper of the sprite's face in the same way where it meets the green of his cap and clothing.

[Illustration: Fig. 154.—White paper over horns.]

[Illustration: Fig. 155.—The jumping cow.]

In making the other slides, follow this method throughout whenever two pieces of tissue paper come in contact on the figure, and when pasting paper over designs on the remaining slides always use one large piece of paper in preference to several small pieces for covering different parts of the design, which are the same in color. Figs. 155, 156 and 157 give the cow, sprite and moon for you to copy or trace.

[Illustration: Fig. 156.—The green sprite.]

[Illustration: Fig. 157.—The moon.]

=Life in Fairy Waters=

Fig. 158 shows how dark the slides appear when seen in the peep show and gives an idea of the decided contrast of the light design against the dark background, only the black and white print cannot give the charm of the clear, bright, transparent coloring of the mermaid feeding her many-hued pets as she rides her sea-horse in the fairy waters.

[Illustration: Fig. 158.—Life in fairy waters.]

The different parts of the composition are Figs. 159, 160, 161 and 162, and the food merely little oval-shaped holes covered with white tissue paper. Make the mermaid's hair and ribbon brown; her face, arms and body to the waist line, pink; the remaining portion of the mermaid's figure orange-color. The fish, scarlet, purple and white. Paste wee round pieces of black paper on the fish for the eyes.

[Illustration: Fig. 159.—Mermaid on sea-horse.]

[Illustration: Fig. 160.—Fairy fish.]

[Illustration: Fig. 161.—Fairy fish.]

[Illustration: Fig. 162.—Fairy fish.]

As soon as you finish the slide, fit it in the peep show box, turn your face to the light, then peep through the hole and find how pretty the bright group looks with all the eager fish gathering around the little mermaid as she calls them to breakfast.

Next comes Fig. 163, the

=Easter Chicks=

Make Fig. 164 light yellow; Fig. 165, blue; Fig. 166, orange chick, white shell; Fig. 167 A, green, B, purple; Fig. 168, white chick, scarlet shell; the broken shells (Fig. 169) red, blue and white. The poor little chicks are glad to escape from the shells even though the shells have been gayly painted.

[Illustration: Fig. 163.—Easter chicks.]

[Illustration: Fig. 164.—Light yellow chick.]

[Illustration: Fig. 165.—Blue shell.]

[Illustration: Fig. 166.—Orange colored chick—White shell.]

[Illustration: Fig. 167.—Green egg.—Purple egg.]

[Illustration: Fig. 168.—Scarlet shell.]

[Illustration: Fig. 169.—Pieces of red, blue and white shell.]

=In the Three Blind Mice=

(Fig. 170), which are pursued by the knife belonging to the farmer's wife, the first mouse can be orange-color; the second, white, and last one brown. The blade of the knife, scarlet, and its handle green, or any other colors which may please your fancy. Remember, this is a magic peep show, and often the natural color of animals is changed to more brilliant hues in order to secure a more vivid effect.

[Illustration: Fig. 170.—Three blind mice.]

[Illustration: Fig. 171.—One of the three blind mice.]

You can make all three mice from one outline (Fig. 171) and the knife from Fig. 172. Set the slide of mice in place in the box, peep through the hole and "see how they run!"

[Illustration: Fig. 172.—The butcher knife.]

The next illustration will undoubtedly prove to be the most amusing of all, and will bring forth gales of laughter from your little brothers, sisters or friends. It is the

=Dance of the Dolls (Fig. 173)=

On Fig. 174 paste orange-colored hair, a scarlet dress and green shoes; then over all paste one large piece of white tissue paper which will make the doll's face, neck, arms and stockings white. The layer of white paper placed over these colors does not affect them in the least.

[Illustration: Fig. 173.—Dancing toys.]

Cut a circular hole for the ball and cover it with brown tissue paper. Dress Fig. 175 in the same manner as the doll just described, but in other colors. For instance, make her hair brown, her dress light purple, her shoes yellow, and her face, arms and stockings white. If you want features on the faces, use a very soft lead-pencil and draw eyes, nose and mouth, though features are not really necessary, and, as a matter of fact, the dolls look very well without.

[Illustration: Fig. 174.—Girl to dance on ball.]

[Illustration: Fig. 175.—Dancing doll.]

Let Jumping Jack (Fig. 176) be all in blue, except his face—make that white. Joints on all the toys, as seen in the illustrations, are indicated by pasting thread lines of black paper and pin-head dots of black paper over the places where joints should be, according to the outlines and dots at the elbows of the girl dolls and the shoulders and hips of dancing Jack.

=The Bouquet=

(Fig. 177) consists of a red tulip (Fig. 178); a deep-yellow ox-eye daisy with a brown centre pasted over the yellow—in this case it can be done (Fig. 179)—a bluebell (Fig. 180); and a white daisy with yellow centre (Fig. 181). You will find that this piece, with all its bright colors, will be one of the prettiest of your designs. Fig. 182 is a branch of green leaves.

[Illustration: Fig. 176.—Jumping Jack.]

Cover each blossom with its respective color, and then paste one piece of green tissue paper over all the leaves and stems and the effect will be very natural.

[Illustration: Fig. 177.—Floral slide.]

[Illustration: Fig. 178.—The red tulip.]

[Illustration: Fig. 179.—Ox-eyed daisy.]

[Illustration: Fig. 180.—Bluebell.]

[Illustration: Fig. 181.—White daisy.]

[Illustration: Fig. 182.—Green leaves.]

=The Little Sun-bonnet Girl=

(Fig. 183), playing with a lot of bright-colored balloons, forms the last slide. Make the little girl's dress blue, her sun-bonnet white and her hands, feet and ankles pink (Fig. 184). Let the strings of the balloons be of white tissue paper and each balloon of a different color from all the others; one may be dark red, the others green, pink, purple, light yellow, blue, scarlet, orange, brown, light green, white and vivid yellow. The slide will be very brilliant.

[Illustration: Fig. 183.—Little sun-bonnet girl.]

Invent other designs yourself. Think of something you would like to see and try it on a new slide; when you succeed with one, you will want to make another and another. The more slides you have for your magic peep show the longer the fun will last, and you will be able to give no end of pleasure to your little friends.

[Illustration: Fig. 184.—Sun-bonnet girl.]

When exhibiting the peep show set the box on top of a table where the light will shine through the slides and let the party take turns facing the window and peeping through the little hole at the novel, brilliant scenes beyond.

[Illustration: Champion of the New Outdoor Game]

MINNEAPOLIS

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Broke*, by Edwin A. Brown

"_I never wear hand-made laces because they remind me of the eyes made blind in the weaving._"--MARIE CORELLI.

The morning of April 19, 1910, found me in Minnehaha Park, Minneapolis, resting on the green moss below the "laughing waters" of Minnehaha Falls. This wonderful spot of nature took possession of my imagination until I was in one of God's factories, where a thousand creations were coming into life and beauty. The sparkling translucent falls, touched with a silver light, became a marvelous lace-weaving loom. I caught, white and shining, the actual resemblance to the hand-made Irish, the Duchess and Rose-point. Over all this great workshop of the Diety was joy, peace and happiness. For the first time real lace to me was beautiful, for it was of God's creation. The vision of eyes made sightless, the stooped shoulders of the aged, the little, starving children overworked for the mere pittance to exist, these were not in

the weaving. To the thoughtful, any adornment, the price of which is paid by the blood of human lives, is no longer beautiful. Here I saw that every bird and bee, all insect life, even the smallest and most abject about me, either were building or had built homes.

I then remembered my mission to Minneapolis. "Surely," I said to myself, "with this temple of worship to which the good folks of Minneapolis may come, thoughtlessness and selfishness will not be found here."

Yet I wondered if I should find it. I had come to continue my battle for my homeless brothers. The approach of late afternoon and night found me wandering about the streets a jobless, moneyless man looking for work and shelter. I found Minneapolis not in advance of other cities, and much behind many in its care for its homeless toilers.

I first went to a private employment office. There seemed plenty of work to do, work for everybody, but I could find no private office where they would give me work and trust me until pay day.

I visited the city free employment bureau where I counted fifty men looking for work. There were chairs for fourteen. The rest seemed quite willing to stand as long as their feet held out, in the hope of securing something. As I scanned their faces I thought a large percentage of them seemed of the type driven to such a condition by lack of opportunity to make an honest living. Later I learned that many of these men came day after day, hungry and cold, after having spent the night huddled up somewhere in the open air.

Next I became a beggar. I began looking for a public institution which would give me a bed, since I was unable to pay for one. I first tried the Associated Charities. The attendant took me into a little side room where as in other places, all sorts of rubbish was stored, and asked me the usual list of humiliating questions. Finally he told me they could do nothing for me, as it was too near their closing time.

Doubtless this institution does many worthy things, but providing shelter for the homeless man without money is not among them.

Directed by the attendant at the Associated Charities (who at least had gotten rid of me), I went to the Union City Mission. The attendant here, after making me repeat my questions regarding the possibility of a penniless man getting a supper and bed, turned on his heel without answering me and began to turn on the lights--for evening prayers! At the Salvation Army lodging house the attendant simply said: "We ain't got nothin' to give away." At the Y. M. C. A., "the beds were all full." The attendant _didn't know_ whether or not he could allow me to take a bath,--simply a polite refusal.

Next I appealed to the police. Asking the first officer I met where a man without money could get a bath, I was directed to the river. He then recalled the advice however, saying it was too early in the season for the public baths to be open. Another policeman referred me to the old city lockup (Central Station) for lodging, saying, "Go there. They will give you a cell."

I did not go to the extreme of enduring the hardships forced upon the indigent, honest workers of Minneapolis. It was not necessary. I knew the pitiful condition only too well.

* * * * *

Just as I finish this story there is laid on my study table a letter, which reads:

"In the latter part of the year 1910 the Board, realizing the necessity of providing some lodging place for the transient class unable to pay for accommodations, decided to install a Municipal Emergency Home on the second floor of the old city lockup (Central Station). The work of installing this home was accomplished at an expense of $3,426.28. It was opened on the tenth of January, 1911, prepared to accommodate fifty applicants. The first three months of its operation demonstrated the fact that in order to care for all demands it would be necessary to increase the space.

"We have now a Municipal Emergency Home that will accommodate a hundred and forty. The house is just as sanitary as it is possible to make an emergency home. It has all modern improvements, separate beds, baths, medical attendance, and fumigation. Lodgers are furnished with clean night-robes and socks and given a good wholesome breakfast. Of course this is entirely free. If a man has money we turn him away. The home is supported by public taxation."

THE MOURNING WARBLER.

(_*Geothlypis philadelphia.*_)

Baskett, in his valuable "Story of the Birds," says that the warbler forms feed variously, but they use little vegetable matter. Some have ground-haunting, and even swamp-haunting habits; others have fringed tongues hinting of juices and nectars, while tree-trunk exploring, as in creepers, nuthatches, titmice, etc., also prevails. They have been described as at once the most fascinating and the most exasperating of

birds. In the spring they come with a rush and although the woods may be full of them, only a faint lisp from the tree tops gives note of their presence, and unless you are a very good observer you will not know they are about at all. If you listen to other birds, instead of resolutely devoting yourself to warblers, you will lose the opportunity of the sight of a diminutive bird disappearing in a tree top. Some of the warblers dash about among the leaves on the ground hunting for gnats, others hunt over the branches of the trees, though some of them hop gaily on the ground, while others walk sedately, bobbing their heads or tilting their tails. The majority of the tribe fly northward to nest in pine forests. A few, however, remain and build in our parks, gardens and shrubbery. They are all insect-eaters, destroying ants, flies, caterpillars, larvæ, plant lice, canker-worms, and May flies. They are therefore of great value in the protection of vegetation.

The mourning warbler, whose common name is black-throated ground warbler, has its habitat in eastern North America, breeding from northern United States northward; more rare in the Atlantic states. It winters in south-eastern Mexico, and Costa Rica, and thence south to Colombia. During the spring migration this bird is very common. Early in May, 1881, they were found in abundance near wheat lands in Indiana, most of them being observed about brush piles in a clearing, and along fences in the immediate vicinity. In the early part of June, 1871, a pair were seen in a thicket along the border of Fox Prairie, in Richland Co., Illinois, and it was presumed at the time that they were breeding there, but they may have been merely late migrants. It is known to breed in mountainous portions of Pennsylvania, New England, New York, Michigan, Minnesota, and eastern Nebraska, northward. It has been found nesting in Illinois south of latitude 39. Its nest is built on or near the ground in woods. One discovered by Burroughs in the state of New York was built in ferns about a foot from the ground, on the edge of a hemlock wood. It contained three eggs. The nests are usually composed of fine strips of bark and other fibrous material, lined with fine hair. The eggs are white, with a sprinkling of reddish dots near the larger ends.

* * * * *

The feeling that all life is one life slumbers in the child's soul. Only very gradually, however, can this slumbering feeling be transfigured into a waking consciousness. Slowly, through a sympathetic study of nature and of human life, through a growing sense of the soul and meaning of all natural facts and of all human relationships, and through recreating in various forms that external world which is but the objective expression of his own inmost being, the individual attains to a consciousness and unity of life and to a vision of the Eternal Fountain of Life.--_The Nest._

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

A CENTURY OF PAINTING.

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JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.--PARENTAGE AND EARLY INFLUENCES.--HIS LIFE AT BARBIZON.--VISITS TO MILLET IN HIS STUDIO.--HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.--HIS OWN COMMENTS ON HIS PICTURES.--PASSAGES FROM HIS CONVERSATION.

BY WILL H. LOW.

These papers, disclaiming any other authority than that which appertains to the conclusions of a practising painter who has thought deeply on the subject of his art, have nevertheless avoided the personal equation as much as possible. A conscientious endeavor has been made to consider the work of each painter in the place which has been assigned him by the concensus of opinion in the time which has elapsed since his work was done. In the consideration of Jean François Millet, however, I desire for the nonce to become less impersonal, for the reason that it was my privilege to know him slightly, and in the case of one who as a man and as a painter occupies a place so entirely his own, the value of recorded personal impressions is greater, at least for purposes of record, than the registration of contemporary opinion concerning him.

I must further explain that, as a young student who received at his hands the kindly reception which the master, stricken in health, and preoccupied with his work, vouchsafed, I could only know him superficially. It may have been the spectacle of youthful enthusiasm, or the modest though dignified recognition of the reverence with which I approached him, that made this grave man unbend; but it is certain that the few times when I was permitted to enter the rudely built studio at Barbizon have remained red-letter days in my life, and on each occasion I left Millet with an impression so strong and vital that now, after a lapse of twenty years, the work which he showed me, and the words which he uttered, are as present as though it all had occurred yesterday. The reverence which I then felt for this great man was born of his works, a few of which I had seen in 1873 in Paris; and their constant study, and the knowledge of his life and character gained since then, have intensified this feeling.

[Illustration: THE SHEEP-SHEARERS. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co. A replica of Millet's picture in the Salon of 1861, which is now owned by Mr. Quincy Shaw, Boston, Massachusetts. Charles Jacque, who had quarrelled with Millet, after seeing this picture, went to him and said: "We cannot be friends; but I have come to say that you have painted a masterpiece."]

Jean François Millet was born October 4, 1814, in the hamlet of Gruchy, a mere handful of houses which lie in a valley descending to the sea, in the department of the Manche, not far from Cherbourg. He was the descendant of a class which has no counterpart in England or America, and which in his native France has all but disappeared. The rude forefathers of our country may have in a degree resembled the French peasant of Millet's youth; but their Protestant belief made them more independent in thought, and the problems of a new country, and the lack of stability inherent to the colonist, robbed them of the fanatical love of the earth, which is perhaps the strongest trait of the peasant. Every inch of the ground up to the cliffs above the sea, in Millet's country, represented the struggle of man with nature; and each parcel of land, every stone in the walls which kept the earth from being engulfed in the floods beneath, bore marks of his handiwork. Small wonder, then, that this rude people should engender the painter who has best expressed the intimate relation between the man of the fields and his ally and foe, the land which he subjugates, and which in turn enslaves him. The inherent, almost savage, independence of the peasant had kept him freer and of a nobler type than the English yokel even in the time before the Revolution, and in the little hamlet where Millet was born, the great upheaval had meant but little. Remote from the capital, cultivating land which but for their efforts would have been abandoned as worthless, every man was a land-owner in a small degree, and the patrimony of Millet sufficed for a numerous family of which he was the eldest son. Sufficed, that is, for a Spartan subsistence, made up of unrelaxing toil, with few or no comforts, save those of a spiritual nature which came in the guise of religion.

[Illustration: PEASANT REPOSING. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET, EXHIBITED IN THE SALON OF 1863.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co. This picture, popularly known as "The man with the hoe," was the cause of much discussion at the time of its exhibition. Millet was accused of socialism; of inciting the peasants to revolt; and from his quiet retreat in the country, he defended himself in a letter to his friend Sensier as follows: "I see very clearly the aureole encircling the head of the daisy, and the sun which glows beyond, far, far over the country-side, its glory in the skies; I see, not less clearly, the smoking plough-horses in the plain, and in a rocky corner a man bent with labor, who groans as he works, or

who for an instant tries to straighten himself to catch his breath. The drama is enveloped in splendor. This is not of my creation; the expression, 'the cry of the earth,' was invented long ago."]

Millet was reared by his grandmother, such being the custom of the country; the younger women being occupied in the service of the mastering earth, and the elders, no longer able to go afield, bringing up the children born to their children, who in turn replaced their parents in the never-ending struggle. This grandmother, Louise Jumelin, widow of Nicolas Millet, was a woman of great force of character, and extremely devout. The most ordinary occupation of the day was made the subject not of uttered prayer, for that would have entailed suspension of her ceaseless activity, but of spiritual example tersely expressed, which fell upon the fruitful soil of Millet's young imagination, and left such a lasting impression that to the end of his life his natural expression was almost Biblical in character of language.

Another formative influence of this young life was that of a granduncle, Charles Millet, a priest who, driven from his church by the Revolution, had returned to his native village and taken up the simple life of his people, without, however, abandoning his vocation. He was to be seen behind his plough, his priest's robe gathered up about his loins, his breviary in one hand, following the furrow up and down the undulating fields which ran to the cliffs.

[Illustration: THE MILK-CARRIER. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co. Probably commenced at Cherbourg, where Millet took refuge with his family during the Franco-Prussian War, as Sensier mentions it on Millet's return. This picture, or a replica of it (Millet was fond of repeating his subjects, with slight changes in each case), was in his studio in 1873, and called forth the remark quoted in the text, about the women in his country.]

Gifted with great strength, he piled up great masses of granite, to reclaim a precious morsel of earth from the hungry maw of the sea; lifting his voice, as he worked, in resonant chants of the church. He it was who taught Millet to read; and, later, it was another priest, the Abbé Jean Lebrisseux, who, in the intervals of the youth's work in the fields, where he had early become an efficient aid to his father, continued his instruction. With the avidity of intelligence Millet profited by this instruction, not only in the more ordinary studies, but in Latin, with the Bible and Virgil as text-books. His mind was also nourished by the books belonging to the scanty library of his granduncle. These were of a purely religious character--the "History of the Saints," the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, the letters of St. Jerome, and the works of Bossuet and Fénelon.

[Illustration: THE GLEANERS. FROM A PAINTING IN THE LOUVRE, BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET, EXHIBITED IN THE SALON OF 1857.

"The three fates of pauperism" was the disdainful appreciation of Paul de Saint-Victor on the first exhibition of this picture, while Edmond About wrote: "The picture attracts one from afar by its air of grandeur and serenity. It has the character of a religious painting. It is drawn without fault, and colored without crudity; and one feels the August sun which ripens the wheat." Sensier says: "The picture sold with difficulty for four hundred dollars. What is it worth to-day?"]

In his father, whose strongest characteristic was an intense love of nature, Millet found an unconscious influence in the direction which his life was to follow. Millet recalled in after life that he would show him a blade of grass or a flower, and say: "See how beautiful; how the petals overlap; and the tree there, how strong and fine it is!" It was his father who was attentive to the youth's first rude efforts, and who encouraged him when the decisive step was to be taken, which Millet, feeling that his labor in the fields was necessary to the common good of the family, hesitated to take. The boy was in his eighteenth year when his father said:

"My poor François, you are tormented between your desire to be an artist and your duty to the family. Now that your brothers are growing, they can take their turn in the fields. I have long wished that you could be instructed in the craft of the painter, which I am told is so noble, and we will go to Cherbourg and see what can be done."

[Illustration: THE ANGELES, MILLET'S MOST FAMOUS PICTURE.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co. Despite its fame, this is distinctly not Millet's masterpiece. During his life it sold for about ten thousand dollars, and later for one hundred and fifty thousand.]

Thus encouraged, the boy made two drawings--one of two shepherds in blouse and _sabots_, one listening while the other played a rustic flute; and a second where, under a starlit sky, a man came from out a house, carrying bread for a mendicant at his gate. Armed with these two designs--typical of the work which in the end, after being led astray by schools and popular taste, he was to do--the two peasants sought a local painter named Mouchel at Cherbourg. After a moment of doubt as to the originality of the youth's work, Mouchel offered to teach him all that he knew.

Millet stayed with Mouchel some months. Then his father's death recalled him home, where his honest spirit prompted him to remain as the eldest son and head of the family, although his heart was less than ever in the fields. But this the mother, brought up in the spirit of resignation,

would not allow him to do. "God has made you a painter. His will be done. Your father, my Jean Louis, has said it was to be, and you must return to Cherbourg."

Millet returned to Cherbourg, this time to the studio of one Langlois, a pupil of Gros, who was the principal painter of the little city. But Langlois, like his first master, Mouchel, kept him at work copying either his own studies or pictures in the city museum. After a few months, though, he had the honesty to recognize that his pupil needed more efficient instruction than he could give him, and in August, 1836, he addressed a petition to the mayor and common council of the city of Cherbourg, who took the matter into consideration, and, with the authorities of the department, voted a sum of one thousand francs--two hundred dollars--as a yearly allowance to Millet, in order that he might pursue his studies in Paris. Langlois in his petition asks that he be permitted to "raise without fear the veil of the future, and to assure the municipal council a place in the memory of the world for having been the first to endow their country with one more great name." Grandiloquent promise has often been made without result; but one must admire the hard-headed Norman councillors who, representing a little provincial city which in 1884 had but thirty-six thousand inhabitants, gave even this modest sum to assure a future to one who might reflect honor on his country.

[Illustration: NESTLINGS. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET, IN THE MUSEUM AT LILLE.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co. A notable instance of the scope of Millet's power, as tender in depicting children as it is austere in "The Gleaners."]

With a portion, of this allowance, and a small addition from the "economies" of his mother and grandmother, Millet went to Paris in 1837. The great city failed to please the country-bred youth, and, indeed, until the end of his life, Millet disliked Paris. I remember his saying that, on his visits from Barbizon to the capital, he was happy on his arrival at the station, but when he arrived at the column of the Bastille, a few squares within the city, the _mal du pays_ took him by the throat.

At first he spent all his time in the Louvre, which revealed to him what the little provincial museum of Cherbourg had but faintly suggested. Before long, however, he entered the studio of Paul Delaroche, who was the popular master of the time. There he won the sobriquet of the "man of the woods," from a savage taciturnity which was his defence in the midst of the _atelier_ jokes. He had come to work, and to work he addressed himself, with but little encouragement from master or comrades. Strong as a young Hercules, with a dignity which never forsook him, his studies won at least the success of attention. When a favorite

pupil of the master remonstrated that his men and women were hewed from stone, Millet replied tranquilly, "I came here because there are Greek statues and living men and women to study from, not to please you or any one. Do I preoccupy myself with your figures made of honey and butter?"

Delaroche, won by the strength of the man, at length unbent, and showed him such favor as a commonplace mind could accord to native superiority. He advised him to compete for the Prix de Rome, warning him, however, that whatever might be the merit of his work, he could not take it that year, as it was arranged that another, approaching the limit of age, must have it. This revolted the simple nature of Millet, who refused to compete, and left the school.

A return to Cherbourg, where he married his first wife, who died at the end of two years; another sojourn in Paris, and a visit home of some duration; a number of portraits and pictures painted in Cherbourg and Havre, in which his talent was slowly asserting itself, brings us to 1845, when he remarried. Returning to Paris with his wife, he remained there until 1849, when he went to Barbizon "for a time," which was prolonged to twenty-seven years.

In all the years preceding his final return to the country, Millet was apparently undecided as to the definite character of his work. Out of place in a city, more or less influenced by his comrades in art, and forced to follow in a degree the dictation of necessity in the choice of subject, as his brush was his only resource and his family constantly increasing, his work of this period is always tentative. In painting it is luscious in color and firmly drawn and modelled, but it lacks the perception of truth which, when once released from the bondage of the city, began to manifest itself in his work. The first indication of the future Millet is in a picture in the Salon of 1848, "The Winnower," which has, in subject at least, much the character of the work which followed his establishment at Barbizon. For the rest, although the world is richer in beautiful pictures of charmingly painted nymphs, and of rustic scenes not altogether devoid of a certain artificiality, and in at least one masterly mythological picture of Oedipus rescued from the tree, through Millet's activity in these years, yet his work, had it continued on this plane, would have lacked the high significance which the next twenty-five years were to show.

Having endeavored to make clear the source from which Millet came, and indicated the formative influences of his early life, I may permit myself (as I warned my readers I should do) to return to my recollections of Barbizon in 1873, and the glimpses of Millet which my sojourn there in that and the following year afforded me.

Barbizon lies on a plain, more vast in the impression which it makes on the eye than in actual area, and the village consists of one long street, which commences at a group of farm buildings of some importance,

and ends in the forest of Fontainebleau. About midway down this street, on the way to the forest, Millet's home stood, on the right of the road. The house, of two low stories, had its gable to the street, and on the first floor, with the window breast high from the ground, was the dining-room. Here, in pleasant weather, with the window wide open, sat Millet at the head of his patriarchal table, his children, of whom there were nine, about him; his good wife, their days of acute misery past, smiling contentedly on her brood, which, if I remember rightly, already counted a grandchild or more: as pleasant a sight as one could readily see. Later, in the autumn evenings, a lamplit replica of the same picture presented itself. Or, if the dinner was cleared away, one would see Madame Millet busy with her needle, the children at their lessons, and the painter, whom even then tradition painted a sad and cheerless misanthrope, contentedly playing at dominoes with one of the children, or his honest Norman face wreathed in smiles as the conversation took an amusing turn. This, it is true, was when the master of the house was free from his terrible enemy, the headache, which laid him low so often, and which in these days became more and more frequent.

[Illustration: FIRST STEPS. FROM A PASTEL BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

Reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co. As Sensier remarks, Millet, with nine children, had abundant opportunity to study them. This charming drawing was one of the collection of Millet's pastels formed by M. Gavet, which was unfortunately dispersed by auction soon after the artist's death.]

The house, to resume the description of Millet's home, went back at right angles from the street, and contained the various apartments of the family, many of them on the ground floor, and all of the most modest character. It was a source of wonder how so large a family could inhabit so small a house. The garden lay in front, and extended back of the house. A high wall with a little door, painted green, by which you entered, ran along the street, and ended at the studio, which was, like the dining-room, on the street. The garden was pleasant with flowers and trees, the kitchen garden being at the rear. But a few short years ago, within its walls Madame Millet plucked a red rose, and gave it to me, saying: "My husband planted this." Outside the little green door, on either hand, were stone benches set against the wall, on which the painter's children sometimes sat and played; but it is somewhat strange that I never remember Millet at his door or on the village street. He walked a great deal, but always went out of the garden to the fields back of the house, and from there gained the forest or the plain. Among the young painters who frequented Barbizon in those days (which were, however, long after the time when the men of Millet's age established themselves there), there were, strange as it may seem, few who cared for Millet's work, and many who knew little or nothing of it. The prejudices of the average art student are many and indurated. His horizon is apt to be bounded by his master's work or the last Salon success, and as Millet

had no pupils, and had ceased to exhibit at the Salon, he was little known to most of the youths who, as I look back, must have made Barbizon a most undesirable place for a quiet family to live in. An accident which made me acquainted with Millet's eldest son, a painter of talent, seemed for a time to bring me no nearer to knowing the father until one day some remark of mine which showed at least a sincere admiration for his work made the son suggest that I should come and see a recently completed picture.

If the crowd of young painters who frequented the village were indifferent to Millet, such was not the case with people from other places. The "personally conducted" were then newly invented, and I have seen a wagon load of tourists, who had been driven to different points in the forest, draw up before Millet's modest door and express indignation in a variety of languages when they were refused admittance. There were many in those days who tried with little or no excuse to break in on the work of a man whose working days were already counted, and who was seldom free from his old enemy _migraine_. I was to learn this when--I hope after having had the grace to make it plain that, though I greatly desired to know Millet, I felt no desire to intrude--the son had arranged for a day when, at last, I was admitted to the studio.

Millet did not make his appearance at once; and when he came, and the son had said a few kindly words of presentation, he seemed so evidently in pain that I managed, in a French which must have been distinguished by a pure New York accent and a vocabulary more than limited, to express a fear that he was suffering, and suggested that my visit had better be deferred.

"No, it will pass," was his answer; and going to his easel he placed, with the help of his son, picture after picture, for my delectation.

It was Millet's habit to commence a great number of pictures. On some of them he would work as long, according to his own expression, as he saw the scene in nature before him; for, at least at this epoch, he never painted directly from nature. For a picture which I saw the following summer, where three great hay-stacks project their mass against a heavy storm cloud, the shepherd seeking shelter from the impending rain, and the sheep erring here and there, affected by the changing weather--for this picture, conveying, as it did, the most intense impression of nature, Millet showed me (in answer to my inquiry and in explanation of his method of work) in a little sketch-book, so small that it would slip into a waistcoat pocket, the pencilled outline of the three hay-stacks. "It was a stormy day," he said, "and on my return home I sat down and commenced the picture, but of direct studies--_voila tout_." Of another picture, now in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, of a young girl, life size, with a distaff, seated on a hillock, her head shaded by a great straw hat relieved against the sky, he told me that the only

direct painting from nature on the canvas was in a bunch of grass in the foreground, which he had plucked in the fields and brought into his studio.

[Illustration: THE SOWER. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET.

From the original painting, now in the collection of Mrs. W.H. Vanderbilt; reproduced by permission of Braun, Clement & Co. In his criticism of the Salon of 1850, where the picture was first exhibited, Théophile Gautier thus described it: "The sower advances with rhythmic step, casting the seed into the furrowed land; sombre rags cover him; a formless hat is drawn down over his brow; he is gaunt, cadaverous, and thin under his livery of misery; and yet life is contained in his large hand, as with a superb gesture he who has nothing scatters broadcast on the earth the bread of the future."]

On this first day, it would be difficult to say how many pictures in various states of advancement I saw. The master would occasionally say, reflectively: "It is six months since I looked at that, and I must get to work at it," as some new canvas was placed on the easel. At first, fearing that he was too ill to have me stay, I made one or two motions to leave. But each time, with a kindly smile, I was bidden to stay, with the assurance that the headache was "going better." After a time I quite forgot everything in enthusiasm at what I saw and the sense that I was enjoying the privilege of a lifetime. The life of the fields seemed to be unrolled before me like some vast panorama. Millet's comments were short and descriptive of what he aimed to represent, seldom or never concerning the method of his work. "Women in my country," meaning Lower Normandy, of course, "carry jars of milk in that way," he said, indicating the woman crossing the fields with the milk-can supported by a strap on her shoulder. "When I was a boy there were great flights of wild pigeons which settled in the trees at night, when we used to go with torches, and the birds, blinded by the light, could be killed by the hundred with clubs," was his explanation of another scene full of the confusion of lights and the whirr of the bewildered pigeons.

[Illustration: CHURNING. FROM A PASTEL BY JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET, IN THE LUXEMBOURG GALLERY, PARIS.

Delightful for a sense of air through the cool and spacious room, and for the sculpturesque solidity of the group composed of the woman, the churn, and the cat.]

"And you have not seen it since you were a boy?" I asked.

"No; but it all comes back to me as I work," was his answer.

From picture to picture, from question to kindly answer, the afternoon sped, and at length, in response to a question as to the relative

importance of subject, the painter sent his son into the house whence he returned with a panel a few inches square. The father took it, wiped the dust from it, absent-mindedly, on his sleeve, with a half caressing movement, and placed it on the easel. "_Voila!_ (There!)" was all he said. The panel represented three golden juicy pears, their fat sides relieved one against the other, forming a compact group which, through the magic of color, told of autumn sun, and almost gave the odor of ripened fruit. It was a lovely bit of painting, and much interested, I said: "Pardon me, but you seem as much or more proud of this than anything you have shown."

"Exactly," answered Millet, with an amused smile at my eagerness. "Everything in nature is good to paint, and the painter's business is to be occupied with his manner of rendering it. These pears, a man or a woman, a flock of sheep, all have the same qualities for a painter. There are," with a gesture of his hands to make his meaning clear, "things that lie flat, that are horizontal, like a plain; and there are others which stand up, are perpendicular; and there are the planes between: all of which should be expressed in a picture. There are the distances between objects also. But all this can be found in the simplest thing as in the most complicated."

"But," I again ventured, "surely some subjects are more important than others."

"Some are more interesting in the sense that they add to the problems of a painter. When he has to paint a human being, he has to represent truth of action, the particular character of an individual; but he must do the latter when he paints a pear. No two pears are alike."

I fear at the time I hardly understood the importance of the lesson which I then received; certainly not to the degree with which experience has confirmed it. But I have written it here, the sense, if not the actual language, because Millet has been so often misrepresented as seeking to point a moral through the subject of his pictures. When we recall the manner in which "The Angelus" was paraded through the country a few years ago, and the genuine sentiment of the simple scene--where Millet had endeavored to express "the things that lie flat, like a plain; and the things that stand up," like his peasants--was travestied by gushing sentimentalists, it is pleasant to think of the wholesome common sense of the great painter.

[Illustration: A YOUNG SHEPHERDESS. FROM A PAINTING BY JEAN FRANCOIS MILLET.

The background here is typical of that part of the forest of Fontainebleau which borders the plain of Barbizon.]

The picture which I had specially come to see was meanwhile standing

covered with a drapery, on another easel, and at length the resources of the studio were apparently exhausted. Millet asked me to step back a few paces to where a short curtain was placed on a light iron rod at right angles from the studio window, so that a person standing behind it saw into the studio while his eyes were screened from the glare of the window. The painter then drew the covering, and--I feel that what I am about to say may seem superlative, and I am quite willing to-day to account for it by the enthusiasm for the painter's work, which had been growing _crescendo_ with each successive moment passed in the studio. Be that as it may, the picture which I saw caused me to forget where I was, to forget painting, and to look, apparently, on a more enchanting scene than my eyes had ever beheld--one more enchanting than they have since seen. It was a landscape, "Springtime," now in the Louvre. Ah me! I have seen the picture since, not once, but many times, and he who will go to Paris may see it. A beautiful picture; but of the transcendent beauty which transfigured it that day, it has but the suggestion. It is still a masterpiece, however, and still conveys, by methods peculiarly Millet's own, a satisfying sense of the open air, and the charm of fickle spring. The method is that founded on the constant observation of nature by a mind acute to perceive, and educated to remember. The method is one which misses many trivial truths, and thereby loses the superficial look of reality which many smaller men have learned to give; but it retains the larger, more essential truths. Though dependence on memory carried to the extent of Millet's practice would be fatal to a weaker man, it can hardly be doubted that it was the natural method for him.

I left the studio that day, walking on clouds. When I returned it was always to receive kindly and practical counsel. For Millet, though conscious, as such a man must be, of his importance, was the simplest of men. In appearance the portrait published here gives him in his youth. At the time of which I speak he was heavier, with a firm nose, eyes that, deeply set, seemed to look inwards, except, when directly addressing one, there was a sudden gleam. His manner of speech was slow and measured, perhaps out of kindness to the stranger, though I am inclined to think that it was rather the speech of one who arrays his thoughts beforehand, and produces them in orderly sequence. In dress he was like the ordinary _bourgeois_ in the country, wearing generally a woven coat like a cardigan jacket in the studio, at the door of which he would leave his _sabots_ and wear the felt slippers, or _chaussons_, which are worn with the wooden shoes. This was not the affectation of remaining a peasant; every one in the country in France wears _sabots_, and very comfortable they are.

One more visit stands out prominently in my memory. It came about in this wise. In the summer of 1874 the "two Stevensons," as they were known, the cousins Robert Louis and Robert Alan Mowbray Stevenson (the author of the recent "Life of Velasquez," and the well-known writer on art), were in Barbizon. It fell that the cousins, in pessimistic vein,

were decrying modern art--the great men were all dead; we should never see their like again; in short, the mood in which we all fall at times was dominant. As in duty bound, I argued the cause of the present and future, and as a clinching argument told them that I had it in my power to convince them that at least one of the greatest painters of all time was still busy in the practice of his art. Millet was not much more than a name to my friends, and I am certain that that day when we talked over our coffee in the garden of Siron's inn, they had seen little or none of his work. I ventured across the road, knocked at the little green door, and asked permission to bring my friends, which was accorded for the same afternoon. In half an hour, therefore, I was witness of an object lesson of which the teacher was serenely unconscious. Of my complete triumph when we left there was no doubt, though one of my friends rather begged the question by insisting that I had taken an unfair advantage; and that, as he expressed it, "it was not in the game, in an ordinary discussion, between gentlemen, concerning minor poets, to drag in Shakespeare in that manner."

I saw Millet but once after this, when late in the autumn I was returning to Paris, and went, out of respect, to bid him farewell. He was already ill, and those who knew him well, already feared for his life. Not knowing this, it was a shock to learn of his death a few months after--January 20, 1875. The news came to me in the form of the ordinary notification and convocation to the funeral, which, in the form of a _lettre de faire part_, is sent out on the occasion of a death in France, not only to intimate friends, but to acquaintances.

Determined to pay what honor I could, I went to Barbizon, to find, as did many others gone for the same sad purpose, that an error in the notices sent, discovered too late to be rectified, had placed the date of the funeral a day later than that on which it actually occurred. Millet rests in the little cemetery at Chailly, across the plain from Barbizon, near his lifetime friend, Theodore Rousseau, who is buried there. I will never forget the January day in the village of Barbizon. Though Millet had little part in the village life, and was known to few, a sadness, as though the very houses felt that a great man had passed away, had settled over the place. I sought out a friend who had been Millet's friend for many years and was with him at the last, and as he told me of the last sad months, tears fell from his eyes.

The Mocking-Bird

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Superb and sole, upon a pluméd spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summ'd the woods in song; or typic drew

The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.
Then down he shot, bounced airily along
The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made song
Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art again.
Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain:
How may the death of that dull insect be
The life of yon trim Shakspere on the tree?

A MAY MORNING

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The sky is clear,
  The sun is bright;
The cows are red,
  The sheep are white;
Trees in the meadows
Make happy shadows.

Birds in the hedge
  Are perched and sing;
Swallows and larks
  Are on the wing:
Two merry cuckoos
Are making echoes.

Bird and the beast
  Have the dew yet;
My road shines dry,
  Theirs bright and wet:
Death gives no warning,
On this May morning.

I see no Christ
  Nailed on a tree,
Dying for sin;
  No sin I see:
No thoughts for sadness,
All thoughts for gladness.

MARIPOSA

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Second April,* by Edna St. Vincent Millay

Butterflies are white and blue
In this field we wander through.
Suffer me to take your hand.
Death comes in a day or two.

All the things we ever knew
Will be ashes in that hour,
Mark the transient butterfly,
How he hangs upon the flower.

Suffer me to take your hand.
Suffer me to cherish you
Till the dawn is in the sky.
Whether I be false or true,
Death comes in a day or two.

THE LAY OF MILON

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *French Mediaeval Romances from the Lays of Marie de France*, by Marie de France

He who would tell divers tales must know how to vary the tune. To win the favour of any, he must speak to the understanding of all. I purpose in this place to show you the story of Milon, and--since few words are best--I will set out the adventure as briefly as I may.

Milon was born in South Wales. So great was his prowess that from the day he was dubbed knight there was no champion who could stand before him in the lists. He was a passing fair knight, open and brave, courteous to his friends, and stern to his foes. Men praised his name in whatever realm they talked of gallant deeds--Ireland, Norway, and Wales, yea, from Jutland even to Albania. Since he was praised by the frank, he was therefore envied of the mean. Nevertheless, by reason of his skill with the spear, he was counted a very worshipful knight, and was honourably entreated by many a prince in divers lands.

In Milon's own realm there lived a lord whose name has gone from mind. With this baron dwelt his daughter, a passing fair and gracious damsel. Much talk had this maiden heard of Milon's knightly deeds, so that she began to set her thoughts upon him, because of the good men spoke of him. She sent him a message by a sure hand, saying that if her love was to his mind, sweetly would it be to her heart. Milon rejoiced greatly when he knew this thing. He thanked the lady for her words, giving her love again in return for her own, and swearing that he would never depart therefrom any day of his days. Beyond this courteous answer Milon bestowed on the messenger costly gifts, and made him promises that were richer still.

"Friend," said he, "of your charity I pray you that I may have speech with my friend, in such a fashion that none shall know of our meeting. Carry her this, my golden ring. Tell her, on my part, that so she pleases she shall come to me, or, if it be her better pleasure, I will go to her."

The messenger bade farewell, and returned to his lady. He placed the ring in her hand, saying that he had done her will, as he was bidden to do.

Right joyous was the damsel to know that Milon's love was tender as her own. She required her friend to come for speech within the private garden of her house, where she was wont to take her delight. Milon came at her commandment. He came so often, and so dearly she loved him, that in the end she gave him all that maid may give. When the damsel perceived how it was with her, she sent messages to her friend, telling him of her case, and making great sorrow.

"I have lost my father and all his wealth," said the lady, "for when he hears of this matter he will make of me an example. Either I shall be tormented with the sword, or else he will sell me as a slave in a far country."

(For such was the usage of our fathers in the days of this tale).

Milon grieved sorely, and made answer that he would do the thing the damsel thought most seemly to be done.

"When the child is born," replied the lady, "you must carry him forthwith to my sister. She is a rich dame, pitiful and good, and is wedded to a lord of Northumberland. You will send messages with the babe--both in writing and by speech--that the little innocent is her sister's child. Whether it be a boy or girl his mother will have suffered much because of him, and for her sister's sake you will pray her to cherish the babe. Beyond this I shall set your signet by a lace about his neck, and write letters wherein shall be made plain the name

of his sire, and the sad story of his mother. When he shall have grown tall, and of an age to understand these matters, his aunt will give him your ring, and rehearse to him the letter. If this be done, perchance the orphan will not be fatherless all his days."

Milon approved the counsel of the lady, and when her time had come she was brought to bed of a boy. The old nurse who tended her mistress was privy to the damsel's inmost mind. So warily she went to work, so cunning was she in gloss and concealment, that none within the palace knew that there was aught to hide. The damsel looked upon her boy, and saw that he was very fair. She laced the ring about his neck, and set the letter that it were death to find, within a silken chatelaine. The child was then placed in his cradle, swathed close in white linen. A pillow of feathers was put beneath his head, and over all was laid a warm coverlet, wadded with fur. In this fashion the ancient nurse gave the babe to his father, who awaited him within the garden. Milon commended the child to his men, charging them to carry him loyally, by such towns as they knew, to that lady beyond the Humber. The servitors set forth, bearing the infant with them. Seven times a day they reposed them in their journey, so that the women might nourish the babe, and bathe and tend him duly. They served their lord so faithfully, keeping such watch upon the way, that at the last they won to the lady to whom they were bidden. The lady received them courteously, as became her breeding. She broke the seal of the letter, and when she was assured of what was therein, marvellously she cherished the infant. These having bestowed the boy in accordance with their lord's commandment, returned to their own land.

Milon went forth from his realm to serve beyond the seas for guerdon. His friend remained within her house and was granted by her father in marriage to a right rich baron of that country. Though this baron was a worthy knight, justly esteemed of all his fellows, the damsel was grieved beyond measure when she knew her father's will. She called to mind the past, and regretted that Milon had gone from the country, since he would have helped her in her need.

"Alas!" said the lady, "what shall I do? I doubt that I am lost, for my lord will find that his bride is not a maid. If this becomes known they will make me a bondwoman for all my days. Would that my friend were here to free me from this coil. It were good for me to die rather than to live, but by no means can I escape from their hands. They have set warders about me, men, old and young, whom they call my chamberlains, contemners of love, who delight themselves in sadness. But endure it I must, for, alas, I know not how to die."

So on the appointed day the lady was wedded to the baron, and her husband took her to dwell with him in his fief.

When Milon returned to his own country he was right heavy and

sorrowful to learn of this marriage. He lamented his wretched case, but in this he found comfort, that he was not far from the realm where the lady abode whom so tenderly he loved. Milon commenced to think within himself how best he might send letters to the damsel that he was come again to his home, yet so that none should have knowledge thereof. He wrote a letter, and sealed it with his seal. This message he made fast to the neck, and hid within the plumage of a swan that was long his, and was greatly to his heart. He bade his squire to come, and made him his messenger.

"Change thy raiment swiftly," said he, "and hasten to the castle of my friend. Take with thee my swan, and see that none, neither servant nor handmaid, delivers the bird to my lady, save thyself alone."

The squire did according to his lord's commandment. He made him ready quickly, and went forth, bearing the swan with him. He went by the nearest road, and passing through the streets of the city, came before the portal of the castle. In answer to his summons the porter drew near.

"Friend," said he, "hearken to me. I am of Caerleon, and a fowler by craft. Within my nets I have snared the most marvellous swan in the world. This wondrous bird I would bestow forthwith upon your lady, but perforce I must offer her the gift with my own hand."

"Friend," replied the porter, "fowlers are not always welcomed of ladies. If you come with me I will bring you where I may know whether it pleases my lady to have speech with you and to receive your gift."

The porter entered in the hall, where he found none but two lords seated at a great table, playing chess for their delight. He swiftly returned on his steps, and the fowler with him, so furtively withal that the lords were not disturbed at their game, nor perceived aught of the matter. They went therefore to the chamber of the lady. In answer to their call the door was opened to them by a maiden, who led them before her dame. When the swan was proffered to the lady it pleased her to receive the gift. She summoned a varlet of her household and gave the bird to his charge, commanding him to keep it safely, and to see that it ate enough and to spare.

"Lady," said the servitor, "I will do your bidding. We shall never receive from any fowler on earth such another bird as this. The swan is fit to serve at a royal table, for the bird is plump as he is fair."

The varlet put the swan in his lady's hands. She took the bird kindly, and smoothing his head and neck, felt the letter that was hidden beneath its feathers. The blood pricked in her veins, for well she knew that the writing was sent her by her friend. She caused the

fowler to be given of her bounty, and bade the men to go forth from her chamber. When they had parted the lady called a maiden to her aid. She broke the seal, and unfastening the letter, came upon the name of Milon at the head. She kissed the name a hundred times through her tears. When she might read the writing she learned of the great pain and dolour that her lover suffered by day and by night. In you--he wrote--is all my pleasure, and in your white hands it lies to heal me or to slay. Strive to find a plan by which we may speak as friend to friend, if you would have me live. The knight prayed her in his letter to send him an answer by means of the swan. If the bird were well guarded, and kept without provand for three days, he would of a surety fly back to the place from whence he came, with any message that the lady might lace about his neck.

When the damsel had considered the writing, and understood what was put therein, she commanded that her bird should be tended carefully, and given plenteously to eat and to drink. She held him for a month within her chamber, but this was less from choice, than for the craft that was necessary to obtain the ink and parchment requisite for her writing. At the end she wrote a letter according to her heart, and sealed it with her ring. The lady caused the swan to fast for three full days; then having concealed the message about his neck, let him take his flight. The bird was all anhungered for food, and remembering well the home from which he drew, he returned thither as quickly as his wings might bear him.

He knew again his town, and his master's house, and descended to the ground at Milon's very feet. Milon rejoiced greatly when he marked his own. He caught the bird by his wings, and crying for his steward, bade him give the swan to eat. The knight removed the missive from the messenger's neck. He glanced from head to head of the letter, seeking the means that he hoped to find, and the salutation he so tenderly wished. Sweet to his heart was the writing, for the lady wrote that without him there was no joy in her life, and since it was his desire to hear by the swan, it would be her pleasure also.

For twenty years the swan was made the messenger of these two lovers, who might never win together. There was no speech between them, save that carried by the bird. They caused the swan to fast for three days, and then sent him on his errand. He to whom the letter came, saw to it that the messenger was fed to heart's desire. Many a time the swan went upon his journey, for however strictly the lady was held of her husband, there was none who had suspicion of a bird.

The dame beyond the Humber nourished and tended the boy committed to her charge with the greatest care. When he was come to a fitting age she made him to be knighted of her lord, for goodly and serviceable was the lad. On the same day the aunt read over to him the letter, and put in his hand the ring. She told him the name of his mother, and his

father's story. In all the world there was no worthier knight, nor a more chivalrous and gallant gentleman. The lad hearkened diligently to the lady's tale. He rejoiced greatly to hear of his father's prowess, and was proud beyond measure of his renown. He considered within himself, saying to his own heart, that much should be required of his father's son, and that he would not be worthy of his blood if he did not endeavour to merit his name. He determined therefore that he would leave his country, and seek adventure as a knight errant, beyond the sea. The varlet delayed no longer than the evening. On the morrow he bade farewell to his aunt, who having warned and admonished him for his good, gave him largely of her wealth, to bring him on his way. He rode to Southampton, that he might find a ship equipped for sea, and so came to Barfleur. Without any tarrying the lad went straight to Brittany, where he spent his money and himself in feasts and in tourneys. The rich men of the land were glad of his friendship, for there was none who bore himself better in the press with spear or with sword. What he took from the rich he bestowed on such knights as were poor and luckless. These loved him greatly, since he gained largely and spent freely, granting of his wealth to all. Wherever this knight sojourned in the realm he bore away the prize. So debonair was he and chivalrous that his fame and praise crossed the water, and were noised abroad in his own land. Folk told how a certain knight from beyond the Humber, who had passed the sea in quest of wealth and honour, had so done, that by reason of his prowess, his liberality, and his modesty, men called him the Knight Peerless, since they did not know his name.

This praise of the good knight, and of his deeds, came to be heard of Milon. Very dolent was he and sorely troubled that so young a knight should be esteemed above his fathers. He marvelled greatly that the stout spears of the past had not put on their harness and broken a lance for their ancient honour. One thing he determined, that he would cross the sea without delay, so that he might joust with the dansellon, and abate his pride. In wrath and anger he purposed to fight, to beat his adversary from the saddle, and bring him at last to shame. After this was ended he would seek his son, of whom he had heard nothing, since he had gone from his aunt's castle. Milon caused his friend to know of his wishes. He opened out to her all his thought, and craved her permission to depart. This letter he sent by the swan, commending the bird to her care.

When the lady heard of her lover's purpose, she thanked him for his courtesy, for greatly was his counsel to her mind. She approved his desire to quit the realm for the sake of his honour, and far from putting let and hindrance in his path, trusted that in the end he would bring again her son. Since Milon was assured of his friend's goodwill, he arrayed himself richly, and crossing the sea to Normandy, came afterwards into the land of the Bretons. There he sought the friendship of the lords of that realm, and fared to all the tournaments of which he might hear. Milon bore himself proudly, and

gave graciously of his wealth, as though he were receiving a gift. He sojourned till the winter was past in that land, he, and a brave company of knights whom he held in his house with him. When Easter had come, and the season that men give to tourneys and wars and the righting of their private wrongs, Milon considered how he could meet with the knight whom men called Peerless. At that time a tournament was proclaimed to be held at Mont St. Michel. Many a Norman and Breton rode to the game; knights of Flanders and of France were there in plenty, but few fared from England. Milon drew to the lists amongst the first. He inquired diligently of the young champion, and all men were ready to tell from whence he came, and of his harness, and of the blazon on his shield. At length the knight appeared in the lists and Milon looked upon the adversary he so greatly desired to see. Now in this tournament a knight could joust with that lord who was set over against him, or he could seek to break a lance with his chosen foe. A player must gain or lose, and he might find himself opposed either by his comrade or his enemy. Milon did well and worshipfully in the press, and was praised of many that day. But the Knight Peerless carried the cry from all his fellows, for none might stand before him, nor rival him in skill and address. Milon observed him curiously. The lad struck so heavily, he thrust home so shrewdly, that Milon's hatred changed to envy as he watched. Very comely showed the varlet, and much to Milon's mind. The older knight set himself over against the champion, and they met together in the centre of the field. Milon struck his adversary so fiercely, that the lance splintered in his gauntlet; but the young knight kept his seat without even losing a stirrup. In return his spear was aimed with such cunning that he bore his antagonist to the ground. Milon lay upon the earth bareheaded, for his helmet was unlaced in the shock. His hair and beard showed white to all, and the varlet was heavy to look on him whom he had overthrown. He caught the destrier by the bridle, and led him before the stricken man.

"Sir," said he, "I pray you to get upon your horse. I am right grieved and vexed that I should have done this wrong. Believe me that it was wrought unwittingly."

Milon sprang upon his steed. He approved the courtesy of his adversary, and looking upon the hand that held his bridle, he knew again his ring. He made inquiry of the lad.

"Friend," said he, "hearken to me. Tell me now the name of thy sire. How art thou called; who is thy mother? I have seen much, and gone to and fro about the world. All my life I have journeyed from realm to realm, by reason of tourneys and quarrels and princes' wars, yet never once by any knight have I been borne from my horse. This day I am overthrown by a boy, and yet I cannot help but love thee."

The varlet answered, "I know little of my father. I understand that

his name is Milon, and that he was a knight of Wales. He loved the daughter of a rich man, and was loved again. My mother bore me in secret, and caused me to be carried to Northumberland, where I was taught and tended. An old aunt was at the costs of my nourishing. She kept me at her side, till of all her gifts she gave me horse and arms, and sent me here, where I have remained. In hope and wish I purpose to cross the sea, and return to my own realm. There I would seek out my father, and learn how it stands between him and my mother. I will show him my golden ring, and I will tell him of such privy matters that he may not deny our kinship, but must love me as a son, and ever hold me dear."

When Milon heard these words he could endure them no further. He got him swiftly from his horse, and taking the lad by the fringe of his hauberk, he cried, "Praise be to God, for now am I healed. Fair friend, by my faith thou art my very son, for whom I came forth from my own land, and have sought through all this realm."

The varlet climbed from the saddle, and stood upon his feet. Father and son kissed each other tenderly, with many comfortable words. Their love was fair to see, and those who looked upon their meeting, wept for joy and pity.

Milon and his son departed from the tournament so soon as it came to an end, for the knight desired greatly to speak to the varlet at leisure, and to open before him all his mind. They rode to their hostel, and with the knights of their fellowship, passed the hours in mirth and revelry. Milon spoke to the lad of his mother. He told him of their long love, and how she was given by her father in marriage to a baron of his realm. He rehearsed the years of separation, accepted by both with a good heart, and of the messenger who carried letters between them, when there was none they dared to trust in, save only the swan.

The son made answer,

"In faith, fair father, let us return to our own land. There I will slay this husband, and you shall yet be my mother's lord."

This being accorded between them, on the morrow they made them ready for the journey, and bidding farewell to their friends, set forth for Wales. They embarked in a propitious hour, for a fair wind carried the ship right swiftly to its haven. They had not ridden far upon their road, when they met a certain squire of the lady's household on his way to Brittany, bearing letters to Milon. His task was done long before sundown in chancing on the knight. He gave over the sealed writing with which he was charged, praying the knight to hasten to his friend without any tarrying, since her husband was in his grave. Milon

rejoiced greatly when he knew this thing. He showed the message to his son, and pressed forward without pause or rest. They made such speed, that at the end they came to the castle where the lady had her lodging. Light of heart was she when she clasped again her child. These two fond lovers sought neither countenance of their kin, nor counsel of any man. Their son handselled them together, and gave the mother to his sire. From the day they were wed they dwelt in wealth and in sweetness to the end of their lives.

Of their love and content the minstrel wrought this Lay. I, also, who have set it down in writing, have won guerdon enough just by telling over the tale.

M'SIEU FORTIER'S VIOLIN

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Goodness of St. Rocque and Other Stories,* by Alice Dunbar

Slowly, one by one, the lights in the French Opera go out, until there is but a single glimmer of pale yellow flickering in the great dark space, a few moments ago all a-glitter with jewels and the radiance of womanhood and a-clash with music. Darkness now, and silence, and a great haunted hush over all, save for the distant cheery voice of a stage hand humming a bar of the opera.

The glimmer of gas makes a halo about the bowed white head of a little old man putting his violin carefully away in its case with aged, trembling, nervous fingers. Old M'sieu Fortier was the last one out every night.

Outside the air was murky, foggy. Gas and electricity were but faint splotches of light on the thick curtain of fog and mist. Around the opera was a mighty bustle of carriages and drivers and footmen, with a car gaining headway in the street now and then, a howling of names and numbers, the laughter and small talk of cloaked society stepping slowly to its carriages, and the more bourgeoisie vocalisation of the foot passengers who streamed along and hummed little bits of music. The fog's denseness was confusing, too, and at one moment it seemed that the little narrow street would become inextricably choked and remain so until some mighty engine would blow the crowd into atoms. It had been a crowded night. From around Toulouse Street, where led the entrance to the troisiemes, from the grand stairway, from the entrance to the quatriemes, the human stream poured into the street, nearly all with a song on their lips.

M'sieu Fortier stood at the corner, blinking at the beautiful ladies in their carriages. He exchanged a hearty salutation with the saloon-keeper at the corner, then, tenderly carrying his violin case, he trudged down Bourbon Street, a little old, bent, withered figure, with shoulders shrugged up to keep warm, as though the faded brown overcoat were not thick enough.

Down on Bayou Road, not so far from Claiborne Street, was a house, little and old and queer, but quite large enough to hold M'sieu Fortier, a wrinkled dame, and a white cat. He was home but little, for on nearly every day there were rehearsals; then on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights, and twice Sundays there were performances, so Ma'am Jeanne and the white cat kept

house almost always alone. Then, when M'sieu Fortier was at home, why, it was practice, practice all the day, and smoke, snore, sleep at night. Altogether it was not very exhilarating.

M'sieu Fortier had played first violin in the orchestra ever since—well, no one remembered his not playing there. Sometimes there would come breaks in the seasons, and for a year the great building would be dark and silent. Then M'sieu Fortier would do jobs of playing here and there, one night for this ball, another night for that soiree dansante, and in the day, work at his trade,—that of a cigar-maker. But now for seven years there had been no break in the season, and the little old violinist was happy. There is nothing sweeter than a regular job and good music to play, music into which one can put some soul, some expression, and which one must study to understand. Dance music, of the frivolous, frothy kind deemed essential to soirees, is trivial, easy, uninteresting.

So M'sieu Fortier, Ma'am Jeanne, and the white cat lived a peaceful, uneventful existence out on Bayou Road. When the opera season was over in February, M'sieu went back to cigar-making, and the white cat purred none the less contentedly.

It had been a benefit to-night for the leading tenor, and he had chosen "Roland a Ronceveaux," a favourite this season, for his farewell. And, mon Dieu, mused the little M'sieu, but how his voice had rung out bell-like, piercing above the chorus of the first act! Encore after encore was given, and the bravos of the troisiemes were enough to stir the most sluggish of pulses.

"Superbes Pyrenees
Qui dressez dans le ciel,
Vos cimes couronnees
D'un hiver eternelle,
Pour nous livrer passage
Ouvrez vos larges flancs,
Faites faire l'orage,
Voici, venir les Francs!"

M'sieu quickened his pace down Bourbon Street as he sang the chorus to himself in a thin old voice, and then, before he could see in the thick fog, he had run into two young men.

"I—I—beg your pardon,—messieurs," he stammered.

"Most certainly," was the careless response; then the speaker, taking a second glance at the object of the rencontre, cried joyfully:

"Oh, M'sieu Fortier, is it you? Why, you are so happy, singing your love sonnet to your lady's eyebrow, that you didn't see a thing but the moon, did you? And who is the fair one who should clog your senses so?"

There was a deprecating shrug from the little man.

"Ma foi, but monsieur must know fo' sho', dat I am too old for love songs!"

"I know nothing save that I want that violin of yours. When is it to be mine, M'sieu Fortier?"

"Nevare, nevare!" exclaimed M'sieu, gripping on as tightly to the case as if he feared it might be wrenched from him. "Me a lovere, and to sell mon violon! Ah, so ver' foolish!"

"Martel," said the first speaker to his companion as they moved on up town, "I wish you knew that little Frenchman. He's a unique specimen. He has the most exquisite violin I've seen in years; beautiful and mellow as a genuine Cremona, and he can make the music leap, sing, laugh, sob, skip, wail, anything you like from under his bow when he wishes. It's something wonderful. We are good friends. Picked him up in my French-town rambles. I've been trying to buy that instrument since—"

"To throw it aside a week later?" lazily inquired Martel. "You are like the rest of these nineteenth-century vandals, you can see nothing picturesque that you do not wish to deface for a souvenir; you cannot even let simple happiness alone, but must needs destroy it in a vain attempt to make it your own or parade it as an advertisement."

As for M'sieu Fortier, he went right on with his song and turned into Bayou Road, his shoulders still shrugged high as though he were cold, and into the quaint little house, where Ma'am Jeanne and the white cat, who always waited up for him at nights, were both nodding over the fire.

It was not long after this that the opera closed, and M'sieu went back to his old out-of-season job. But somehow he did not do as well this spring and summer as always. There is a certain amount of cunning and finesse required to roll a cigar just so, that M'sieu seemed to be losing, whether from age or deterioration it was hard to tell. Nevertheless, there was just about half as much money coming in as formerly, and the quaint little pucker between M'sieu's eyebrows which served for a frown came oftener and stayed longer than ever before.

"Minesse," he said one day to the white cat,—he told all his troubles to her; it was of no use to talk to Ma'am Jeanne, she was too deaf to understand,—"Minesse, we are gettin' po'. You' pere git h'old, an' hees han's dey go no mo' rapidement, an' dere be no mo' soirees dese day. Minesse, eef la saison don' hurry up, we shall eat ver' lil' meat."

And Minesse curled her tail and purred.

Before the summer had fairly begun, strange rumours began to float about in musical circles. M. Mauge would no longer manage the opera, but it would be turned into the hands of Americans, a syndicate. Bah! These English-speaking people could do nothing unless there was a trust, a syndicate, a company immense and dishonest. It was going to be a guarantee business, with a strictly financial basis. But worse than all this, the new manager, who was now in France, would not only procure the artists, but a new orchestra, a new leader. M'sieu Fortier grew apprehensive at this, for he knew what the loss of his place would mean to him.

September and October came, and the papers were filled with accounts of the new artists from France and of the new orchestra leader too. He was described as a most talented, progressive, energetic young man. M'sieu Fortier's heart sank at the word "progressive." He was anything but that. The New Orleans Creole blood flowed too sluggishly in his old veins.

November came; the opera reopened. M'sieu Fortier was not re-engaged.

"Minesse," he said with a catch in his voice that strongly resembled a sob, "Minesse, we mus' go

hongry sometime. Ah, mon pauvre violon! Ah, mon Dieu, dey put us h'out, an' dey will not have us. Nev' min', we will sing anyhow." And drawing his bow across the strings, he sang in his thin, quavering voice, "Salut demeure, chaste et pure."

It is strange what a peculiar power of fascination former haunts have for the human mind. The criminal, after he has fled from justice, steals back and skulks about the scene of his crime; the employee thrown from work hangs about the place of his former industry; the schoolboy, truant or expelled, peeps in at the school-gate and taunts the good boys within. M'sieu Fortier was no exception. Night after night of the performances he climbed the stairs of the opera and sat, an attentive listener to the orchestra, with one ear inclined to the stage, and a quizzical expression on his wrinkled face. Then he would go home, and pat Minesse, and fondle the violin.

"Ah, Minesse, dose new player! Not one bit can dey play. Such tones, Minesse, such tones! All the time portemento, oh, so ver' bad! Ah, mon chere violon, we can play." And he would play and sing a romance, and smile tenderly to himself.

At first it used to be into the deuxiemes that M'sieu Fortier went, into the front seats. But soon they were too expensive, and after all, one could hear just as well in the fourth row as in the first. After a while even the rear row of the deuxiemes was too costly, and the little musician wended his way with the plebeians around on Toulouse Street, and climbed the long, tedious flight of stairs into the troisiemes. It makes no difference to be one row higher. It was more to the liking, after all. One felt more at home up here among the people. If one was thirsty, one could drink a glass of wine or beer being passed about by the libretto boys, and the music sounded just as well.

But it happened one night that M'sieu could not even afford to climb the Toulouse Street stairs. To be sure, there was yet another gallery, the quatriemes, where the peanut boys went for a dime, but M'sieu could not get down to that yet. So he stayed outside until all the beautiful women in their warm wraps, a bright-hued chattering throng, came down the grand staircase to their carriages.

It was on one of these nights that Courcey and Martel found him shivering at the corner.

"Hello, M'sieu Fortier," cried Courcey, "are you ready to let me have that violin yet?"

"For shame!" interrupted Martel.

"Fifty dollars, you know," continued Courcey, taking no heed of his friend's interpolation.

M'sieu Fortier made a courtly bow. "Eef Monsieur will call at my 'ouse on de morrow, he may have mon violon," he said huskily; then turned abruptly on his heel, and went down Bourbon Street, his shoulders drawn high as though he were cold.

When Courcey and Martel entered the gate of the little house on Bayou Road the next day, there floated out to their ears a wordless song thrilling from the violin, a song that told more than speech or tears or gestures could have done of the utter sorrow and desolation of the little old man. They walked softly up the short red brick walk and tapped at the door. Within, M'sieu Fortier was caressing the violin, with silent tears streaming down his wrinkled gray face.

There was not much said on either side. Courcey came away with the instrument, leaving the money behind, while Martel grumbled at the essentially sordid, mercenary spirit of the world.

M'sieu Fortier turned back into the room, after bowing his visitors out with old-time French courtliness, and turning to the sleepy white cat, said with a dry sob:

"Minesse, dere's only me an' you now."

About six days later, Courcey's morning dreams were disturbed by the announcement of a visitor. Hastily doing a toilet, he descended the stairs to find M'sieu Fortier nervously pacing the hall floor.

"I come fo' bring back you' money, yaas. I cannot sleep, I cannot eat, I only cry, and t'ink, and weesh fo' mon violon; and Minesse, an' de ol' woman too, dey mope an' look bad too, all for mon violon. I try fo' to use dat money, but eet burn an' sting lak blood money. I feel lak' I done sol' my child. I cannot go at l'opera no mo', I t'ink of mon violon. I starve befo' I live widout. My heart, he is broke, I die for mon violon."

Courcey left the room and returned with the instrument.

"M'sieu Fortier," he said, bowing low, as he handed the case to the little man, "take your violin; it was a whim with me, a passion with you. And as for the money, why, keep that too; it was worth a hundred dollars to have possessed such an instrument even for six days."

MADCAP MOLL

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Terribly Intimate Portraits*, by Noël Coward

EIGHTH DUCHESS OF WAPPING

[Illustration: THE DUCHESS OF WAPPING

From the world-famous portrait by Sir Oswald Cronk, Bart.]

Nobody who knew George I. could help loving him--he possessed that peculiar charm of manner which had the effect of subjugating all who came near him into immediate slavery. Madcap Moll--his true love, his one love (England still resounds with her gay laugh)--adored him with such devotion as falls to the lot of few men, be they kings or beggars.

They met first in the New Forest, where Norman Bramp informs us, in his celebrated hunting memoirs "Up and Away," the radiant Juniper spent her wild, unfettered childhood. She was ever a care-free, undisciplined creature, snapping her shapely fingers at bad weather, and riding for preference without a saddle--as hoydenish a girl as one could encounter on a day's march. Her auburn ringlets ablow in the autumn wind, her cheeks whipped to a flush by the breeze's caress, and her eyes sparkling

and brimful of tomboyish mischief and roguery! This, then, was the picture that must have met the King's gaze as he rode with a few trusty friends through the forest for his annual week of otter shooting. Upon seeing him, Madcap Moll gave a merry laugh, and crying "Chase me, George!" in provocative tones, she rode swiftly away on her pony. Many of the courtiers trembled at such a daring exhibition of _lèse majesté_, but the King, provoked only by her winning smile, tossed his gun to Lord Twirp and set off in hot pursuit. Eventually he caught his roguish quarry by the banks of a sunlit pool. She had flung herself off her mount and flung herself on the trunk of a tree, which she bestrode as though it were a better and more fiery steed. The King cast an appraising glance at her shapely legs, and then tethered his horse to an old oak.

"Are you a creature of the woods?" he said.

Madcap Moll tossed her curls. "Ask me!" she cried derisively.

"I am asking you," replied the King.

"Odds fudge--you have spindleshanks!" cried Madcap Moll irrelevantly. The King was charmed. He leant towards her.

"One kiss, mistress!" he implored. At that she slapped his face and made his nose bleed. He was captivated.

"I'faith, art a daring girl," he cried delightedly. "Knowest who I am?"

"I care not!" replied the girl.

"George the First!" said the King, rising. Madcap Moll blanched.

"Sire," she murmured, "I did not know--a poor, unwitting country lass--have mercy!"

The King touched her lightly on the nape.

"Get up," he said gently; "you are as loyal and spirited a girl as one could meet in all Hampshire, I'll warrant. Hast a liking for Court?"

"Oh, sire!" answered the girl.

Thus did the King meet her who was to mean everything in his life, and more....

It was twilight in the forest, Raymond Waffle tells us, when the King rode away. In the opposite direction rode a pensive girl, her eyes aglow with something deeper than had ever before illumined their translucency.

Budde Towers, according to Plabbin's "Guide to Hampshire," lay in the heart of the forest. Built in the days of William the Conqueror, 1066, and William Rufus, 1087, by Sir Francis Budde, it had been inhabited by none but Buddes of each successive generation. Madcap Moll's great-grandfather, Lord Edmund Budde,[4] added a tower here and there when he felt inclined, while her uncle Robert Budde--known from Bournemouth to Lyndhurst as Bounding Bob--built the celebrated picture gallery (which can be viewed to this day by genealogical enthusiasts), the family portraits up to then having been stored in the box-room.

Old Earl Budde, Moll's father, was as crusty an old curmudgeon as one could find in a county. His wife (the lovely Evelyn Wormgate, a daughter of the Duke of Bognor and Wormgate) had died while the radiant Moll was but a puling infant. Thus it was that, knowing no hand of motherly authority, the child perforce ran wild throughout her dazzling adolescence.

The trees were her playmates, the twittering of the birds her music--all the wild things of the forest loved her, specially dogs and children. She knew every woodcutter for miles round by his Christian name. "Why, here's Madcap Moll!" they would say, as the beautiful girl came galloping athwart her mustang, untamed and headstrong as she herself.

This, then, was the priceless jewel which George I., spurred on by an overmastering passion, ordered to be transferred from its rough and homely setting to the ornate luxury of life at Court, where he immediately bestowed upon her the title of Eighth Duchess of Wapping.

It was about a month after her arrival in London that Sir Oswald Cronk painted his celebrated life-size portrait of her in the costly riding-habit which was one of the many gifts of her royal lover. Sir Oswald, with his amazing technique, has managed to convey that suggestion of determination and resolution, one might almost say obstinacy, lying behind the gay, devil-may-care roguishness of her bewitching glance. Her slim, girlish figure he has portrayed with amazing accuracy, also the beautiful negligent manner in which she invariably carried her hunting-crop; her left hand is lovingly caressing the head of her faithful hound, Roger, who, Raymond Waffle informs us, after his mistress's death refused to bury bones anywhere else but on her grave. Ah me! Would that some of our human friends were as unflagging in their affections as the faithful Roger!

Her reign as morganatic queen was remarkable for several scientific inventions of great utility[5]--notably the "pushfast," a machine designed exclusively for the fixing of leather buttons in church hassocks; also Dr. Snaggletooth's cunning device for separating the rind from Camembert cheese without messing the hands! There were in addition to the examples here quoted many minor inventions which, though perhaps not of any individually intrinsic value, went far to illustrate

Madcap Moll's influence on the progress of the civilisation of her time.

In Raymond Waffle's rather long-winded record of her life he dwells for several chapters upon the Papist plots which menaced her position at Court. After a visit to several of London's museums, I have discovered that most of the facts he quotes are naught but fallacies. There were undoubtedly plots, but nothing in the least Papist. She had her enemies--who has not? But, as far as religion was concerned, Papists, Protestants, Wesleyans, and occasionally Mahommedans, all joined together in unstinting praise of her character and judgment.

Any faults or acts of thoughtlessness committed during her brilliant life were amply compensated for by the supreme deed of loyalty and patriotism which, alas! marked the tragic close of her all too short career. Her ride to Norwich--show me the man whose pulses do not thrill at the mention of that heroic achievement! That wonderful, wonderful ride--that amazing, glorious _tour de force_ which caused her name to be revered and hallowed in every sleepy hamlet and hovel of Old England--her ride to Norwich on Piebald Polly, her thoroughbred mare! On, on through the night--a fitful moon scrambling aslant the cloud-blown heavens, the wind whistling past her ears, and the tune of "God Save the King" ringing in her brain, the rhythm set by the convulsive movements of Piebald Polly. On, on, through towns and villages, and then once more the open country--what is that noise? The roaring of water! Torrents are unloosed--the dam has burst! Miller's Leap. Can she do it?--can she?--can she? She can--and has. Dawn shows in the eastern sky--the lights of Norwich--Norwich at last![6]

Poor Moll! the day that dawned as she sped along those weary roads was to prove itself her last. Her exhaustion was so great on reaching the city gates that she fell from Piebald Polly's drooping back and never regained consciousness.

Rumour asserts that the King plunged the country in mourning for several weeks--some say he never smiled again. Madcap Moll, Eighth Duchess of Wapping, left behind her no children, but she left engraved upon the hearts of all who knew her the memory of a beautiful, noble, and winsome woman.

MANGITA AND LARINA

Project Gutenberg's *Philippine Folklore Stories,* by John Maurice Miller

This is a tale told in the lake district of Luzon. At times of rain or in winter the waters of the Laguna de Bai rise and detach from the banks a peculiar vegetation that resembles lettuce. These plants, which float for months down the Pasig River, gave rise, no doubt,

to the story.

Many years ago there lived on the banks of the Laguna de Bai a poor fisherman whose wife had died, leaving him two beautiful daughters named Mangita and Larina.

Mangita had hair as black as night and a dark skin. She was as good as she was beautiful, and was loved by all for her kindness. She helped her father mend the nets and make the torches to fish with at night, and her bright smile lit up the little nipa house like a ray of sunshine.

Larina was fair and had long golden hair of which she was very proud. She was different from her sister, and never helped with the work, but spent the day combing her hair and catching butterflies. She would catch a pretty butterfly, cruelly stick a pin through it, and fasten it in her hair. Then she would go down to the lake to see her reflection in the clear water, and would laugh to see the poor butterfly struggling in pain. The people disliked her for her cruelty, but they loved Mangita very much. This made Larina jealous, and the more Mangita was loved, the more her sister thought evil of her.

One day a poor old woman came to the nipa house and begged for a little rice to put in her bowl. Mangita was mending a net and Larina was combing her hair in the doorway. When Larina saw the old woman she spoke mockingly to her and gave her a push that made her fall and cut her head on a sharp rock; but Mangita sprang to help her, washed the blood away from her head, and filled her bowl with rice from the jar in the kitchen.

The poor woman thanked her and promised never to forget her kindness, but to her sister she spoke not a word. Larina did not care, however, but laughed at her and mocked her as she painfully made her way again down the road. When she had gone Mangita took Larina to task for her cruel treatment of a stranger; but, instead of doing any good, it only caused Larina to hate her sister all the more.

Some time afterwards the poor fisherman died. He had gone to the big city down the river to sell his fish, and had been attacked with a terrible sickness that was raging there.

The girls were now alone in the world.

Mangita carved pretty shells and earned enough to buy food, but, though she begged Larina to try to help, her sister would only idle away the time.

The terrible sickness now swept everywhere and poor Mangita, too, fell ill. She asked Larina to nurse her, but the latter was jealous

of her and would do nothing to ease her pain. Mangita grew worse and worse, but finally, when it seemed as if she would soon die, the door opened and the old woman to whom she had been so kind came into the room. She had a bag of seeds in her hand, and taking one she gave it to Mangita, who soon showed signs of being better, but was so weak that she could not give thanks.

The old woman then gave the bag to Larina and told her to give a seed to her sister every hour until she returned. She then went away and left the girls alone.

Larina watched her sister, but did not give her a single seed. Instead, she hid them in her own long hair and paid no attention to Mangita's moans of pain.

The poor girl's cries grew weaker and weaker, but not a seed would her cruel sister give her. In fact, Larina was so jealous that she wished her sister to die.

When at last the old woman returned, poor Mangita was at the point of death. The visitor bent over the sick girl and then asked her sister if she had given Mangita the seeds. Larina showed her the empty bag and said she had given them as directed. The old woman searched the house, but of course could not find the seeds. She then asked Larina again if she had given them to Mangita. Again the cruel girl said that she had done so.

Suddenly the room was filled with a blinding light, and when Larina could see once more, in place of the old woman stood a beautiful fairy holding the now well Mangita in her arms.

She pointed to Larina and said, "I am the poor woman who asked for rice. I wished to know your hearts. You were cruel and Mangita was kind, so she shall live with me in my island home in the lake. As for you, because you tried to do evil to your good sister, you shall sit at the bottom of the lake forever, combing out the seeds you have hidden in your hair." Then, she clapped her hands and a number of elves appeared and carried the struggling Larina away.

"Come," said the fairy to Mangita, and she carried her to her beautiful home, where she lives in peace and happiness.

As for Larina, she sits at the bottom of the lake and combs her hair. As she combs a seed out, another comes in, and every seed that is combed out becomes a green plant that floats out of the lake and down the Pasig.

And to this day people can see them, and know that Larina is being punished for her wickedness.